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PRINCES

AUTHORS

AND

STATESMEN



OF

OUR TIME

KF189



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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SOME NOTED

PRINCES, AUTHORS, AND STATESMEN
OF OUR TIME.

BY

CANON FARRAR, JAMES T. FIELDS, ARCHIBALD FORBES,
E. P. WHIPPLE, JAMES PARTON, LOUISE
CHANDLER MOULTON,

AND OTHERS.

EDITED BY JAMES PARTON.

NORWICH, CONN.:
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1886.

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PREFACE.

FROM the earliest ages, readers have shown a desire to know something of the habits and demeanor of the authors who have pleased them. We find, too, that this natural and harmless curiosity has been abundantly gratified, for almost every kind of Johnson that has appeared in the world has had in his train the species of Boswell suited to him. Plato himself took evident pleasure in recording trifling details of Socrates' conduct and conversation.

The taste for information of this kind may become excessive ; and, of late, it has been frequently gratified at the expense of decency and justice. Literature itself has suffered some opprobrium from the needless and disproportionate exhibition of the foibles and limitations of gifted persons, on the system devised by the author of "The Devil on Two Sticks."

If we ask a public benefactor to sit for his portrait for our gratification, we should not deny him the privilege of brushing his hair, and arranging his cravat, before going to the photographer's.

The reader will find in this volume a number of articles upon noted persons, written, for the most part, by noted persons, who have known them familiarly, or have visited them in favorable circumstances. Nearly all the essays were written originally for "The Youth's Companion" of Boston, — a periodical conducted with extraordinary liberality, tact, and success, now advanced some years into the second half-century of its existence. Few volumes have ever been published containing so many interesting names, whether as subjects or as authors ; and I believe there is nothing in any of them which violates the reasonable privacy of public individuals.

If I may judge from my own pleasure in reading these sketches, the reader will find most of them to possess unusual interest. He will have the happiness of seeing Charles Dickens in his most engaging hours, delineated by his daughter ; and Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey, described by Canon Farrar, his associate and colleague. He will see Thackeray, sitting on a trunk, chatting with a chance acquaintance ; and the illustrious Victor Hugo, as he appears, day by day, to his secretary and amanuensis. Emerson, Longfellow, Prescott, Willis, Whittier, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Macaulay, Choate, and many others, are described for us here by those who have seen and known them well. Here, also, are emperors, kings, queens, princes, and other ornamental personages, who excite the curiosity even of the staunchest Republicans, often their compassion, and sometimes their cordial respect.

I commend the volume to the favorable regard of the public.

JAMES PARTON.

NEWBURYPORT, May 1, 1885.

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REMINISCENCES OF

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

By CANON F. W. FARRAR.

I.

IT is needless to say that I have not the least intention of intruding upon the province of the biographer. He who writes the life of Dean Stanley will not have before him an easy task. He will be writing the biography of a man, who, among his many exquisite gifts, was himself one of the most excellent of biographers.

His deeply affectionate spirit, availing itself of an almost unrivalled literary skill, has invested the memorials of his father, mother, and sister with an indescribable charm; and his life of Dr. Arnold will always live among the classic works of our language. That book, the earliest which he ever wrote, has added in no small degree to Dr. Arnold's fame, and has extended the legacy of his example to regions which otherwise it would never have reached.

But, besides this, — besides the nameless grace which hung about all his actions, and made even casual acquaintances think of him with the feelings which we usually reserve for our dearest friends, — Dr. Stanley was one of the most remarkable figures of the age in which he lived.

An eminent English dignitary, who was not among the number of those many theological controversialists to whom the mention of Stanley's name was the signal for an *anathema maranatha*, once said to me, "I think that another generation will regard him as having been the foremost ecclesiastic of his age."

I incline to agree with that judgment. I will say nothing of living men, and shall therefore be spared the task of comparing their merits

with his. But I have often heard the late Bishop of Winchester, Samuel Wilberforce, spoken of as the first Churchman of his time; and I do not think that the work and influence of Bishop Wilberforce are at all comparable to the work and influence of Dean Stanley.

It is true that Stanley had no pretension to that splendid power of oratory with which the great bishop used to delight the world when he was at the zenith of his fame. In his later years, the bishop either grew more indifferent, or age had made him "speak with a diminished fire, and think with a diminished force:" but I remember having heard some of his great speeches when I was a boy; and the "rolling words, oration-like," of that powerful and thrilling voice, will live in my memory till I die.

I well remember one occasion at King's College, London, when I saw the late Archbishop Sumner and Monsieur Guizot and Dean Buckland and Mr. Gladstone, with other men of eminence, hanging on his lips. Dean Stanley never possessed this gift of overpowering eloquence. But, on the other hand, the fascination of the orator soon fades into a dim tradition; and the writings of Bishop Wilberforce are of little permanent importance, nor are his sermons likely to live as written compositions.

Dean Stanley, on the other hand, has most powerfully moulded the views of his age. It now seems as if a full century must separate us from the days when his friend, Dean Milman, was fiercely attacked by the anger of an alarmed orthodoxy, simply because he had spoken of Abraham as "an Eastern Sheik." But the change has been chiefly due to the late Dean of Westminster. His lectures on the Jewish Church marked an epoch. In these volumes he applied his "picturesque sensibility" to sacred subjects; and, investing the ancient annals of the chosen people with all the brightness of contemporary history, he made the world feel that Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and David and Isaiah were not shadowy emblems and dim abstractions, but living, breathing human beings, of like passions and temptations with ourselves.

It was an inestimable service which he thus rendered. He made the Bible, not a supernatural oracle, but a loving voice of friendly guidance. Into the dead letter he infused a living spirit. Heroes and patriarchs of the old dispensation, at whom men had only gazed as though they had been unreal figures woven on some fading tapestry, stepped forth as men, instinct with human life and noble passion. It seemed as though for the first time they spoke and breathed, and stood upon their feet.

Mr. Augustus Hare, in a paper in "Macmillan's Magazine," has given some delightful remembrances of the Dean's early days, in a home which was almost ideal in the beauty of its conditions and surroundings. Perhaps the beauty and sweetness of English life can never be seen to greater advantage than in a country parsonage where the circumstances are easy, the surroundings lovely, and the influences eminently refined. But no English parsonage could ever have furnished a more delightful home than that in which Arthur Stanley spent his earliest years.

A father, gifted, liberal, courageous, simple-



hearted, passing through the world with open eyes, and with an open heart, beloved and honored alike by the rich and by the poor; a mother with a character and an intellect "delicate as porcelain;" brothers and sisters of high promise and distinct

individuality, natures tender and gracious, such as wore, "when they looked without, the glow of sympathy, and, when they looked within, the bloom of modesty," — such was the circle amid which the bright childish presence of the future Dean played like sunlight.

In later days he had his own sorrows to endure; and though, on the whole, his life was singularly blessed and unusually prosperous and happy, yet when life's sorrows and disappointments came to him, as they come to us all, he must have found in the memories of his child-



hood, spent in such a home, a fountain of sweet waters, which shed its healing and refreshful dews, even over the most weary paths of his earthly pilgrimages.

In one of the many papers which were written about Lord Beaconsfield at the time of his death, it was mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that he and Cardinal Newman, when they were very little boys, used to meet and play together in the gardens of Bloomsbury Square. Dean Stanley used sometimes to mention his first meeting with the present prime minister of England. Mr. Gladstone was then about fifteen years old, and Arthur Stanley was not ten. They met at the house of Mr. Gladstone's father, and he introduced the boys to each other. One of the first remarks of the future premier to the future Dean was, "Have you read Gray's poems?"

"No," said little Stanley. Whereupon the other boy said, "Then, you should read them at once:" and, taking down the volume from the shelf, he gave it to him; and Stanley took it home with him, and read it through for the first time with great delight.

I cannot help suspecting that such a conversation between two English boys—even between two such boys—who might chance to meet each other for the first time, was far commoner then than it would be now. Athleticism had not in those days assumed its present gigantic proportions, nor was a non-athletic boy despised and looked down upon as he now sometimes is at public schools.

The Dean used to look back on his training at Rugby as one of the greatest blessings of his life. Although "Arthur," in "Tom Brown's School-days," cannot be taken as an exact picture of what he was as a Rugby boy, yet certainly some features in that charming character were taken from the Dean.

He greatly enjoyed Mr. Hughes's school-story; and, though he used to say that his want of skill and interest in games cut him off from that lively sympathy with it which he otherwise might have had, he certainly thought that "Arthur" had some reference to himself and his own school experiences.

But in him the thoughts of Rugby were concentrated in his reminiscences of Dr. Arnold, for whom he retained a deep veneration till the day of his death. Arnold's sermons had an effect upon him which was little short of marvellous. When he went to Oxford, and heard the famous "John Henry Newman" of those days, he was greatly struck and fascinated; "but," he added, "Newman's sermons have faded out of my memory, whereas Dr. Arnold's never will.

"At Rugby, Arnold was my idol and my oracle in one. Afterwards he was not exactly my oracle, but I revered him wholly and entirely to the end. I have never felt such reverence for any one since. The boys in general—with the exception of a few in the sixth form—saw but little of Arnold. In 'Tom Brown's School-days,' the scene between the head-master and the boys who were late after 'Hare and Hounds,' gives a most correct impression of his manner.

"Arnold never was an object of tender affection to his pupils. We regarded him with awe and reverence, not wholly unmingled with fear. I never got over this fear," said the Dean, "to the last. But, as a man, I think Arnold has never been surpassed. His death was a terrible blow to me, and it was the first great bereavement which I experienced. As soon as I heard of his death, I determined to make the offer to write his life; but, until I began it, I had no notion how many interesting letters of his had been preserved. It took me two years to write it, and I never enjoyed any work so much."

Before I leave the reminiscences of his school-days, I will quote a few lines of a school exercise which he wrote before he was fifteen. He was in the fifth form, and had not yet come under Dr. Arnold's care. One of the fifth-form masters used occasionally to set his boys a subject for verse-composition, and on one occasion the subject was "Jacob's Dream." Young Stanley's exercises were always the best. We shall not be surprised at this when we read the following lines:—

"Wearied with grief, and whelmed in burning shame,
To Bethel's vale the way-worn Patriarch came.
There sad he sat, and viewed with sickening sight
The last faint glimmer of returning light;
And then, as Heaven drew on her nightly vest,
On the rough rock he wept himself to rest.
Is there no sacred gleam, no heavenly ray,
To light the wanderer on his weary way?
Yes! when all earthly parts lay wrapt in sleep,
His soul sprang forth athwart the boundless deep;
Shrank the dark curtain of the starry sky,
Unfolding worlds of life and light on high.
And, like the bow that from the tempest springs,
A mystic ladder reared its countless rings;
And forms, whose beauty spoke no mortal birth,
Waved their bright wings, and trod the meaner earth,
And upwards rose, where, throned in sapphire light,
Shone forth revealed the glorious Infinite."

This specimen of the exercise will probably be sufficient to show that very few boys have been able, at the age of fourteen, to write English verse as it was written by young Arthur Stanley at Rugby.

I do not know whether the fact that his attention had been thus early called to the subject of Jacob was the reason why he recurred to this subject so incessantly in his later sermons. It is certain that he did so. The extract which I have given above is taken from a sermon on "Jacob and Esau;" and after a sermon on the same subject, preached before the University of Oxford, one of his friends observed, with a smile, that he had been preaching on that topic all his life.

II.

HE entered Oxford as a Balliol scholar; and the Balliol Scholarship in those days, being almost the only open scholarship at Oxford, was even more the blue ribbon of undergraduate distinction than it is now. To his actual Oxford days he did not often revert, nor even very frequently to the days when he was a young fellow and tutor of University College, — a college which was all the dearer to his imagination because it is one of the oldest of them all.

Even as a young man he had so high a reputation, that no less a person than the prime minister, Lord Melbourne, wrote to ask his opinion about the Hampden excitement. Stanley said, in reply, that if, for any reason, Dr. Hampden was superseded, Dr. Arnold would be the best person for the Regius Professorship of Divinity; but that, if that were too strong a measure, the best candidate would be Dr. Jacobson. Dr. Jacobson afterwards became professor, and is now Bishop of Chester.

When the Dean was a young man at Oxford, he was one day reading the passage in the "Pilgrim's Progress" where Christian, at Castle Beautiful, is shown the relics and pedigrees of the saints. He was very much struck with the passage; and he determined, if he ever became Professor of Ecclesiastical History, he would begin his first course of lectures by quoting it. Years afterwards, he *did* become Professor of Ecclesiastical History; and it will be seen, by referring to the first page of his published lectures, that he carried out the intention which he had thus early formed.

He preached not unfrequently in the chapel of his college, and it need not be said that his preaching always excited the deepest atten-

tion and interest. I said "always." He used, however, to tell an anecdote about one sermon, which, at the time, appeared to him to be listened to with less respect than usual.

He observed a tendency to laugh, and was totally unable to account for the fact that there seemed to be less of reverence and eagerness than was usually manifested. He discovered the cause afterwards. Always somewhat careless about matters of dress and personal appearance, he had put on his college-cap with his gloves inside of it. When he took off his cap, the gloves remained on the top of his head, and retained their somewhat precarious hold during the whole sermon. Indeed, he walked back to his stall with the gloves still on his head. The little accident had been too much for the levity of young auditors. All through the sermon, there had been a certain amount of excitement as to the question whether the gloves would stop on, or drop off; and, by way of excuse for the university undergraduates, it may be doubted whether any audience would not have been a little distracted by so unusual a phenomenon.

Whenever he preached before the university, St. Mary's Church was always thronged to hear him. It was there that he delivered the discourses which were afterwards collected into the beautiful little volume called "*Sermons on the Apostolical Age*." In these he treats of the life and distinctive teaching of the chief apostles. The facts on which he touches, and his method of handling them, are now far more familiar than they were when those sermons were written. At that time they bore the mark of distinct originality. Indeed, it may be said, that, to many of his readers, the Dean now appears to have been less original than he really was, from the rapidity with which his views were disseminated. The brilliancy and universality of his success tended to obliterate the fact that he had originated the style of treatment which was adopted by so many successors.

A young undergraduate, who had been a pupil of mine at Harrow, once told me that he was so powerfully moved by a sermon of the Dean's in the pulpit of St. Mary's at Oxford, on the dignity of intellectual labor, that he "felt inclined to stand up and scream." He was not at all a youth of emotional character, and he could perhaps have chosen no more expressive tribute to the power of the Dean's appeals than the homely phrase in which he described his impression.

In his "*Sermons preached in the East*," and in his "*Sinai and Palestine*," which is one of the most delightful of his books, the Dean recorded some of the impressions of his travels. Just as in his lec-

tures on the Jewish Church, he made the men and women of sacred story as well known to us as though we had met them in actual life, so, in his "Sinai and Palestine," he made us as familiar with the physical geography and general features of the Desert and the Holy Land as we are with those of our own country.

He had, to an unrivalled degree, the power of connecting scenes with the events and personages of history. This habit of his mind gave constant interest to his life. He was always on the lookout for facts which enabled him to recall the chief incidents in the lives of celebrated men. I once drove him to Hampstead and Highgate; and a mere afternoon drive, which might otherwise have been entirely commonplace and unprofitable, became pleasant and instructive, because he made it an opportunity for visiting the house and grave of the poet Coleridge, and the spots which tradition has identified with the well-known story of Sir Richard Whittington. Conversation with him could never become uninteresting when the sources of it were fed by so many delightful and profitable topics.

Sometimes, as may be imagined, his eagerness for resemblances and identifications led him into mistakes. When I came to Westminster, he always begged me to preserve a flat gravestone in St. Margaret's churchyard, on which was inscribed the name of "Mr. John Gilpin." He had himself, I believe, had the inscription—or rather the name, for the inscription had long been worn out by the many feet which passed over it—cut deeper on the gravestone; because he supposed that "the poor inhabitant below" had been the John Gilpin whose ride to Edmonton has been immortalized by Cowper.

Cowper was a Westminster boy: and the Dean supposed that he might have heard of John Gilpin, and seen his name on this stone; for it is known that Cowper received his first deep religious impression by stumbling over a skull rolled by the sexton out of a grave which he was digging in this churchyard. I found, however, on inquiry, from some of the oldest inhabitants, that the John Gilpin there interred could not have the remotest connection with Cowper or his famous ballad. He appears, if the information given me was correct, to have been a publican who had died in Westminster little more than sixty years ago.

In telling of his travels in the East as one of those who accompanied the Prince of Wales during his Eastern tour, the Dean used to laugh at his equestrian adventures. Like his dear friend, Dr. Cotton, late Bishop of Calcutta, the Dean was totally unable to ride; and, when the party reached Egypt, his chief troubles arose from this circum-

stance. Whenever they arrived at a landing-stage in their voyage up the Nile, they found splendid horses awaiting them, which the rest of his companions mounted with much satisfaction. But the Dean plaintively declared, that, when he got on horseback, the horse used to be at once aware of his rider's powerlessness, and always started off at full speed across the sands, to the great amusement of everybody else.

On one occasion, however, the horse galloped right towards the portals of the Temple at Edfou; and Mr. Stanley, as he then was, was only saved from great danger by an Arab, who, at considerable risk to his own life, flung his arms around the horse's neck. After this accident, horses used to be provided for the rest of the party, and a white donkey for him; and then he was quite happy. "And," he added, "if only I had a white donkey of the same kind in London, I think that I would ride him in Rotten Row!"

During this tour he left a deep impression, not only by the invincible geniality and brightness of his intercourse, but also by the simple kindness which won the hearts of all the servants and humbler dependants of the party. To this he never, of course, alluded; but he was fond of telling one anecdote. On one occasion he was near the sources of the Jordan, and a little separated from the rest of the party, when he saw a group of Arabs—apparently a chief with his attendants—riding towards him. They were magnificently mounted, as the Arabs usually are; and their long white bernouses flowed over their robes and arms. Suddenly the chief rode out in advance of the rest, and said to him, in perfect English, "*Arthur Stanley, I presume? I am very glad to see you.*"

His astonishment at this remarkably unexpected salutation was lessened when it turned out that the supposed Arab chief was Mr. Gifford Palgrave, the celebrated traveller, whose well-known volume of travels has much of the vigor and liveliness of Herodotus himself.

When the Dean was writing his "Sinai and Palestine," he not only trusted to his own observations, but read every book from which he hoped to derive assistance. It is interesting to know, that among these books was a short treatise written by Napoleon the First, as a military work, on the Geography of Sinai. The Dean used to say that it was so much better—so much clearer, more lucid, and more practical—than any thing which he had read before, that he used it almost as a sort of basis, or outline, of his own work.

He used to tell a very singular coincidence about the first Napoleon. Once, when he was abroad, he had been shown a copy-book written by

the future emperor when he was a child. The copy-book, which was only half finished, contained, among other things, some geographical notes; and the last words which the boy had written in it contained a sort of unconscious prophecy. As though chance had been indulging itself by making the little boy write an ironical and almost sardonic reference to his own ultimate destiny, the unfinished copy-book had broken off at the words, —

"Sainte Hélène petite île."

III.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

My reminiscences of Dr. Stanley would be more than imperfect if I did not add something respecting his connection with Westminster Abbey. Rich and fruitful as was all his life, more even than the lives of thousands whom the world bears in grateful remembrance, the sixteen years of his work as Dean of Westminster are those which will be specially prominent in the recollections of Englishmen and Americans.

It is not from any accidental desire to pay a compliment to Americans that I here mention them. Westminster Abbey is one of the favorite shrines of their pilgrimage. It is, I suppose, the first place which most Americans visit when they come to London. There is no spot in the world which more forcibly brings home to their minds the conviction that they and we form one great nation.

In my own church of St. Margaret's, which stands close beside the abbey, the almost unsolicited munificence of American citizens has placed a magnificent stained-glass window to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom Dean Stanley used to call "the Father of the United States," and whose headless body lies buried under the chancel-floor. On this window is the following quatrain from the pen of the American minister, Mr. J. Russell Lowell: —

"The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came:
Proud of her past from which our present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."

The feeling expressed in these four stately lines is never stronger in the heart of an American than when he wanders thoughtfully along the venerable aisles of the great abbey, —

“Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if we cross the threshold.”

The late Dean, always catholic, always cosmopolitan in his sympathies, habitually regarded his cathedral as one of the strongest links in the chain of golden associations which unites the two nations in peace and amity, and draws them together by the glorious memories of their common ancestry.

Hence the Dean, who was accessible to all, was specially accessible to American visitors. They were always welcomed with simple but most delightful hospitality, which was abundantly repaid to him in the memorable visit which he paid to America so shortly before his death. This visit may be ranked among the happiest incidents of his saddened later years. He was refreshed by new scenes, and the enjoyment of those scenes was unalloyed by the associations of a past over which Death brooded with the shadow of his darkening wings.

Amid the strife of tongues to which he was subjected in England, in consequence of the narrow bitterness of ecclesiastical parties, he was delighted with the warmth of a welcome given to him with unanimous accord in America by all classes and all schools of thought. But the enthusiasm of that welcome was chiefly due to the brilliant and noble manner in which he had discharged his duties as Dean of Westminster, and had thus formed the acquaintance of many leading Americans. For to know Dean Stanley was to love him. Acquaintance with him soon ripened into friendship.

Fond as he was of historic associations, it is a curious fact, that, when he was appointed Dean of Westminster, he knew scarcely any thing of the great abbey. Almost the first thing he did was to send for the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who was architect of the abbey, and go with him over the entire building, from floor to roof, and from the roof to the topmost towers. I can well imagine the intense and ever-growing interest which he must have felt in that first tour when every thing was new to him. I can do so all the more because, when I was appointed canon, I made the same peregrination with the celebrated architect.

Sir Gilbert knew the abbey well, and his “Gleanings” are full of valuable facts. He now lies buried beneath the pavement of the nave, and the services which he rendered to the building give additional fitness to the choice of his final resting-place. But his knowledge of Westminster was chiefly architectural. The Dean's knowledge of it was historical, and, indeed, universal.

Probably no dean who ever existed has done more for the fame and popularity of the cathedral over which he has presided than Dean Stanley did for Westminster. His personal reputation, his immense popularity, his winning and gracious desire to be kind and courteous to all, his sermons, — often so pathetic, often so eloquent, invariably so full of interest, — all tended to gather the immense crowds who thronged the services, and wandered about the building all day long.

The work which he did in this way was part of the high conception which he had formed of the duties of his position, and of the proper functions of an English minister. He wished it to be a place where men of all classes and conditions of life might feel themselves at home, and in which the members of every religious party might claim a common interest. The pulpit of the abbey was freely opened to Churchmen of every school of thought, whether they called themselves High, or Low, or Broad.

In the abbey, and there alone, — owing to the immunity from episcopal jurisdiction, and the almost autocratic powers intrusted to its dean, — vast congregations have been addressed by Presbyterians, like Principal Tulloch and Principal Caird; by Nonconformists, like Dr. Stoughton; and even by a layman, like Professor Max Müller.

When the Dean first realized that he was dying, and I stood by his bedside, taking down his last articulate words and messages, the message about which he took the most anxiously scrupulous care was one which I here print for the first time exactly as it was delivered. I mentioned it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who quoted it from memory at a meeting of the Upper House of Convocation, and it was copied by many newspapers in the form in which it was given by his Grace: but the words which the Dean actually spoke, now lie before me as I took them down in pencil with great difficulty from the accents of a voice which was rapidly becoming unintelligible; and they were these: —

“In spite of almost every incompetence, I yet humbly trust that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the abbey as a religious, liberal, and national institution.”

But, among the many unequalled services which he rendered to Westminster, his “*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*” must be mentioned among the chief. Up to the time when it was written, the tombs and the history of the abbey were comparatively little known, even by scholars so accomplished as the late Dean Milman, who for many years was one of the canons. The thousands who visited it were compelled,

by lack of knowledge, to look with a blank and unintelligent eye on many a monument which is now rife with interest.

The Dean left no source of information unsearched. He was greatly assisted by the magnificent publication of the abbey registers, with genealogical and other notes by the American antiquary, Colonel Chester. That distinguished man of letters died some months ago; and, in memory of his disinterested researches, the present dean and chapter are about to erect a tablet in his honor in the nave. But I think that the extent, variety, and minuteness of literary and historical research which the Dean has compressed into his "Memorials" have never been duly estimated.

To write this book, he was obliged to expend a vast amount of time in the study of memoirs, poems, and journals belonging to every period of English history. Nor did he neglect living tradition. He derived some particulars about coronations and funerals from Mr. Turle, who was for more than half a century an organist of the abbey, and with whom it is to be feared that many interesting reminiscences have passed away.¹ But the stores of information which the Dean accumulated would have been useless in many hands.

It required his almost magical lightness of touch, his skill in arrangement, and felicity of expression, to infuse vivacity and interest into materials which would otherwise have been cumbrous and lifeless. His task was achieved with such success, that no book has ever been written, or can ever be written, upon the abbey which brings home to the reader in an equal degree its unique and manifold claims to be cherished by the nation as an imperishable possession.

The Dean never seemed to tire of the abbey. Few days passed on which he did not enter it. He made a point of wandering about it on the bank-holidays, when it is most densely thronged; and he never missed an opportunity of joining this or that group of holiday sight-seers, and saying something to awaken their interest in the particular monument at which they happened to be looking.

One day he saw an intelligent little boy in the abbey, and asked him his name. The boy mentioned his name, and added that his father was a Wesleyan minister.

"Oh! then," said the Dean, "you will very much like to see the monument to John and Charles Wesley."

He took the lad to the monument, and was so much pleased by his

¹ Mr. Turle died in July, 1882.

quickness and knowledge, that he wrote to his parents, and gave him the opportunity for a better education than would otherwise have been open to him. He was always particularly desirous to deepen the influence of the abbey over the minds of the poor and of the young.

As regards the young, he was fond of telling the story how one day a poor bookseller's boy, weary with the heavy load of books which he was carrying, stopped to rest in the abbey, and, sitting down, began to cry at the thought that he should probably spend all his life in carrying books; but suddenly, as he lifted his eyes, he saw the memorials of the illustrious dead all around him, and, taking heart of grace, determined that he, too, would do some useful work in life. That boy was the great and learned missionary, William Marshman, the father-in-law of Sir Henry Havelock.

One of the most interesting occasions on which I visited the abbey with the Dean, was when we took steps to re-inter the remains of Queen Katharine of Valois, wife of Henry V.

The fortunes of this queen were strange in death as well as in life. The daughter of Charles VI. of France, wife of our Henry V., mother of Henry VI., grandmother of Henry VII., a link between the royal houses of France and England, she was regarded as queen of both countries. She had been received on her first visit to England "as an angel of God," and, in France, had sat with her husband at a great banquet in Paris, among a crowd of dukes, princes, and barons, gorgeously apparelled, and crowned with a precious diadem.

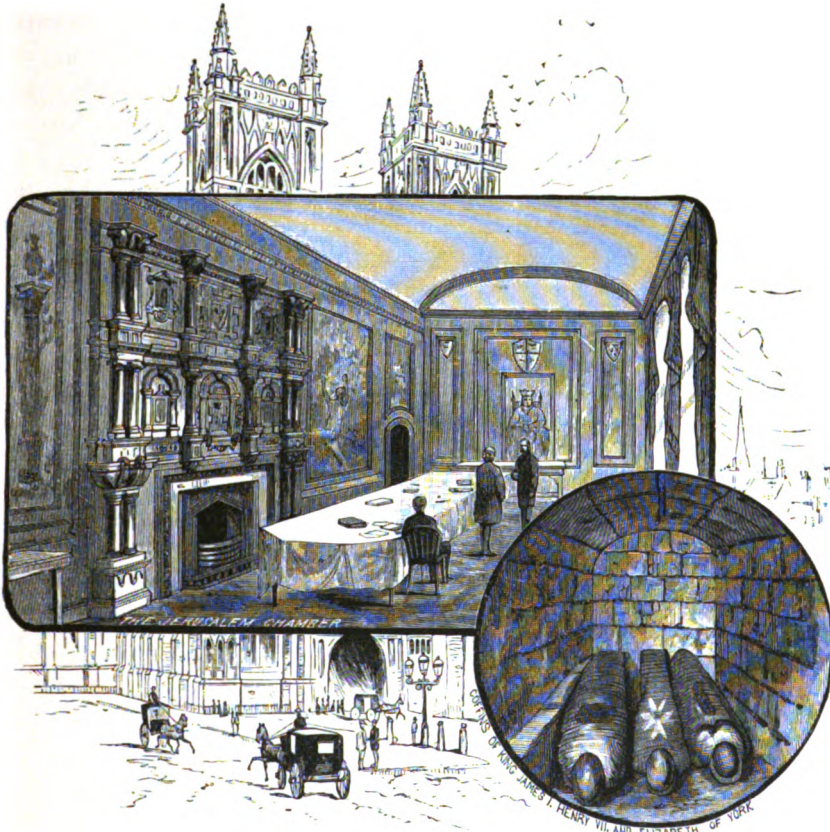
After her husband's death, she and her son, Henry VI., erected to him the splendid chantry in the Confessor's Chapel, which is built in the shape of the first letter of his name. But, after Henry's death, she made a *mésalliance* with Owen Tudor, who—whatever may have been his supposed extraction from ancient British kings—held no higher position than that of a soldier of the guard.

In consequence of this, she fell into contempt and oblivion; and, after her death, her remains were so badly coffined, that her body was actually visible more than two centuries afterwards, when, in the reign of Charles II., Pepys, in his diary, records that he went into the abbey on his birthday, and "kissed a queen." This scandalous neglect continued until more than a century ago, when the body was stowed away in the vault of Sir George Villiers, father of the Duke of Buckingham, who was the favorite of James I. and Charles I.

When the Villiers vault was opened, after the funeral of one of the Percies, in the vault which adjoins it, we thought that it would be a

good opportunity to remove the body of the neglected queen — once so beautiful and so renowned — to a more fitting burial-place. It was not right that she should be indebted, so to speak, to the chance vacancy in the grave of the Buckinghamshire knight.

When the coffin was lifted out of the vault in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, it tumbled to pieces before our eyes ; and there lay the mor-



tal remains of the wife of our hero-king, — the Kate of Shakspeare's magnificent tragedy, and the ancestress of the mighty Tudors.

The remains were nearly perfect, but were little more than a skeleton, except that the muscles of the legs and feet still remained. The skull, small and exquisitely shaped, lay on something which had once been a silken cushion. Large pieces of the cerecloth still remained, though they crumbled to dust at the least touch.

No one was present when this occurred, except the Dean, the clerk of the works, and myself. We stood in silence, and in deep and reverent thought, beside the mortal relics of the lovely princess who had been the ancestress of so many of our kings, and who, after so much glory and so many sorrows, had passed away nearly four and a half centuries ago. Neither the Dean nor I was tempted by the passion for abstracting memorials from the resting-places of the dead. Not one bone, nor one shred of silk, was disturbed, except (if I remember rightly) a very small piece of the white cerecloth, which was sent to her Majesty the Queen.

A strong oaken coffin was made with all speed, and the body was then buried in the chantry Queen Katharine built. Here it rests, immediately over the tomb of her husband. The top of the tomb was formed of what had once been intended for an altar-stall in the chantry-chapel; and the translation of the very simple Latin inscription, which we engraved upon it, is to the following effect:—

“Here rests at length, after so many years and so many vicissitudes, the body of Katherine of Valois, daughter of Charles VI. of France, wife of Henry V., mother of Henry VI., grandmother of Henry VII.”

It happened to the Dean, for various necessary reasons, to be obliged to open several of the royal vaults, always, of course, for adequate causes, and with royal permission. Thus, it was desirable to open the tomb of Richard II. for indispensable repairs. The common story about his death relates that his skull was cleft from behind by a blow from the battle-axe of Sir Piers Exton in the dungeon of Pontefract Castle.

It was seen, however, that nothing of the kind had happened to the body which lies there interred; and there are some doubts whether Henry IV. really brought the corpse of Richard II. to London from Pontefract, and whether the body which he exposed to view was not rather that of Richard's chaplain, Maudsley, who is known to have closely resembled him. The historic doubt on this subject will never be solved. The mode in which the hapless monarch met his death is a secret of the prison-house forever.

On another occasion it became necessary to open several of the royal vaults, to see whether it was true that the body of James I. had been removed from the abbey by the Puritans. If this had proved to be the case, there would have been some small shadow of an excuse for the base act of the Parliament of Charles II. in turning out of the abbey the bodies of Cromwell and his adherents.

It was most interesting to hear the Dean describe the chaotic fullness of the vault of the Stuarts, which contains the coffins of Prince Henry ; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia ; Mary of Orange ; Mary Queen of Scots ; ten children of James II. ; eighteen children of Queen Anne ; Prince Rupert ; Prince George of Denmark ; and many others. This crowded Stuart vault formed a great contrast to the majestic quietude of the Tudor vault, in which only Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary Tudor lie side by side.

The body of King James was at last found, very unexpectedly, in the vault of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York ; and, as though one of the workmen employed in the interment had wished to show his scorn for the author of the "counterblast against tobacco," nothing was to be seen beside the coffin except the fragments of an old tobacco-pipe. But in none of these searches was the smallest relic or fragment ever removed, although it is believed that some tombs had not fared so well at the hands of earlier deans.

It often fell to the Dean's lot to show great potentates over the abbey. "Of all the foreign kings and queens," he used to say, "whom I have ever shown over the abbey, who do you think took by far the most intelligent interest in it, and knew most about all its details?" Few persons would have guessed that it was Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, who quite delighted the Dean by her vivid interest in every tomb, and every detail of the structure.

On the other hand, he used to relate the stern determination with which the late unfortunate Czar—the murdered Alexander III. of Russia—went through the building. He looked quite infinitely "bored." Not one remark which he made showed the smallest enthusiasm about any thing which he saw ; but he had come to visit the abbey, and he was determined, in soldier-fashion, to go through the duty without flinching. For three hours and more he wearily accompanied the Dean from the floor to the triforium, and did the business with much of the proverbial melancholy with which Voltaire said that the Englishman amuses himself.

On another occasion (though I forget whether this was in the Dean's time), a former Queen of the Netherlands, being present at one of the services, had been shown into the stall of the subdean. One of the vergers, unaware of this, came to her, and told her that she must not sit there. "Oh ! but," exclaimed the lady, "I am the Queen of the Netherlands !"

"You may be the Queen of the Netherlands," said the unabashed verger, "but you are not the Subdean of Westminster ; and there you cannot sit."

IV.

LET us walk over the abbey as it is to-day. I fear, that, on entering the abbey, you will at first be greatly disappointed. The grimy, dingy look of the place will vex you, particularly if you choose for your visit a dull day. I grieve to say that the dinginess is inevitable. The abbey rears its towers into an atmosphere thick with the smoke of innumerable chimneys, and laden with acids which eat away, with increasing rapidity, the surface of its stones.

And yet, as you enter the cathedral which enshrines memorials of nine centuries of English history, — as you pass under the roof which covers more immortal dust than any other in the whole world, — you can hardly fail to feel some sense of awe. And, before you begin to study the cathedral in detail, I should advise you to wander through the length and breadth of it without paying any attention to minor points, but with the single object of recognizing its exquisite beauty and magnificence.

You will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if you visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom you will observe hundreds of young men, contented to stand through the whole of a long service, and to listen, with no sign of weariness, to a sermon which perhaps occupies an hour in the delivery.

Here the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome : here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he preached before the boy-king on whom he rested the hopes of the Reformation ; and the voice of Feckenham, as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration. They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the mass in his mitre, and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Romish bishop and Protestant dean, who cursed each other when living, lie side by side in death ; and Queen Elizabeth who burned Papists, and Queen Mary who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown.

Here, too, you may see at a glance the unity of our national history. I use the expression *our* national history designedly. The abbey will remind us, as no other place could remind us, that the history of England is no less the history of America, and the history of America the history of England. All that was bitter in the memories of the American War of Independence has long been buried in the oblivion of our common amity.

The actual traces which have been left by that struggle upon the abbey-walls are few. Gen. Burgoyne, "whose surrender at Saratoga lost America to England," lies buried, not in the abbey, but in the north cloister, without a monument. A small tablet in the southern aisle records the shipwreck and death of William Wragg, who, as his epitaph tells us, alone remained faithful to his country, and loyal to his king, and was consequently obliged to escape from Carolina.

The most marked trace of the war is to be seen in the monument of Major André; and the fact, that, in 1812, André's body was sent back to England by the Americans, with every mark of courtesy and respect, shows how rapidly all traces of exasperation were obliterated between brother nations.

There are several other objects which will remind Americans of their country. One is the beautiful window in honor of Herbert and Cowper at the western end of the nave, in the old baptistery, which was the munificent gift of an American citizen. The other is some faint adumbration of Boston Harbor, which may be seen at the opposite end of the abbey,—the east end of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at the corner of the memorial window raised by the late Dean to the memory of his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley. A third is the tomb in the nave which was raised to Viscount Howe by the Province of Massachusetts. The genius of Massachusetts is represented weeping over the monument. Ticonderoga appears on the monument of Col. Townsend.

Even in walking through the abbey, to learn its general aspect, you will be struck by the bewildering multiplicity of tombs. There is not a Valhalla in the world in which repose so many of the great and good. It is this which has made the deepest impression on multitudes of visitors.

There, over the western door, with his arm outstretched, and his haughty head thrown back, as though in loud and sonorous utterance he were still pouring forth to the Parliament of England the language of indomitable courage and inflexible resolve, stands William Pitt. History is recording his words of eloquence. Anarchy sits, like a chained giant, at his feet.

And within a few yards of this fine monument is the no less interesting memorial of Charles James Fox, — of Fox, who opposed Pitt's public funeral ; of Fox, whom he once charged with using the language of a man "mad with desperation and disappointment."

Return with me to the nave. Directly we enter by the west door, we are struck by the unbroken unity of design presented by the architecture. Though Henry III. began to rebuild it in 1245, and it was continued by Edward I. in the thirteenth century, by Richard II. in the fourteenth, and by Henry V. in the fifteenth, yet it is only when you look at the great west window, which was not finished till nearly the sixteenth century, that the style of architecture changes from the Gothic to the Perpendicular. The work of Henry III. ends with the first pillar of the choir.

You will observe that the next pillars have annulets of *copper* round the pilasters, and that the walls are richly carved and diapered as far as the first pillar of the nave. That pillar marks the termination of Edward the First's work. The continuation of the nave under Richard II. is less rich. The completed nave was first used for service in the Te Deum in honor of the great victory at Agincourt by Henry V. The great west window was built by Abbot Estney in the reign of Henry VII.

The most noticeable tombs in the nave (and to the nave alone we must at present confine our attention) may be classed together under different heads.

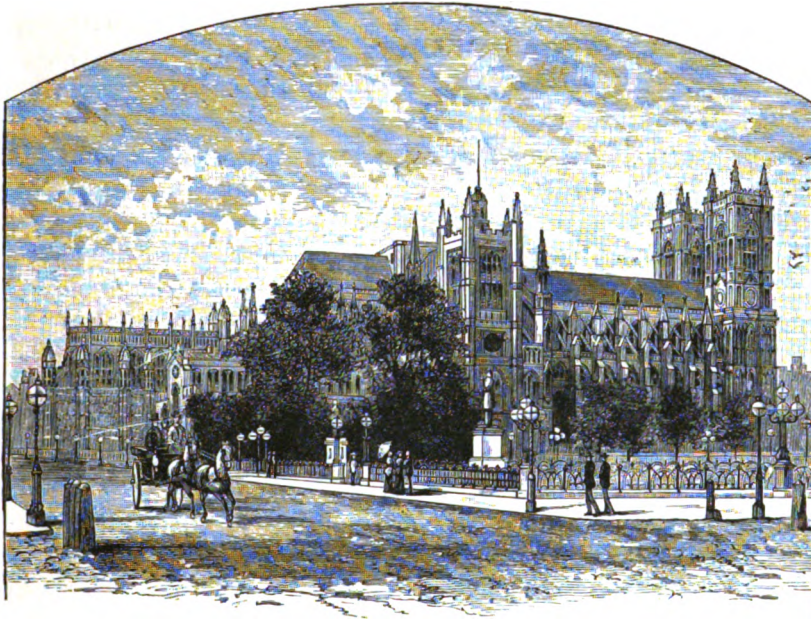
There are the monuments to great statesmen, to the naval commanders, to former deans of Westminster, and to the great Indian heroes. It is singular how exceedingly bad many of the epitaphs are, and how, as we approach the eighteenth century, they grow more and more verbose and futile in exact proportion as the sentiments expressed by the statuary grow more and more irreligious and fantastic.

The inscription on the grave of Clyde briefly records his "fifty years of arduous service." On Outram's monument is a bass-relief of the memorable scene in which he met Havelock at Delhi, and, resigning to him the command, nobly served as a volunteer beneath his military inferior. On Pollock's grave is the appropriate text, "O God, Thou strength of my health, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Under the bust of Lawrence are carved the striking words, "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much."

A very different class of monument are those which were once admired as the masterpieces of the sculptors Read and Roubiliac. To

Read is due the monstrous incongruity of crudely assembled emblems which record the name of Admiral Tyrrell, and which commanded the special admiration of John Wesley when he visited the abbey in 1771. Of other monuments, Goldsmith complained that "they confer honor, not on the great men, but on little Roubiliac." They mark the pseudo-classic and allegorical taste of the eighteenth century.

On the monument of Marshal Wade, Fame is protecting from the hands of Time his military trophies. On that of Gen. Fleming are



Westminster Abbey.

Minerva and Hercules, busy, apparently, with emblems of Wisdom, Prudence, and Valor.

Another of these monuments is that of a Gen. Hargrave, of whom Goldsmith contemptuously speaks as "some rich man." A cherub is blowing the last trumpet; and, as he blows, the huge pyramid tumbles to pieces, while the general rises from his sarcophagus. This part of the sculpture is so ill-managed, that the shattered pyramid is usually taken as a sign that the dean and chapter shamefully neglect the tombs.

At the right of the monument, Death, a crowned skeleton, is being overcome by Time. The crown falls off his head, and Time breaks the fatal arrow of the monster across his knee.

These allegorical designs all seem to be smitten with the fatal blight of unreality. It is obvious that the sculptors and designers were chiefly occupied with a sense of their own ingenuity, instead of being inspired by the grandeur of their subjects.

Yet we should always bear in mind, that even the worst monument in the abbey has its historical significance. Its allegories, its ugliness, its obtrusiveness, are like tide-marks which indicate the height or the depth to which the taste of the age had risen or sunk.

How deep, for instance, is the significance of the fact, that, as age after age advances, the tombs seem to grow more and more worldly, less and less religious! They seem more and more to thrust on our notice the pomposities of life, and less and less the awful stillness and humiliation of death. The tombs of the Plantagenet kings and crusaders represent them lying in death, with the hands clasped in prayer across the breast.

But, as time advances, the effigies gradually rise to their knees, then to their feet. Then they deal in stately or impassioned gesticulation, like Pitt and Chatham. At last, they seem to have lost the last touch of awful reverence, and like Wilberforce, with a broad smile upon their lips, they loll in marble upon their easy-chairs!

Apart from the monuments, there are, in the nave, several graves and cenotaphs of deep interest. By the west door is the modest marble slab which records how Jeremiah Horrox, though he died as a humble curate at the age of twenty-two, was the first to rectify Kepler's theory of the motion of the moon, and to show that it might be represented as "an elliptic orbit with a variable eccentricity, and an oscillatory motion on the line of the apsides." He was also the first to observe a transit of Venus, which he succeeded in doing on Dec. 4, 1639, between two of the three religious services for which he was on that day responsible.

There is, close by, the bust of Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, and the great opponent of the slave-trade. The inscription — written by Sir James Stephen — is well worth reading for the beauty and eloquence of the language. There is the grave of John Hunter, the great anatomist. Close by this is the simple rectangular slab under which Ben Jonson was buried upright, having asked Charles I. for eighteen square inches of ground in Westminster Abbey. On this stone was carved the quaint and striking epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson," which, only the accidental expression of a passer-by, was afterwards copied upon his bust in "Poet's Corner."

Near the centre of the nave a slab records that the grave beneath was the resting-place, for some months, of the body of George Peabody; and on this slab are carved the words of his early prayer, that, if God prospered him, He would enable him to render some memorial service to his fellow-men.

A little farther on is the grave of Livingstone, which records the last pathetic words found in his diary: "All I can add in my loneliness, is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world," — the slave-trade.

There are, however, two monuments to which I must lead you before I conclude. One is the monument to Sir Isaac Newton, close beside whose grave were laid the mortal remains of Charles Darwin.

The tomb of Newton is well worth your notice, from its intrinsic beauty, as well as from the fact that it is placed above the last resting-place of one of the greatest of Englishmen. The monument is by Rysbraeck. Over it is a celestial globe, on which is marked the course of the comet of 1680. Leaning on this is the figure of Astronomy, who has closed her book as though, for the time, her labors were over.

The very ingenious bas-relief below expresses in allegory the various spheres of Newton's labors. At the right, three lovely little genii are minting money, to indicate Newton's services to the currency; near them, a boy looking through a prism symbolizes the discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of light; a fifth — who (like other geniuses) has at present unhappily lost his head — is weighing the sun on a steelyard against Mercury, Mars, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, which very strikingly shadows forth the discovery of the laws of gravitation; at the extreme left, two other genii reverently tend an aloe, the emblem of immortal fame. Over the bas-relief reclines the fine statue of the great discoverer, whose elbow leans on four volumes of Divinity, Optics, and Astronomy and Mathematics.

There is one more monument in the nave, at which Americans will look with special interest. It is the tomb of the gallant and ill-fated André. Every American knows how he was arrested in disguise within the American lines in 1780, and, for a moment, lost his presence of mind, and neglected to produce the safe conduct of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. He was sentenced to be hung as a spy; and in spite of the deep sympathy which his fate excited, even among the Americans, Washington did not think himself justified in relaxing the sentence.

The touching bas-relief represents, on one side, a British officer, who is carrying a flag of truce and a letter to the tent of Gen. Washington, with the entreaty of André, that, as a soldier, he might be shot, and not hung. One of the American officers is weeping.

The request was refused; but, as it would have been too painful to represent André's death on the gibbet, the sculptor has represented his youthful and handsome figure standing at the right of the bas-relief before a platoon of soldiers, as though his petition had in reality been granted. The sculptor, Van Gelder, has been very successful; but the heads of Washington and André have several times been knocked off and stolen by base and sacrilegious hands.

The American visitor will gaze on the tomb with still deeper interest when he is told that the wreath of richly colored autumn leaves on the marble above was brought from the site where André's gibbet stood, and placed where it now is by the hands of Arthur Stanley, late Dean of Westminster.

A MORNING WITH

DR. FRANCIS TREVELYAN BUCKLAND,¹

NATURALIST.

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

IN Albany Street, near the borders of Regent's Park, London, is a modest little house, which is like the houses on both sides and across the way, except that, at the windows and in the balcony, there are a number of cages, the occupants of which twitter and whistle in a chorus that attracts the most hurried passer-by. The noisiest of the birds is a parrot, with great glibness of speech and a spectral laugh.

"Hold hard! I say, hold hard there!" screams Polly to the passing omnibus; and, should she succeed in bringing it up, her feathers shake with convulsive merriment.

She is fluent, also, in the language of the drivers, and growls out, "Whoa, back!" or, "Come up!" in so natural a way, that the most intelligent of horses would be excusable for taking it to be the voice of his master.

There is usually in front of the house a crowd of children, who are very much interested in the basement-window. Sometimes it is a man painting the cast of a fish that they see, sometimes a gigantic fossil skull, and sometimes rows of bottles filled with clammy specimens of natural history. Nothing less than the Zoölogical Gardens, which are in the neighborhood, satisfies them as well as this basement-window.

The door-plate has a name upon it with which every reader of English is acquainted, — Mr. Frank Buckland; and this is the home of the most popular expositor of natural history in the world. It is not diffi-

¹ Since this article was written, Mr. Buckland has died.

cult to account for his popularity. Many naturalists have studied the habits and structure of animals with no less care and scientific judgment than he has ; but, above his other qualifications, he has brought to his occupation a sympathetic insight of the feelings of dumb creatures, and has interpreted their thoughts, desires, and emotions with wonderful understanding.

He has established confidential relations with monkeys, and has learned the aspirations and disappointments of the beasts of the field. When he writes about one of the creatures whose acquaintance he has made, it seems to be a revelation of private life ; and the sympathy which he shows awakens similar feelings in us. The monkey is no longer a speechless brute. It becomes, through Mr. Buckland's interpretation, a genial and intelligent fellow-being. He has done more than any one else to make the animal world intelligible to man, and yet he is a resolute opponent of the Darwinian theory.

"It is a great fallacy, sir," he said to us one morning, when we happened to be at the little house in Albany Street. "I've lived all my life with monkeys about me, and have loved them, and watched them, and admired their cleverness. But, when the very lowest of the human race is placed alive and in good health alongside the very highest of the monkey family, it will be immediately perceived that there is a vast gulf between the two which has never been bridged over."

He is a son of Dean Stanley's predecessor at Westminster, and was educated at Winchester School and Oxford University. For some time he served as surgeon in the Second Life-Guards, and he is now the government inspector of fisheries. The latter is, at least, one of his positions ; and, in addition to this, he is editor of "Land and Water," and an active worker of the Zoölogical Society.

While we were with him, he received a letter from the Home Secretary, instructing him to attend to some business at the Billingsgate Market in his capacity of inspector of fisheries ; another, complaining that no whitebait could be had for a forthcoming ministerial dinner at Greenwich ; another, begging him to come to the relief of a lion which had hurt its foot ; and a fourth, demanding "copy" for his paper. Although he is an invalid, he crowds the work of several men into his life.

Mr. Buckland is a thick-set gentleman of medium height ; courteous, but nervous in manner ; humorous in his way of looking at things, and fifty-four years of age. He was born at Christ Church, Oxford, inheriting a taste for natural history and scientific investigation from

his parents. In a portrait of him, at the age of three, he is hugging a rabbit; and an old-fashioned silhouette, over his study mantel-piece, represents him as a chubby little fellow in petticoats, sitting astraddle of an elephant's trunk under a table, while his father and mother are poring over some specimens above.

From the basement, with peeps of which the children in the street amuse themselves, to the upper stories, the little house abounds with curiosities, which are distributed through most of the rooms. But the greatest number are in Mr. Buckland's *sanctum*, on the second floor, where the walls are completely hidden under the treasures hanging from them, and every shelf is loaded with articles of interest.

At a desk, piled with correspondence, books, and newspaper clippings, is a spacious arm-chair made out of the bedstead of John Hunter, the famous surgeon. There are savage weapons, the boots of a giant, the skull of a gorilla, the jaws of a fish, the head of a bear, the poisoned arrows of the South-American Indians, and scores of glass jars containing fish and reptiles in pickle.

It would not be a desirable place for an imaginative boy to fall asleep in, unless his courage would sustain him in dreamed-of encounters with panthers and crocodiles. In all corners, there is something to feed the imagination, — something to remind us of the wonders of wild nature, except where the books are; and those are mostly about animal life.

Mr. Buckland said to us, "If I wished a boy to learn natural history, I would dispense with books as far as possible, and would send him into the forest, and let him collect specimens. Then I would give him a dissecting-knife, and tell him to observe for himself."

We are quite sure that all boys would appreciate the excellence of this method, and vastly prefer it to any other; but the variety and extent of Mr. Buckland's library are proofs that he would be misunderstood if it were supposed, that, though valuing observation, he does not recognize books as being necessary to the perfection of all knowledge. He is an industrious note-taker, and scatters pencils about his study, that one may always be at hand when he has a thought to jot down, or a fact to record. As he exhibits his specimens, he becomes rapturous. "Isn't that a beauty?" he demands, showing us some monstrosity, and handling it with the greatest affection; and, though it may strike us as being decidedly unpleasant to look at, it is only kind in us to murmur some word of responsive admiration.

Besides the birds, Mr. Buckland's living pets are three monkeys, which are intelligent beyond their kind, and are allowed privileges

which other monkeys might well envy. Tiny the Third and Margate Jack occupy a cage together, and are the best of friends; while Jamrach, who is named after the celebrated dealer in wild beasts, has a house of his own, and is conscious of a greater importance.

Jamrach's career has been eventful. He was a sacred monkey in India, and allowed to swing his tail around the pinnacles of temples,

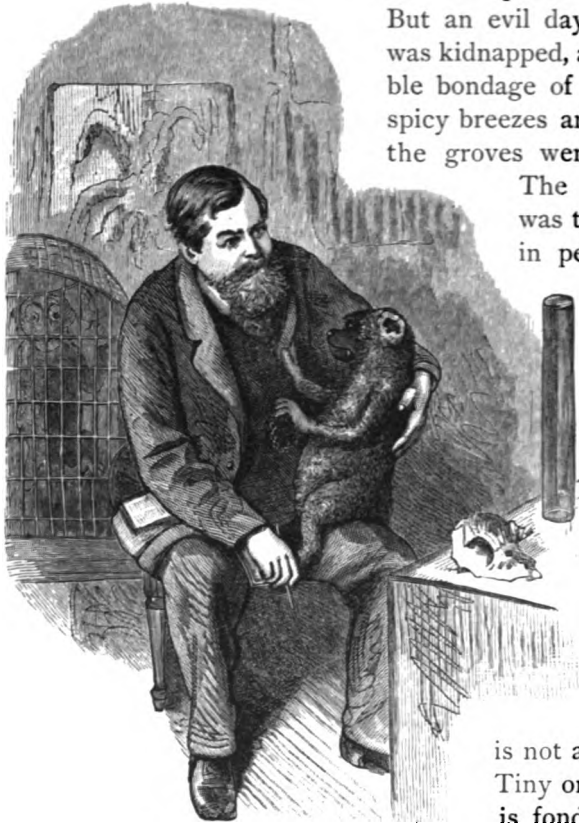
and to caper in the groves, unmolested. But an evil day came for him when he was kidnapped, and sold into the miserable bondage of an organ-grinder. The spicy breezes and the shadowy quiet of the groves were forever lost to him.

The dull routine of his life was to turn idiotic somersets in petticoats and a turban, and to solicit pennies from the public with insincere grimaces. One lucky day, however, Mr. Buckland saw him, and bought him; and, since then, his lot has been as happy as it could possibly be in captivity.

Jamrach has a queer, smooth, old-fashioned face, and is not as good-looking as either Tiny or Margate Jack. But he is fond of his master, and familiar with visitors, and is the

favorite of the three. Having crawled up into our lap, and made acquaintance with us, he passed over our shoulders to Mr. Buckland, and sat contentedly on that gentleman's knee while his hair was carefully parted and combed. But Jamrach is a great glutton and a thief, and is much too fond of beer.

Mr. Buckland took us into the basement, which is his workshop, where casts are made, and the dissecting and stuffing are done.



"Look at that : isn't it a shame !" he said, taking up some fine trout which had been killed by the pollution of their native river ; and his voice trembled with pity.

Here, also, were baskets of seaweed, and tubs and jars containing all sorts of specimens, some of which saluted our nostrils in a way that made a smouldering piece of brown paper a gratifying relief.

When we went up-stairs again, we found Jamrach sitting by a half-finished glass of beer, and hurriedly scooping it into his mouth with the hollow of his hand. As soon as he saw us, he made off, conscious of his iniquity, and seized an apple from the table as he retreated. A shilling, which had been left on the table, was missing also ; and, when Jamrach was captured, it was found secreted in his pouch, out of which he was forced to disgorge it.

No money can be safely left near him : but Mr. Buckland is forgetful, and leaves his change about ; and Mrs. Buckland compounds Jamrach's felony by adding what he steals to her pin-money.

When he is particularly misbehaved, a bear's head, or an eel, which he takes to be a snake, is shown to him ; and he screams out with penitence and fear. The same objects also excite the greatest terror in Tiny and Margate Jack ; and, whenever they are produced, there is such a commotion that the loquacious parrot loses its temper, and remonstrates in unmeasured language. But the family in Albany Street is usually very happy.

DICKENS WITH HIS CHILDREN.

BY MAMIE DICKENS,
HIS DAUGHTER.

I.

I HAVE been asked to write on the subject of "The Child Friendships of Charles Dickens." But we have no record of any very early friendships, and I know nothing more of his childhood days than what Mr. Forster has told us. He was a very little, and a very sickly, boy; but he had always the belief that this early sickness had brought to himself one inestimable advantage, in the circumstance of his weak health having strongly inclined him to reading. But he was of a most affectionate and genial disposition; and there can be little doubt, that, with such a nature, he must have made many friendships.

When money-troubles came upon his parents, the poor little fellow was taken away from school, and kept for some time to an occupation most distasteful to him, with every surrounding jarring on his sensitive and refined feelings. But *the* great hardship, and the one which he felt most acutely, was the want of the companionship of boys of his own age. A few years later on, we read, in Mr. Forster's *Life*, a school-fellow's description of Charles Dickens:—

"A healthy-looking boy, small, but well-built, with a more than usual flow of spirits, inclining to harmless fun, seldom or never, I think, to mischief. He usually held his head more erect than lads ordinarily do, and there was a general smartness about him."

This is also a very good description of the man.

I have never heard him refer, in any way, to his own childish days, excepting in one instance,—when he had been telling the story of how, when he lived at Chatham, he and his father often passed Gad's Hill in their walks, and what an admiration he had for the red brick

house, with its beautiful old cedar-trees, and how it seemed to him to be larger and finer than any other house; and that his father would tell him, that if he were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, he might perhaps some day come to live in it.

I have heard him tell this story over and over again, when he had indeed become the possessor of the place which had taken such a hold upon his childish affections.

Beyond this, I cannot recall a single instance of any allusion being made by him to his early childhood. I am unable, therefore, to write any thing *new* on this score.

But I will try and write down a few reminiscences of my own, feeling that they will be read with interest, believing, as I do, that in no country are his writings more widely known, or his name more affectionately revered, than in the great country of America.

Charles Dickens believed the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy, and he thought that the recollection of most of us could go farther back than many of us suppose. I do not know how far my own memory may carry me back, but I have no remembrance of my childhood which is not immediately associated with him.

He had a wonderful sympathy with children, and a wonderfully quick perception of their character and disposition; a most winning and easy way with them, full of fun, but full, also, of a graver sympathy with their many small troubles and perplexities, which made them recognize at once a friend in him.

I have often seen mere babies, who would look at no other stranger present, put out their tiny arms to him with unbounded confidence, or place a small hand in his, and trot away with him, quite proud and contented at having found such a companion. And, although with his own children he had sometimes a sterner manner than he had with others, there was not one of them who feared to go to him for help and advice, knowing well that there was no trouble too small or too trivial to claim his attention, and that, in him, they would always find unvarying justice and love.

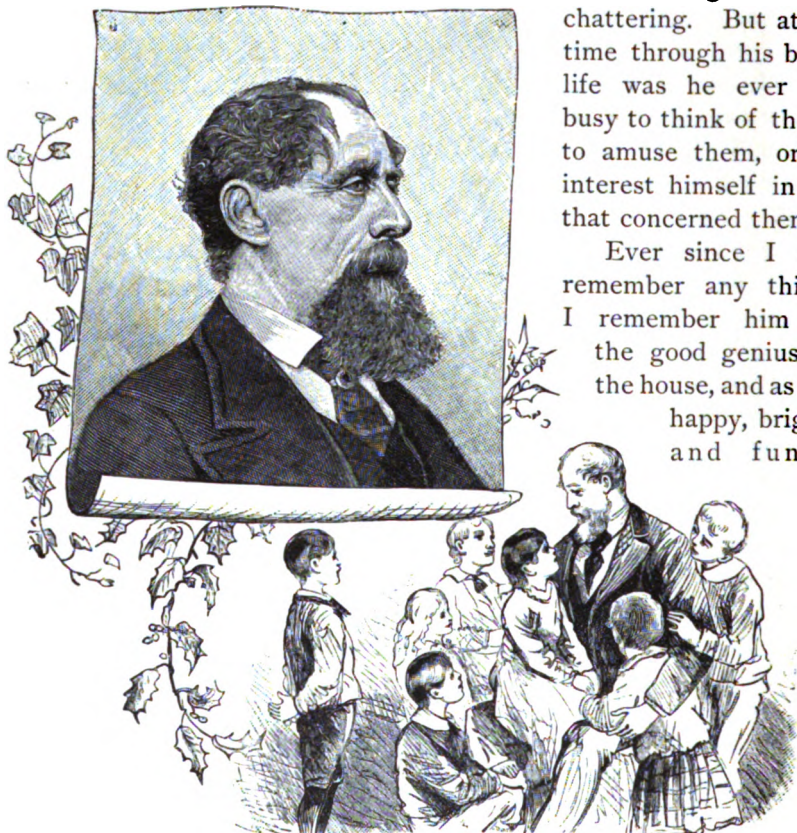
If any treat had to be asked for, the second little daughter, always a pet of her father's, was pushed into his study by the other children, and always returned triumphant.

He wrote special prayers for them as soon as they could speak, interested himself in their lessons, would give prizes for industry, for punctuality, for neat and unblotted copy-books. A word of commen-

dation from him was indeed most highly cherished, and would set our hearts glowing with pride and pleasure.

His study—to these children—was rather a mysterious and awe-inspiring chamber; and, while he was at work, nobody was allowed to enter it. The little ones had to pass the door as quietly as possible, and the little tongues left off chattering. But at no time through his busy life was he ever *too* busy to think of them, to amuse them, or to interest himself in all that concerned them.

Ever since I can remember any thing, I remember him as the good genius of the house, and as the happy, bright, and funny



Charles Dickens with his Children.

genius. He had a peculiar tone of voice and way of speaking for each of the children, who could tell, without being called by name, which was the one addressed.

He had funny songs which he used to sing to them before they went to bed. One in particular, about an old man who caught cold and rheumatism while riding in an omnibus, was a great favorite; and as it was accompanied by sneezes, coughs, and funny gesticula-

tions, it had to be sung over and over again before the small audience was satisfied.

I can see him now, through the mist of years, with a child nearly always on his knee, his bright and beautiful eyes full of life and fun. I can hear his clear and sweet voice, as he sang to those children, as if he had no other occupation in the world but to amuse them. And when they grew older, and were able to act little plays, it was the father himself who was teacher, manager, prompter, to these infantine amateurs.

And these theatricals were undertaken as earnestly and seriously as were those of the grown-up people. He would teach the children their parts separately, — teach them *what* to do, and *how* to do it, acting himself for their edification. At one moment he would be the dragon in "Fortunio;" at the next, one of the seven servants; then taking the part of a jockey, played by the youngest child, a mere baby, whose little legs had much difficulty to get into the top-boots, — until he had taken every part in the play. And, before these children were old enough to act regular pieces, the same pains were taken about any little charade they might ask for, any song they were taught to sing; each child knowing well that such pains *had* to be taken before his approval could be won.

As with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company did his own earnestness and activity work upon them, and affect each personally. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under his patient and always encouraging training.

Then, again, at the juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired, by degrees, an excellent collection of conjuring-tricks; and on Twelfth Nights, — the eldest son's birthday, — he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure, which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his miraculous appearances and disappearances.

Of course, a plum-pudding was made in a hat, and was always one of the great successes of the evening. It would be almost impossible, even to guess *how* many such puddings have been made since. But surely, those made by Charles Dickens must have possessed some special fairy-power, no other conjurer being able to put into *his* pudding all the love, sympathy, fun, and thorough enjoyment which seemed to come from the very hands of this great magician!

Then, when supper-time came, he would be everywhere at once, — carving, cutting the great Twelfth Cake, dispensing the *bonbons*, proposing toasts, and calling upon first one child, and then upon another, for a song or recitation. How eager the little faces looked for each turn to come round, and how they would blush and brighten up when the magician's eyes looked their way!

One year, before a Twelfth-Night dance, when the two daughters were quite tiny girls, he took it into his head that they must teach him and his friend (the late Mr. John Leach of "Punch") the polka. The lessons were begun, and continued for some time. It must have been rather a funny sight to see those two small children teaching these two men — Mr. Leach was over six feet — to dance, all four as solemn and staid as possible.

As in every thing he undertook, so, in this instance, did Charles Dickens throw his whole heart into the dance. No one could have taken more pains than he did, or have been more eager and anxious, or more conscientious about steps and time, than he was. And often, when the lesson was going on, he would jump up, and have a little practice by himself. When the night of the party came, both the small dancing-mistresses must have felt a little anxious.

I know that the heart of one beat very fast when the moment for starting off arrived. But both pupils acquitted themselves perfectly, and were the admiration of all beholders.

Sir Roger de Coverley was always the *finale* to these dances, and was a special favorite of Charles Dickens, who kept it up as long as was possible, and was as unflagging in his dancing and enthusiasm as was dear old "Fizziwig" in his. There can be but little doubt that the children who came to those parties, and who have lived to grow up to be men and women, must still remember them as something bright and sunny in their young lives, and must always retain a grateful and loving feeling for their kind and genial host.

II.

IN these days, when Charles Dickens was living at Devonshire Terrace, the children were quite babies. And when he paid his first visit to America, accompanied by Mrs. Dickens, they were left under the care of some relations and friends. Any one reading "The Letters of Charles Dickens" must be touched by his frequent allusions to these

children, and by the love and tenderness expressed in his longings to see them again.

I have a vague remembrance of the return of the travellers, and of being lifted up to a gate, and kissing my father through the bars. I cannot at all recall his appearance at this time, but know, from old portraits, that his face was beautiful. I think he was fond of dress, and must have been rather a dandy in his way.

Carrying my memory farther on, I *can* remember him as very handsome. He had a most beautiful mouth, sensitive, strong, and full of character. This was, unfortunately, hidden when he took to wearing — some years afterwards — a beard and mustache. But this is the only change I can remember in him, as to me his face never seemed to change at all. He had always an active, young, and boyish-looking figure, and a way of holding his head, a little thrown back, which was very characteristic.

Charles Dickens was always a great walker ; but, in these days, he rode and drove more than he did in later years. As the children grew older, there were evenings when they would be allowed to drive out into the country, and then get out of the carriage, and walk with “papa.” It seems now as if the wild-flowers, which used to be gathered on those evenings in the pretty country lanes, were sweeter and more beautiful than any which grow nowadays.

Charles Dickens brought a little white Havana spaniel with him from America ; and, from that time, there were always various pets about the house. Perhaps, though, you wouldn’t call either an eagle or a raven a pet ? The eagle had a sort of grotto made for him in the garden, to which he was chained ; and, being chained, he was not quite such an object of terror to the children as the raven was. But this raven, with his mischievous nature, delighted in frightening them, and even in hurting them. One of the little daughters had very chubby, rosy legs ; and the raven used to run after, and peck at them, until poor “Tatie’s leds” became a constant subject for commiseration ; and she would show her father fresh pecks and scratches many times in a day.

The raven was especially wicked to the eagle ; for he would swoop down upon the food brought to the eagle, take it just beyond reach, and mount guard over it, dancing round it, and chuckling. When he considered that he had tantalized the poor bird enough, he would eat the food as deliberately and slowly as possible, and then hop away perfectly contented with himself. He was *not* the celebrated “Grip” of

"Barnaby Rudge," but was given, after the death of that bird, to my father.

In bringing up his children, Charles Dickens was always most anxious to impress upon them, that, so long as they were honest and truthful, so would they always be sure of having justice done to them.

He was always, as has been observed before, tender with them in their small troubles and trials. When the time came for the eldest son to be sent to a boarding-school, there was great grief in the nursery at Devonshire Terrace ; and Charles Dickens came unexpectedly upon one of his daughters who was putting away some school-books, and crying bitterly all the time. To him the separation could not have seemed such a terrible one ; as the boy was certainly to come home once a month, if not once a week. But he soothed the weeping child, and reasoned with her, until, at last, the sobs ceased, and the poor, aching little heart had found consolation in the loving sympathy which could enter so readily into the feelings of a child.

A third daughter was born in Devonshire Terrace, but only lived to be nine months old. Her death was very sudden, and happened while Charles Dickens was presiding at a public dinner. He had been playing with the baby before starting for the dinner, and the little thing was then as well and as bright as possible.

An evening or two after her death, some beautiful flowers were sent, and were brought into the study ; and the father was about to take them up-stairs, and place them on the little dead baby, when he suddenly gave way completely. It is always very terrible to see a man weep ; but to see your own father weep, and to see this for the first time as a child, is agonizing, but also fills you with a curious wonder.

When the move was made from Devonshire Terrace to Tavistock House, — a far larger and handsomer house than the old home, — Charles Dickens promised his daughters a better bedroom than they had ever had before, and told them that he should choose "the brightest of papers for it." But they were not to see "the gorgeous apartment" until it was ready for their use. When the time came for the move, and the two girls were shown their room, it surpassed even their expectations.

They found it full of love and thoughtful care, and as pretty and as fresh as their hearts could desire, and with not a single thing in it which had not been expressly chosen for them, or planned, by their father. The wall-paper was covered with wild-flowers : the two little

iron bedsteads were hung with a flowery chintz. There were two toilet-tables, two writing-tables, two easy-chairs, etc., all so pretty and elegant, and all this in the days when bedrooms were not, as a rule, so luxurious as they are now.

With his many occupations, with his constant and arduous work, Charles Dickens was never too busy to be unmindful of the comfort and welfare of those about him; and there was not a corner, in any of his homes, from kitchen to garret, which was not constantly inspected by him, and which did not boast of some of his neat and orderly contrivances. We used to laugh at him sometimes, and say we believed that he was personally acquainted with every nail in the house.

It was in this home, some few years later, that the first grown-up theatricals were given; and these theatricals were very remarkable, in that nearly every part was filled by some man celebrated in either literature or art. Besides being a really great actor, Charles Dickens, as a manager, was quite incomparable. His "Company" was as well trained as any first-class professional company; and, although so kind and so pleasant a manager, he was properly feared and looked up to by every member of his company.

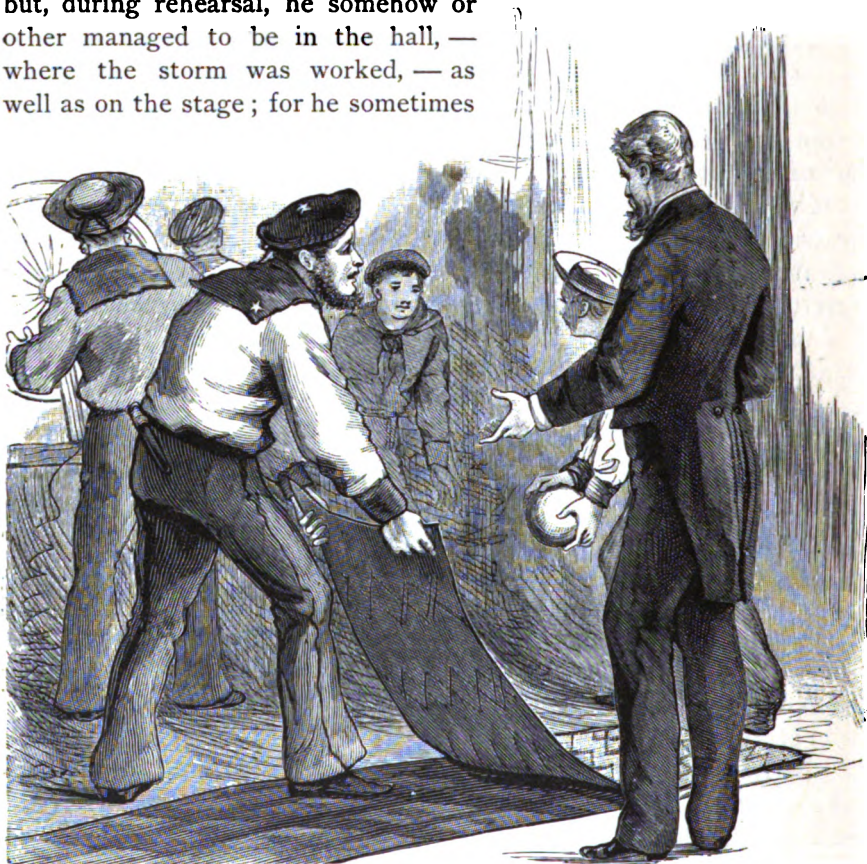
The rehearsals meant business and hard work, and sometimes even tears to a few, when all did not go quite satisfactorily; and each one knew that there could be no trifling, no playing at work. And as in the children's performances, so in these later ones, did Charles Dickens know every part, and enter heart and soul into each character. When any new idea as to any part would come into his head, he would at once propound it to the actor or actress, who, looking upon the earnest face and active figure, would do his or her very best to gain a managerial smile of approval.

Charles Dickens had a temporary theatre built out into the garden, and the scenes were painted by some of the greatest scene-painters of the day. A drop-scene, representing Eddystone Lighthouse, painted for this theatre by the late Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., was afterwards framed, and covered with glass, and hung in the entrance-hall at Gad's Hill.

In the play called "The Lighthouse," written by Mr. Wilkie Collins,—one of the best and most intimate of the friends of Charles Dickens,—the great effect at the end of an act was to come from a storm; and the rehearsing of this storm was a very serious matter indeed. There was a long wooden box with pease in it, to be moved slowly up and down, to represent rain; a wheel to be turned for wind;

a piece of oil-cloth to be dashed *upon* oil-cloth, and slowly dragged away, for the waves coming up and then receding, carrying the pebbles along with them ; a heavy weight rolled about upon the floor above the stage for thunder.

At the time of the storm, the manager's part kept him on the stage : but, during rehearsal, he somehow or other managed to be in the hall, — where the storm was worked, — as well as on the stage ; for he sometimes



The Rehearsal.

appeared as the rain, sometimes the wind, first one part of the storm, and then another, until he had seen each separate part made perfect : and this storm was pronounced by the audience a most wonderful success. I know there was such a noise "behind the scenes," that we could not hear ourselves speak ; and it was most amusing to watch all the actors, in their sailor-dresses, and their various "make-ups," gravely and solemnly pounding away at the storm.

Then the suppers, after these evenings, were so merry and so delightful! Many and many of the company, besides the dear "manager," have passed away; but many still remain to remember these evenings with pleasure, although the pleasure may be mixed with pain.

III.

UNTIL Charles Dickens came into possession of Gad's Hill, he was in the habit of removing his household to some seaside place every summer. For many years, Broadstairs was the favorite spot; and, for some reasons, he rented a house there called Fort House. Since those days, the name of it has been changed to Bleak House.

After Broadstairs, Boulogne became a very favorite watering-place with Charles Dickens. It was here, in a charming villa quite out of the town, that he and his youngest son, "The Plorn," would wander about the garden together, admiring the flowers; the little fellow being taught to show his admiration by holding up his tiny arms. There were always anecdotes to be told about "The Plorn" after these walks, when his father invariably wound up with the assertion that he was "a noble boy." Being the youngest of the family, he was made a great pet of, especially by his father, and was kept longer at home than any of his brothers had been.

When he had to part with this son in 1868, the housekeeper at the office of Charles Dickens, who saw him after he had taken leave of the boy, told "how she had never seen the master so upset; and that, when she asked him how Mr. Edward went off, he burst into tears, and couldn't answer her a word."

During the years spent at Tavistock House, one of his daughters was for a time a great invalid; and, after a worse attack of illness than usual, he suggested that she should be carried as far as his study, and lie on the sofa there while he was at work. This was, of course, considered an immense privilege; and, even if she had not felt as weak and ill as she did, she would have been bound to remain as still and quiet as possible.

For some time, there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen. Then, suddenly, Mr. Dickens jumped up, went to the looking-glass, rushed back to his writing-table, and jotted down a few words; back to the glass again, this time talking to his own reflection, or, rather, to the simulated expression he saw there,

and was trying to catch before drawing it in words ; then back again to his writing. After a little, he got up again, and stood with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, after *looking* at his daughter, but certainly never *seeing* her ; then once more went back to his table, and to steady writing until luncheon-time. It was a curious experience, and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely *out* of himself, and *into* the character he was writing about.

His daughter has very seldom mentioned this incident, feeling as if it would be almost a breach of confidence to do so. But, in these reminiscences of her father, she considers it is only right that this experience *should* be mentioned, showing, as it does, his characteristic earnestness, and his power of throwing himself completely and entirely into the work on which he was engaged.

For the last ten years of his life, his great delight was to make "the little Freehold," as he called his new Gad's-Hill estate, as complete and pretty as possible. Every year he had some "bright idea," or some contemplated "wonderful improvement," to propound to us. These additions and alterations gave him endless amusement and delight, and he would watch the growing of each one with the utmost eagerness and impatience.

The most important outdoor "improvement" he made, was a tunnel to connect the garden with the shrubbery which lay on the opposite side of the high-road, and could be approached only by leaving the garden, crossing the road, and unlocking a gate. The work of excavation began, of course, from each side ; and on the day when it was supposed that the picks would meet, and the light appear, Charles Dickens was so excited that he had to "knock off work," and stood for hours and hours waiting for this consummation. When, at last, it did come to pass, the workmen were all "treated," and there was a general jubilee at Gad's Hill.

When, some little time after, Monsieur Fechter sent his friend a two-roomed *châlet*, it was placed in the shrubbery. The upper room was prettily furnished, and fitted all round with looking-glasses, to reflect the view, which was beautiful, and was used by Charles Dickens as a study throughout the summer.

He had a passion for light, bright colors, and *looking-glasses*. When he built a new drawing-room, he had two looking-glasses sunk into the wall, opposite each other, which, being so placed, gave the effect of an endless corridor, as it were. I do not remember how many rooms

could thus be counted ; but he would often call some of us, and ask if we could make out another, as *he* certainly could. For one "improvement," he had looking-glass put into each panel of the dining-room door, and, showing it to his youngest daughter, said, with great pride, —

"Now, what do you say to *this*, Katie?"

She laughed, and said, "Well, really, papa, I think, when you're an angel, your wings will certainly be made of looking-glass, and your crown of scarlet geraniums."

He loved all flowers, but especially bright flowers ; and scarlet geraniums were his favorite of all. There were two large beds of these on the front lawn at Gad's Hill ; and when they were fully out, making one scarlet mass, there was blaze enough to satisfy even his love for bright colors. Even in dress he was fond of a great deal of color ; and the dress of a friend, who came to his daughter's wedding, quite delighted him, because it was trimmed with a profusion of cherry-colored ribbon.

The large dogs at Gad's Hill were quite a feature of the place, and were also rather a subject of dread to many outsiders. But this was desirable ; as the house really required protection, standing, as it did, on the high-road, which was frequented by tramps of a wild and low order, who, in the hopping-season, were sometimes even dangerous. And the dogs, though as gentle as possible to their own people, knew that they were the guardians of the place, and were terribly fierce to all intruders.

Linda, a St. Bernard, and a beautiful specimen of that breed, had been, as a puppy, living in the garden at Tavistock House before she was taken to Gad's Hill. She and Turk—a mastiff—were the constant companions in all their master's walks. When he was away from home, and the ladies of the family were out alone with the dogs, Turk at once felt the responsibility of his position, and would guard them with unusual devotion, giving up all play in an instant when he saw any suspicious-looking figure approaching. He *never* made a mistake in discovering the tramp. He would then keep on the outside of the road, close to his mistresses, with an ominous turning up of the lip, and with any thing but the usual mild expression in his beautiful large brown eyes.

But what is to be said about Mrs. Bouncer,—a little white Pomeranian, with black eyes and nose, the very sweetest and most bewitching of her sex? She was a present to the eldest daughter, and was brought by her—a puppy of only six weeks' old—to Tavistock House.

"The boys," knowing that the little dog was to arrive, were ready to receive their sister at the door, and escorted her, in a tremendous state of excitement, up to the study. But when

the little creature was put down on the floor, to be exhibited to Charles Dickens, and showed her pretty figure, and little bushy tail curling tightly over her back, "the boys" could keep quiet no longer, but fairly screamed and danced with delight.

From this very first moment, Charles Dickens took to the little dog, and made a pet of her; and it was he who gave her the name of Mrs. Bouncer. He delighted to see her out with the large dogs, because she looked "so preposterously small" by the side of them, and gave herself such airs with them. He had a peculiar voice and way of speaking for her, which she knew perfectly well, and would respond to at once, running to him from any part of the house or garden directly she heard the call.



Charles Dickens with his Dogs.

To be stroked with a foot had great fascinations for Mrs. Bouncer; and Charles Dickens would often and often take off his boot of an evening, and sit stroking the little creature — while he read or smoked — for an hour together. Although there were times, I fear, when her sharp bark must have irritated him, there never was an angry word for Bouncer. He loved the dog, and was always greatly touched by the truly wonderful devotion to her mistress.

Dear, pretty, dainty, faithful little Mrs. Bouncer !

Then, there was "Dick," the eldest daughter's canary, another most important member of the household. After his mistress had been away from home, she, on her return, would go to the room where Dick lived, and put her head just inside the door. At the very sight of her, the bird would fly to the corner of his cage, and sing as if his little throat would burst.

When this pet bird died, he was buried in the garden, a rose-tree was planted over his grave, and Charles Dickens wrote his epitaph :—

This is the grave of
DICK,
The Best of Birds.
Born at Broadstairs Mids'r., 1851.
Died at Gad's Hill Place, 14th Oct., 1866.

While Dick lived, cats were, of course, never allowed about the house : but, after his death, a white kitten, called Williamina, was given to one of the family ; and she and her numerous offspring had a happy home at Gad's Hill.

IV.

CHARLES DICKENS was the most delightful and genial of hosts, and had the power of putting the shyest people at ease with him at once. He had a charm in his manner peculiarly his own, and quite indescribable. The charm was always there, whether he was grave or gay, whether in his very funniest, or in his most serious and earnest, mood.

His punctuality was a remarkable characteristic, and visitors used to wonder how it was that every thing was done to the very minute. It is a common saying now, in the family of some dear friends, where punctuality is not quite so well observed, "What would Mr. Dickens have said to this?" or, "Ah! my dear child, I wish you could have been at Gad's Hill to learn what punctuality means!" He was very fond of music, but not of "classical" music only. He loved national airs, old tunes, songs, and ballads. He was easily moved by any thing pathetic in a song or tune, and was never tired of hearing his particular favorites sung or played. He liked to have music of an evening ; and duets used to be played very often for hours together, while he would read, or walk up and down the room.

There was a large meadow at the back of the garden, in which, during the summer-time, many cricket-matches were held. Although

never playing himself, Charles Dickens delighted in the game, and would sit in his tent, keeping score for one side, the whole day long. He never took to croquet; but, had lawn-tennis been played in the Gad's-Hill days, he would certainly have enjoyed this game. He liked "American bowls," at which he used constantly to play with his male guests. For one of his "improvements," he had turned a waste piece of land into a croquet-ground and bowling-green.

In the meadow he used also to practise many of his "readings;" and any stranger passing down the lane, and seeing him gesticulating, and hearing him talking, laughing, and sometimes, it may be, weeping, most surely would have thought him out of his mind. The getting-up of those "readings" gave him an immense amount of labor and fatigue, and the sorrowful parts tried him greatly. For instance, in the reading of "Little Dombey," it was hard work for him so to steel his heart as to be able to read the death without breaking down, or displaying too much emotion. He often told how much he suffered over this story, and how it would have been impossible for him to go through with it, had he not kept constantly before his eyes the picture of his own "Plorn," alive and strong and well.

His great neatness and tidiness have already been alluded to, as also his wonderful sense of order. The first thing he did every morning, before going to work, was to make a circuit of the garden, and then to go over the whole house, to see that every thing was in its place, neat and orderly. This was also the first thing he did upon his return home after any absence. A more thoroughly *orderly* nature never existed. It must have been through this gift of order that he was enabled to make time, notwithstanding any amount of work, to give to the minutest household details.

Before a dinner-party, the *menu* was always submitted to him for approval; and he always made a neat little plan of the table, with the names of the guests marked in their respective places, and a list of who was to take who in to dinner. He had constantly some "bright idea" or other as to the arrangement of the table or rooms.

He had a strange aversion to saying good-by, and would do any thing he possibly could to avoid going through the ordeal. This feeling must have been natural to him; for, as early as the "Old Curiosity Shop," he writes, —

"Why is it we can better bear to part in spirit than in body, and, while we have the fortitude to act farewell, have not the nerve to say it? On the eve of long voyages, or an absence of many years, friends, who are tenderly attached, will separate

with the usual look, the usual pressure of the hand, planning one final interview for the morrow, while each well knows that it is but a poor feint to save the pain of uttering that one word, and that the meeting will never be! Should possibilities be worse to bear than certainties?"

So all who love him, and who know the painful dislike he had to that word, are thankful that he was spared the agony of that last, long Farewell.

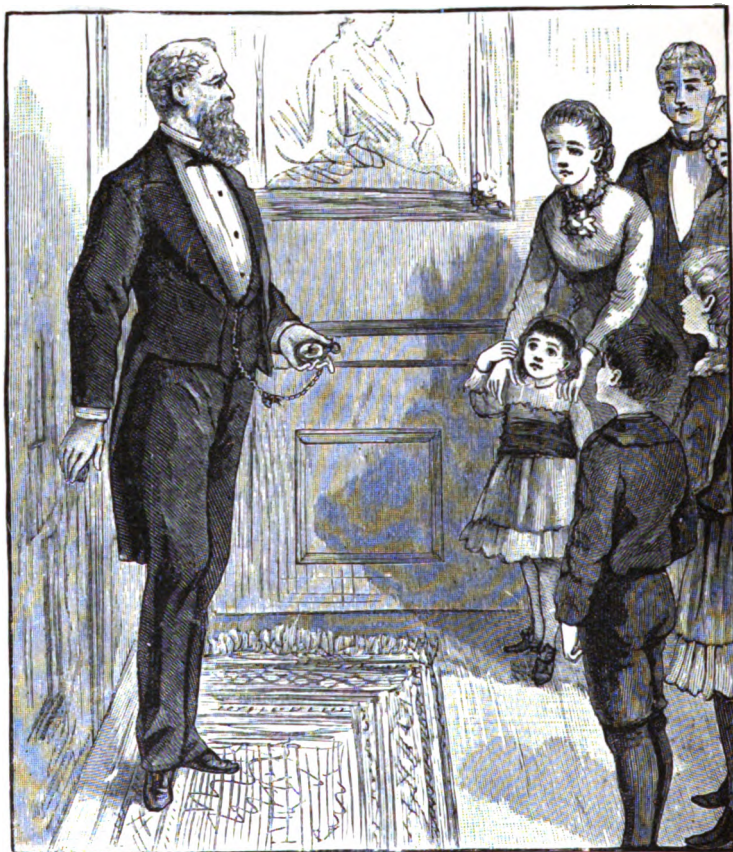
Almost the pleasantest times at Gad's Hill were the winter gatherings for Christmas and the New Year, when the house was more than full, and the bachelors of the party had to be "put up" in the village. At these times, Charles Dickens was at his gayest and brightest; and the days passed cheerily and merrily away. He was great at games; and many of the evenings were spent in playing at "Yes and No," Proverbs, Russian Scandal, Crambo, Dumb Crambo,—in which he was most exquisitely funny,—and a game of Memory, which he particularly liked.

On New-Year's Eve, there were generally other guests besides those staying in the house; and the New Year had to be welcomed with due honors. Just before twelve o'clock, everybody would assemble in the hall; and Charles Dickens would open the door, and stand in the entrance, watch in hand. How many of his friends must remember him thus, and think lovingly of the picture, as he waited, with a half-smile on his attentive face, for the bells to chime out the New Year!

Then his voice would break the silence with "A Happy New Year to us all!" and, for many minutes, there would be much embracing, hand-shaking, and good-wishing; and the servants also would come up, and get a hearty shake of the hand from the beloved "master." Then, sometimes, there would be a country-dance, in which the host delighted, and in which he insisted upon every one joining. He never allowed the dancing—and real dancing it was too—to flag for an instant, but kept it up, until even he was tired and out of breath, and had at last to clap his hands, and bring it to an end. His thorough enjoyment was most charming to witness, and seemed to infect every one present.

One New-Year's Day, at breakfast, he proposed that we should act some charades, in dumb-show, that evening. This proposal being met with enthusiasm, the idea was put into practice at once. The different parts were assigned, dresses were discussed, "properties" were collected, and rehearsing went on the whole day long. As the home-visitors were all to take part in the charades, invitations had to be sent

to the more intimate neighbors to make an audience, an *impromptu* supper had to be arranged for, and the day was one of continual bustle and excitement, and the rehearsals were the greatest fun imaginable. A dear old friend volunteered to undertake the music, and he played



Waiting for the New Year.

delightfully all through the acting. These charades made one of the pleasantest and most successful of the New-Year's evenings ever spent at Gad's Hill.

But there were not only grown-up guests invited to the pretty, cheerful home. In a letter to a friend, Charles Dickens writes, —

“Another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without my perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man.”

But, as he so disliked the name of grandfather as applied to himself, these grandchildren were taught by him to call him "Venerables." And, to this day, some of them still speak of him by his self-invented name. Now, there is another and younger family who never knew "Venerables," but who are taught to know his likeness, and taught to know his books through the pictures in them, as soon as they can be taught any thing, and whose baby hands lay bright flowers upon the stone in Westminster Abbey every 9th of June, and every Christmas Eve. For, in remembrance of his love for all that is gay in color, none but the brightest flowers — and also some of the gorgeous American leaves, sent by a friend for the purpose — are laid upon the stone, making that one spot, in the midst of the vast and solemn building, bright and beautiful.

In a letter to "Plorn," before his departure for Australia, Charles Dickens writes, "I hope you will always be able to say, in after-life, that you had a kind father." And, to this hope, each one of his children can answer, with a loving, grateful heart, Amen.

These reminiscences are written to show him, almost exclusively, in his relation of father, and to show him as he was in his own domestic circle, and in his home-life. In quoting my father's words, I have used the present tense, — says or writes, — because his words are before me, and are a living reality, because his words will be a living reality to generations yet to come.

So that we cannot think of him as dead. His spirit has walked and does "walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide." And his own words about death may be lovingly and reverently applied to himself; and we may say, —

"Of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy, and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still, — but that the heart *was* open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal."

RECOLLECTIONS OF DICKENS.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

I ALWAYS think of this eminent man of genius as excelling in many different ways. Sometimes I dwell upon his gifts as a great writer; sometimes as a reader in public of his own works; sometimes as an amateur actor of plays; sometimes as an orator; and often, very often, as the dearest and kindest of friends.

Not to have seen and known him is a deprivation hardly to be estimated. There was a tonic in the very sound of his cheery voice, and even dumb animals felt its magic when he spoke to them. When at Gad's Hill (his delightful home in Kent) he used to call the dogs for a walk, it seemed as if they would tumble him in the dust with their caresses. I have seen three massive Newfoundlanders set upon him at once, and almost devour him with affectionate recognition. I remember a horse he was accustomed to drive in a basket-wagon, who seemed to laugh when he came out of the door, and said a few hearty words of greeting to the animal on a summer morning.

There was that welcome quality of unmistakable cheerfulness in the tone of Dickens's voice, which falls upon the ear of man or beast as if a kind of fellowship were implied in it. He always "shook hands" with the mastiffs and terriers who resided on Gad's Hill, as if they were intimately related to him, and were just as much members of the family as his own people inside the premises.

But his felicity rose highest when he was doing something to make children happy. In that department of human endeavor, I do not believe he ever had a superior; and it was a treat indeed to see him thus employed on special occasions.

About Christmas time he came out very strong in that line. He used to begin his preparations a week or two before the festival came round, and devote himself to the business with untiring zeal. He

would then shut himself up for days, getting together all sorts of surprises for the young people, who, with his own children, year after year, made a Christmas carnival in his pleasant house.

He used to study up all sorts of conjurer's tricks for the amusement of his little guests, and so became quite an adept in causing pennies and teaspoons to disappear down his own throat, pocket-handkerchiefs to burn without hurting them, and apples and oranges to fly off the table into impossible pockets. The games and charades he invented for Christmas and New-Year's were without parallel in their fun and absurdity. There was no let-up to his drollery in this way, for his invention was endless.

He was a capital dancer ; and to see him cutting Christmas capers to music in a merry reel, surrounded by children, was a wonderful sight indeed. Sometimes he would imitate eccentric birds and animals with a nimble facetiousness that would send young people rolling on the floor in paroxysms of laughter and delight.

His mad pranks in this way often recalled Mr. Peggotty's remark in "David Copperfield : " "It's my opinion, you see, as this was all along of my havin' played with Em'ly so much when she was a child, and havin' made believe as we was Turks, and French, and sharks, and every variety of forriners, — bless you, yes ; and lions and whales, and I don't know what all ! when she wasn't no higher than my knee."

It seems, indeed, sometimes, as if the object of Dickens's life was to make other people contented and happy. There was not a poor sick child or a cripple within five miles of Gad's Hill who had not felt the tenderness of his bounty and the compassion of his presence. He was one of those ever-ready almoners who are never taken by surprise when want looks imploringly up from the roadside or in a hovel. You never heard *him* say, "I have no small change about me ;" for he took care to be supplied every morning, before he went out of his study, with something substantial for the poor and the suffering. His house was a kind of free apothecary's shop for all the sick people of the neighborhood.

I have said these things about Charles Dickens here, so that, when you read his books, my young friends, you may know what manner of man it was who wrote them, how kind and charitable he was, how anxiously he sought to share his happier lot with those on whom the sun of prosperity never shone, and how he was willing to take the trouble to lend a helping hand wherever there was need of his friendly aid.

He was born on the 7th of February, 1812, and was christened Charles John Hougham Dickens; but he soon dropped the superfluous "John Hougham," as too high-sounding for his simple taste. He once said, if he were a fashionable doctor, he might think differently about the matter.

When a school-boy, he won the hearts of all his mates by his many acts of disinterested kindness. Among the first books he read and rejoiced in were "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Arabian Nights." These stirred his imagination, and kept alive his fancy years after he had ceased to be a boy.

He became a Parliamentary reporter when a lad of eighteen, and invented a short-hand of his own to enable him to "take down" the speeches with accuracy. He could write out his notes, holding the paper on the palm of his hand, as he galloped along through the dead of night up to the printing-office; and the great orators of that day used to declare that young Dickens was the only man who reported their speeches correctly. The truth is, he corrected their verbiage, and set their thoughts in a better style than many of them knew how to employ. Dr. Johnson did the same thing when he reported for the London press.

In the year 1835 Dickens dropped his first manuscript, a sketch called "Mrs. Joseph Porter," into a dark letter-box, up a dark court in Kent Street. He once described to me his sensation when his first effusion came out in print,—how he trembled as he turned into a certain entry, and read it *there*, because his eyes were so blinded with joy and pride that they could not bear the street.

And I remember, also, that he told me he had never got over the excitement of first seeing in print any thing he had written for the press. I was with him once in "All the Year Round" office (long after he had become famous), when a proof of one of the "Uncommercial Traveller" papers was sent up to him.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "shall I never get over the thrill which accompanies a sight of myself in type?"

I have seen him more than once laugh wildly over a new and humorous chapter of some story he was printing for the public.

He was one of the most methodical men I ever knew. He began very early to be careful and painstaking. When a small boy, and earning his own living by a disagreeable employment, he would never anticipate his means, but make his weekly salary last through its allotted period. He would wrap the small sum he received for work

into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day.

He never neglected any thing. "It is my habit," was a frequent mode of expression with him, when asked how he found time to accomplish this or that seemingly out-of-the-way duty. Speaking with him one morning in his study about will, persistence, memory, and other qualities necessary to achievement in life, he took down from the shelf one of his favorite books, Sydney Smith's "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," a series of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, and read to me a memorable passage with great earnestness and feeling. The volume was Dickens's constant companion in his many journeys about the world; and when he landed in America, a few years ago, he showed it to me, saying, "You see, my old friend has come over with me."

The key to Dickens's motive as a novelist may be found most eloquently embodied in his preface to "Oliver Twist." Whoever reads that earnest prelude to the story will get at the intention of the author in all his life-work, which was to set forth the principle of *good*, and show how it survives through every adverse circumstance, and surely triumphs at last.

What a charming tribute Thackeray paid to Dickens when he asked if there was ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than "The Christmas Carol," and when he says, "All children ought to love Dickens. I know one, who, when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is unhappy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she is in bed, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby;' and, when she has finished the book, — reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' over again."

On the 9th of June, every year, Dickens's grave is covered with flowers. On that day, in 1870, the great and noble spirit passed on to join the immortal band of England's worthiest sons; and ever since, on the anniversary of his upward flight, many hearts are drawn to the consecrated ground which holds his ashes. Flowers, not unmingled with affectionate tears, are strewn, from morning till night, above his resting-place; and it is a beautiful tribute to his loving, pitying nature, that the toil-worn hands of the poor and friendless are seen scattering their humble offerings, on that memorial day, around the hallowed spot in Westminster Abbey.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

By CHARLES H. BRAINARD.

ONE afternoon, in the winter of 1853, as I was standing in my office, I heard heavy footsteps on the stairs leading from the street. Presently the door was opened ; and Charles Sumner walked in, followed by William M. Thackeray, a man of such lofty stature and proportionate stoutness that he actually made the Massachusetts senator look comparatively small.

The walls of my room were lined with portraits of notable men and women, who had sat for them at my request ; and, as Thackeray examined them, he frequently expressed his delight, and declared that he had never before seen such excellent specimens of the daguerrian art.

At this time he had never sat before the camera for his portrait, although often importuned to do so in England and America ; but, when I expressed a wish to add *his* picture to the collection he was then admiring, he instantly replied, —

“Oh, yes ! I must have a shy at this.”

As he had visited Washington for the purpose of giving his lectures on “The English Humorists,” his stay there was protracted : and he repeated his visit to the gallery several times, and gave the promised sittings ; the results of which were most expressive likenesses, some of which were afterwards reproduced in engravings.

Thackeray spent much of his time in Washington with Mr. Sumner, with whom he visited the numerous objects of interest in and about the city. On entering the rotunda of the Capitol, he passed hurriedly by the paintings which fill the panels, until he came to Trumbull’s “Declaration of Independence,” before which he paused, and, after looking at it in silence for several minutes, turned to Mr. Sumner, and remarked, —

“This is worth all the rest : this is history.”

As he was an excellent art-critic, being himself a gifted draughtsman, and had devoted much time to the study and practice of art, he must have seen many examples of painting and sculpture in Washington that could hardly fail to suggest unfavorable comments; but on such works he would invariably bestow the charity of his silence.



As he passed by the equestrian statue of Jackson, by Clark Mills, in company with Mr. Sumner, he never betrayed, by word or look, a consciousness of its existence; and this silence Mr. Sumner pronounced, as he related the incident, one of the most wonderful exhibitions of politeness he ever witnessed.

Thackeray was evidently a keen observer of human nature, and a great student of character as expressed in the faces of those with whom he casually came in contact.

I once met him at one of the Saturday-evening receptions of Dr. Bailey, editor of "The National Era," where his tall and majestic figure made him the most conspicuous person present. On this occasion, he had a few pleasant words for those who were presented to him, but appeared lost in thought most of the time, as he stood in the centre of the room, and scanned the faces of those who moved around him.

I afterwards met him at the National Hotel in one of the public rooms, which are crowded at night by Congressmen, and strangers generally. He was quietly sitting upon a settee, which was partly occupied by others, and gazing intently upon the moving throng, who were evidently ignorant of the name and character of him who thus surveyed them.

He gave his lectures on "The English Humorists" to large audiences in Carusi's saloon. The interest of these lectures was in their matter, and in their author, but not in their manner of delivery; for he was utterly wanting in those graces of oratory which add so much to the pleasure of listening to the reading of a genuine literary performance. He was closely confined to his manuscript, which he read in a monotone; yet he was always audible, and he commanded the closest attention of his auditors.

Before he left Washington for the South, his lectures on "The English Humorists" were announced by the Harpers in their list of forthcoming publications. While conversing, one morning, concerning his intended tour through the Southern States, I alluded to this announcement, and inquired if the volume containing his lectures would be published before he had fulfilled his engagements to deliver them.

"Bless you, no!" replied he. "Do you think I'd rip open my goose?" These lectures attracted as large audiences in every Southern city, where they were read, as they did in the North; and, shortly after the completion of his tour, he returned to England, fully satisfied with the financial results of his visit to the United States.

In the winter of 1855 he returned to this country, and made a second lecturing-tour; the subject of his lectures being "The Four Georges," which were more successful, in a lucrative point of view, than "The English Humorists." In England they were less popular than they were in America, the free and impartial manner in which he discussed the lives and characters of his royal subjects having made them distasteful to those who believed in the divine right of kings.

I had several brief interviews with him at Washington during this recent visit, and at one time enjoyed in anticipation the pleasure of

journeying with him through the Southern States as his companion and business agent, having been recommended to him for that position by Rev. William H. Milburn, the blind preacher and lecturer, with whom I had made a similar tour a few months before.

This led to a correspondence concerning the proposed trip, but it was finally decided that the arrangements already made for him in the cities where he had engagements would render the service of a special agent unnecessary; and the project was accordingly abandoned, and much to my regret.

As he was about leaving Philadelphia for Baltimore, he addressed me the following note, which, though relating exclusively to a business matter, can hardly fail to be interesting, from the fact that but few of his letters have ever been printed:—

JAN. 5, LAPIERRE H.

My dear Sir,— I thank you and Mr. Milburn for the offer which you make me. I have friends at Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah, and a half engagement to a society in New Orleans. Afterwards, I am engaged by societies at St. Louis and Cincinnati, so that I think I shall hardly want a manager for my career. I shall be at Baltimore on Tuesday (for Wednesday and Thursday): and if you think, after the above knowledge regarding my plans, that we could do any business together, perhaps you could find time for a run over from Washington; but I don't at present see how I need any aid, except that of the faithful Englishman who takes charge of me. Believe me,

Your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

This note was evidently written with a quill pen, and was remarkable for the distinctness with which every letter was formed, and for the straightness of the lines, the paper being unruled. In these particulars, it resembled a printed page, the letters being scarcely larger than those made by ordinary type. For the clearness of his handwriting, and general neatness of his manuscripts, Thackeray was noted among his literary associates. His first draughts were rarely altered; and his copy went to the printer's without interlineations, blots, or erasures.

A few days before he started on his Southern tour, I met him, by appointment, at the National Hotel in Washington. On entering his room, I found him seated on his trunk, and gazing earnestly at a fire which had evidently just been kindled in the grate. He wore his hat and overcoat, and the expression of his countenance was far from cheerful.

He was apparently cold and weary. Although there was no lack

of chairs in the room, he invited me to a seat on the trunk, where we sat for nearly an hour, during which time he spoke of his pleasant experiences in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and of his proposed trip to the South, from which he seemed to anticipate much pleasure and profit.

He returned to England in the summer of 1856, and from that time, till his death, was actively engaged in literary labors. In 1857 he was a candidate for a seat in Parliament, but failed of an election. At about this time the first number of "The Virginians" was issued, and continued to be published in monthly parts till its completion in October, 1859, when he became editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," the publication of which was hailed with delight; for he was now in the very zenith of his popularity, and his writings were read with avidity by all classes of people.

Over one hundred thousand copies of the new magazine were quickly sold, and there was but little falling off in the sale of subsequent issues. His connection with this magazine continued till his death, which occurred on the 24th of December, 1863.

His departure was sudden and unexpected. He had been ill for twenty-four hours, and at an hour before midnight was left by his *valet*, whom he wished "Good-night" as he went out of the room. At nine o'clock on the following morning, the *valet* entered the chamber, and discovered that the great novelist was dead.

A DAY WITH

MRS. DINAH MULOCK CRAIK,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

By SARAH M. DAWSON.

A BRIGHT fire burned in the open grate ; and on the edge of the large brass fender, which was drawn farther from the coals than usual, was a row of little feet. The coals gave the only light, and threw dim shadows along the bare floor of the large classroom, across the table in the centre, to the row of chairs against the opposite wall.

The boys to whom those little feet belonged, sat on what is called a form. In most English schools the boys sit on high forms, without backs ; and the children cannot rest their feet on the floor. These boys sat on chairs at the tables during some of their class-hours, and, during other recitations, with their seats moved back against the wall. The few forms kept in the large room for occasional use were always preferred before the open-grate fire, because so many boys could crowd together ; and the row of little feet along the fender, showed how cosey the company was.

We had been talking about a visit to Mrs. Craik.

"Will she be any thing like Miss March ?" asked one of the little company, leaning his elbows on his knees, and resting his chin in his hands.

A tumult of "Yes" and "No" followed, and a great deal of boy-logic for and against Mrs. Craik's resemblance to Ursula March ; for these boys had just finished the reading of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and knew the beautiful character of Ursula.

"Is she pretty ?" again asked my young friend, pleased that he had roused such an excitement among his mates.

"Miss March couldn't write stories if she was pretty," said one of the boys, with a very positive air and an animated face, though with eyes closed, as if the lids were held together for mischief. There were many dreamy eyes and closed lids in that group. The bright firelight troubled none of them, for this is a picture in a London boarding-school for the blind.

Mrs. Craik invited the pupils of the "Royal Normal College for the Blind" to visit in her home twice that season; and my conversation with these children, who were among the visitors, had been previous to one of these visits. The first time, I was much touched to see the care she had taken to invite a large number of friends, and enlist their sympathies; so that every blind person, old and young, had some seeing-friend to supply his wants, and entertain him.

The second visit was in the month of July; and, as Mrs. Craik had promised, we had her almost alone. I will tell you of *this* visit only, for you must care far more for this good and loving woman than for the friends and neighbors she has drawn around her.

From Upper Norwood we went by train to Bromley, only a few miles distant. A number of carriages had been sent to the station by Mr. Craik, but they did not accommodate all the party of thirty-eight. I walked with the few who were left, rather than wait for a carriage to return. We could not have chosen a lovelier road than the lane we soon turned into, which leads from Bromley road into Shortland's Grove.

The trees were very tall elms, with branches interlacing overhead. The high wooden fence on each side was covered with English ivy; and the green archway kept turning and winding, giving us ever-changing vistas. This lane is a favorite place for listening to the nightingales. "Corner House," where the lane enters the Shortland's road, is the home of Mrs. Craik.

We found those who had gone in carriages already feeling quite at home in the hay-field opposite the house. It was full of mounds of dry hay, just ready for the barn; and Mrs. Craik had planned to let the blind boys and girls loose in a hay-field, as a rare treat.

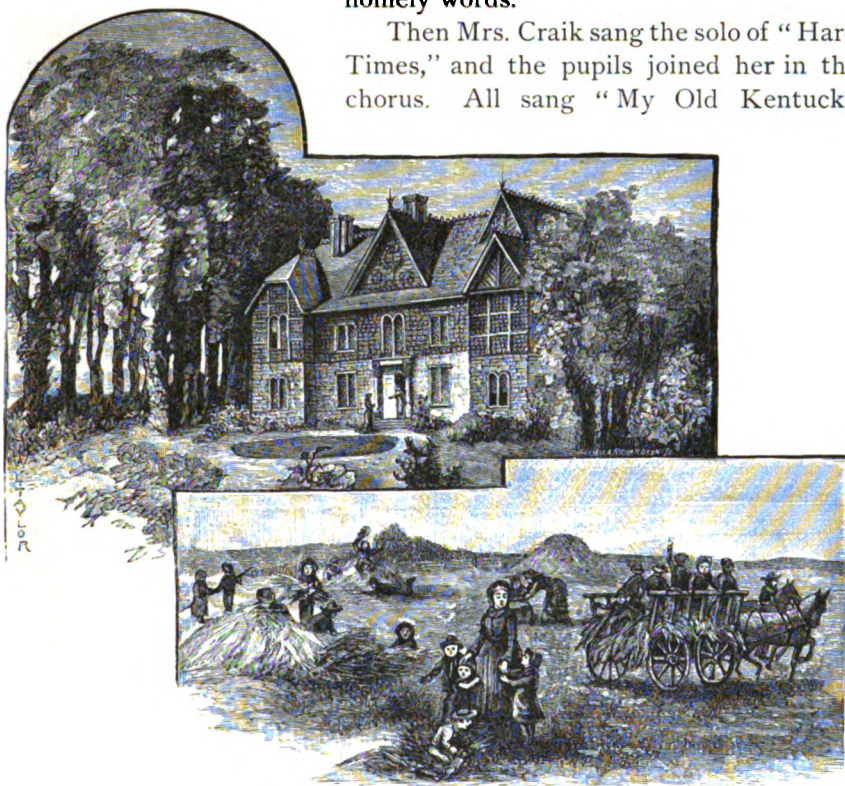
"Now go, boys," she said, "and see if you can find a hay-stack, and level it for a nice seat for the ladies."

They could meet with no harm, and had rare fun, shouting and running about, till a loud, "Oh! I've got it!" announced success in coming upon one of the miniature stacks; and all gathered to the signal, and began pulling down the hay. They made hay ropes, and played in the hay to their heart's content, till Mrs. Craik sat down in

the middle of a stack the boys had nearly levelled ; and a large group gathered on the hay close around her.

Then sweet-voiced Jessie from Liverpool sang, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," while Mrs. Craik sang alto with her. It was very sweet, and they sang slowly and with feeling straight through the homely words.

Then Mrs. Craik sang the solo of "Hard Times," and the pupils joined her in the chorus. All sang "My Old Kentucky



The Home of Mrs. Craik.

Home ;" and Mrs. Craik knew the words of these ballads, so that she could prompt the few Americans of the party.

Later, men came from the barn with a large wagon ; and, as each hayload was ready, the boys were piled on top, amidst a great deal of shouting and glee, for a ride to the barn. Mrs. Craik walked over, to direct that the loads should not be high, and that safety, with the greatest amount of freedom, should be given to each guest. By the time every boy had had a ride, a dinner-bell sounded from the house opposite ; and all went across with the hostess.

The house occupies a corner-lot, and is some distance from the country-road in front, and from the charming, shady lane, which runs along the left as you face the house. The lower story is of red brick ; while the rest, up to the Gothic roof, is finished in red tiles, overlapping. On the right is a study and reception-room ; on the left a long drawing-room ; and, across the end of the hall, the dining-room, extending to the right.

As we left the reception-room, and stepped out into the large hall in the centre of the house, Jimmy Neal, one of the blind boys, slipped his hand into mine, and said, "Tell us what the walls are made of." He had put his hand out to guide himself, and felt the smooth porcelain tiles. So I took several of the boys to the side of the hall, and let them find the lines where the tiles joined, and feel over the whole smooth surface, while I told them the colors of the conventional pattern. Then they studied the tessellated marble floor, which was made of pieces nearly as small as the tiles in the wall. Johnnie Scoriah had a funny way of expressing satisfaction, — a low, prolonged ôô ; and his beaming face was bright with interest in all that he saw through his sensitive finger-tips.

Mrs. Craik was in the hall with us, and was much interested in having the children see every thing. By her side, clinging to her hand, was the only child of the household, a little adopted daughter.

As the house is in Elizabethan style, the wooden beams of the ceilings are exposed in all the rooms. The walls are thick, and long ottomans fill the window-recesses. The panes of glass are tiny and diamond-shaped. In the dining-room, across the fireplace, is carved in the stone, the motto, "East or west, home is best." A true home it seemed, and we greatly enjoyed our long-continued stay in the quaint dining-room. The table was more than full ; and chairs were placed near the window-ottomans, so that little groups enjoyed themselves there as much as at the table.

Mrs. Craik's friends were pleasantly surprised to see the easy and familiar use of all the nice table-appointments, for the blind are not so well trained in any other school in Great Britain.

At our first visit, we had gone, after dinner, into the drawing-room to meet a large number of guests whom Mrs. Craik had invited to call while the children were there ; and we had had music, and some very agreeable conversation. Mr. Craik, in a black velvet home-coat, had presided at dinner, and been genial and pleasant as he moved about among his guests.

This second visit was a gala-time for the children ; and, after dinner, the whole company went again to the hay-field, and spent a happy half-hour, before the signal was given for all to sit down upon the hay-mounds, and partake of some delicious strawberries and cream. Mrs. Craik said she had watched the strawberry-beds jealously for several days, to secure enough of the fairest and sweetest for her blind friends.

It was as pretty and characteristic a picture of Mrs. Craik as one could wish, to see her benevolent face turned thoughtfully and lovingly toward each guest in turn, as she sat in the midst, and felt, no doubt, glad that she had given them one glad day.

Soon we were on our way back to Norwood ; and when the boys sat again on the form, and the quiet little feet made a close row along the fender, as they did many an evening during the school-year that followed, they talked of Mrs. Craik, and no longer asked, "Is she pretty?" but all said, —

"Isn't she just lovely!"

A MEETING WITH GEORGE ELIOT.

By MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

IT is now some years since a friend wrote, asking me to come, quite informally, on a certain afternoon, to hear some music practised. The music lingered long in my mind, for it was played by a quartet of the greatest musicians in the world, and was of itself marvellous; but the company impressed me even more vividly.

Only a few people were present. The large, quaintly furnished room seemed half empty as I entered, and took my place near one or two musical friends; but, almost at once, I was struck by the appearance, manner, and voice of a lady sitting close beside me, — a large woman, apparently about forty-five years of age, with wonderfully sweet eyes, a massive brow, soft chestnut hair, and features irregular and somewhat masculine, but fairly illumined by an expression of intelligence and peculiarly sympathetic sweetness.

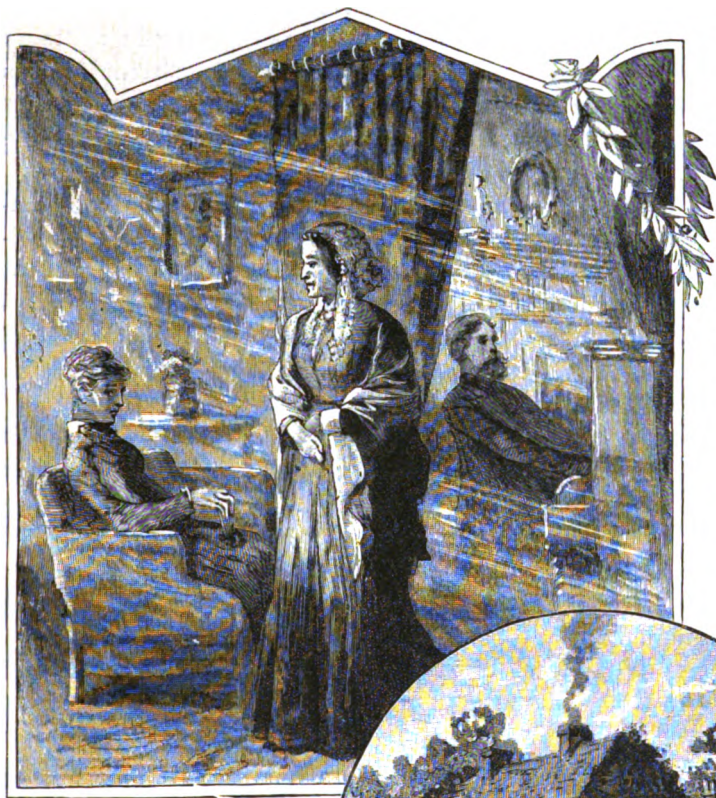
She was richly dressed, with some disregard to the detail of fashion, but with an air of dignified splendor in the materials, as well as in the cut of her gown and cloak, in the fashion of her hat, and even in the exquisite and rare old lace which fell about her neck and wrists.

Looking at her impressive face and figure, I thought her the most striking person I had ever seen. Yet no picture, no pen-portrait, could do her justice; for who could describe that inspired look when she spoke, or give the peculiar charm of her deep, melancholy eyes, in which sometimes her rare, sweet smile lingered, deepening the kindly look, yet never banishing that curious pathetic expression, which was as of one who had looked into the very depths of human sadness, and come back to the lighter visions of the world with a melancholy never to be cast aside?

I could not keep away from the fascination of this strange, dignified lady, who sat for some time a little apart, but with her eyes often eagerly

upon the musicians. Presently, a chance phrase led us into conversation.

I felt myself eager to catch every syllable this unknown lady spoke, for the charm of her rich, sweet voice warmed the most insig-



nificant phrases of our conversation. When something peculiarly fine occurred in the first music performed, I remember her turning, flashing that rare, soft smile upon me; and, from that sympathetic moment, we talked freely of the music

about us, and also the music of the then melodious London season.

It has been my good fortune to meet many amateurs whose musical instincts were as keen as their knowledge was fine; but I have



GRIFT HOUSE

never met any person, who, in a few words, could say what she did of the very fibre of the musician's art. As she talked, with the utmost simplicity, but showing, not only absolute technical knowledge, but the daintiest appreciations, I listened, wondering and debating in my mind who she could be. Surely, I said to myself, it must be some famous *artiste*, with whose face and voice I am unfamiliar. Almost at that moment, the voice of a young friend, just behind me, whispered, —

“Do you know you are talking to George Eliot?”

I then realized why it was I had been involuntarily paying such homage to the woman's presence. Though I saw her often later, the abiding association in my mind will be of the “George Eliot” of that tuneful day, — the brilliant, quiet, magnetic woman, whose face reflected her feelings with half shadows, half lights, yet who seemed so strong in her personality that it was impossible for a moment to forget the woman in the genius.

People, even in London, used to wonder that so few ever saw George Eliot. Her home-life was not exactly secluded. She lived in a large, old-fashioned stone house, called “**The Priory**,” set in a garden, and with a wall and gateway over which green things, and the color of lilacs and almond-blossoms, used to be seen in the early summer. And then she entertained a great many of her friends, having informal receptions in which she was the presiding spirit, though she always seemed to try to lead others to shine in conversation or musical performance. She did much in charity: she gave freely to those who were in need among the struggling *literati*. And, although averse to the society of strangers, her manner was unfailingly sweet and kind.

Every one who reads her books must know how hard she worked, and I used to hear of how laboriously pages of “*Middlemarch*” were written. She would go over and over every sentence, sometimes doing no more than a page a day, and altering whole scenes because a character described in them did not quite satisfy her ideal of it. No one, I believe, ever worked so purely for the love of her art; for she needed neither fame nor fortune. She was rich. Her novels had been always successful, “*Middlemarch*” alone bringing her one hundred thousand dollars.

When her books were finished, the manuscript was always handsomely bound, and put on one of the library-shelves.

Music was an absorbing passion with her. She played brilliantly, but her technical knowledge was even better than her power of performance. She played only for a few chosen friends. Her music was

so intensely part of herself, that she could not give it freely; and it had a wonderful effect upon her. After either performing, or listening to, fine music, she was frequently completely unnerved, unable to command herself, and more likely to break down into tears than to talk calmly. But she enjoyed writing about harmony. No one ever drew the musical nature better than she did in the musician of "Daniel Deronda."

Her life was spent sometimes in journeying upon the Continent, but chiefly in London, her home. She was always to be seen at the best concerts. How well I remember her noble-looking face and figure Monday after Monday at St. James Hall; and here and there, wherever good music was to be heard, one was sure of seeing her. At her house, famous musicians used to congregate. She was fond of walking up and down her long, beautiful drawing-room, while some one played in the twilight. She would rarely speak at such times. She listened intently, but silence was her applause.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ANY one who knows the history of the British constitution, and how jealously it is guarded ; how flexible and yet consistent it is ; how effectually it secures the liberty and dignity of the subject ; how precious it is to all classes ; and the long years of political strife of which it is the fruition, — must feel a thrill as, coming down through Whitehall from that busy centre of London, Charing Cross, he stands for the first time before the Houses of Parliament.

The buildings themselves are of great beauty and size, covering nearly eight acres. They are in the Tudor-Gothic style ; and their outlines are so broken and relieved by towers, spires, and buttresses, and fretted masonry, that they have no appearance of cumbrousness.

Abutting on them is the famous abbey, under the lofty roof of which the illustrious dead of England are buried. At the northern end is the great clock-tower in which the hours are struck on a bell that can be heard eight miles away.

But it is not the buildings that appeal to our veneration. It is the principles and the history with which they are associated. They bring to mind, and seem to embody, the long chain of events by which the character of the government has been formed, and by which the supremacy of the crown has been adjusted to permit the sovereignty of the people.

Nominally living under a monarchy, the English subject has all the personal freedom a republic could give him ; and, though the sanction of the Queen and the peers is necessary in law-making, it is his representatives in the House of Commons who control the destinies of the country. The Queen and the lords may reject a measure passed by them ; but such a course is unusual, and is looked upon with suspicion and emphatic disfavor.

Though in spirit and intention the House of Commons is modern, it holds to many ancient and inconvenient customs in transacting its business; and, to an American, some of the formalities are likely to be amusing when the awe of his first impression has worn off. The incongruity of these hereditary observances becomes all the more striking, as it is mixed with an occasional levity of behavior, and a boyishness of antics, among the members, which probably would not be tolerated by any other legislative body in the world.

But the Commons have many privileges. The public cannot demand a place in their assemblies; and, though a spectator may be admitted by courtesy, he can be expelled at any moment by a member's calling the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there are "strangers in the gallery."

As a conspicuous gallery is usually occupied by strangers, the Speaker may not find any information in the announcement; but it is practically a notification to him that the gallery must be cleared.

The House is chary of its favors; and the space for visitors is small, admission to it being obtained either through a member of Parliament or the ambassadors of foreign courts. Mr. Lowell has the privilege of issuing two cards every day; and if, instead of two, he had a score, or more, he would not have enough to meet the applications made for them at the Legation.

Having secured the much-coveted pass, however, we cross the Palace Yard, and enter Westminster Hall. The light falls softly through the windows, and across the grand interior, in slanting beams. Under this dark roof of chestnut, with its span of seventy-four feet, the Earl of Strafford and Charles the First were tried.

At the end of the hall we enter a corridor decorated with large frescos; and, at a glass door, a policeman accosts us, to inquire whether we have a pass to the gallery. This is the end of the tether, as far as the unfavored public is concerned; but the card indorsed by the "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States," which is Mr. Lowell's full official title, admits us through the door into a lofty rotunda, where, if any gratification is to be had from the experience, we may mingle with the chosen representatives of the English people.

Our pass is scrutinized by an officious door-keeper sitting in a wicker chair, who has held his position so long, and has been so humored by the members, that he carries himself with greater self-exaltation than any of them, and who reminds us of that door-keeper

in Washington, who described himself as a "bigger man than old Grant." By him the pass is sent to the sergeant-at-arms, who countersigns it; and, when we have presented it to another door-keeper, we are shown into a narrow, winding, prison-like stairway, with stone steps and walls, at the head of which we come into the gallery of the House itself.

The building is not as well lighted, not as well ventilated, not as large, nor as well adapted to its purposes, as the Chambers of Congress at Washington. But the effect upon the visitor is more impressive. The light becomes mellow in pouring through the Gothic windows and their colored borders, in which the motto is repeated, "God and my Right." The upholstery is of a dark material; and the ceiling, all the woodwork, and the walls, are dark also, as in a very old church. The building, in form and atmosphere, indeed, is strongly ecclesiastical.

It is nearly square. All the floor is reserved for the members, who sit on long, cushioned benches, extending parallel along the hall, and divided by a wide aisle, which is known as the gangway. At the head of the gangway is the Speaker's chair; and the benches on the right-hand side are occupied by the governing party, while those on the left are occupied by the opposition. The benches below the gangway are in possession of the independent members, who give allegiance neither to the Conservatives nor the Liberals.

At some height from the floor is a narrow gallery, which extends all round the building. That part over the Speaker's chair is given to the reporters of the newspapers; and the accommodations here are so limited, that a score or more wealthy and influential journals are represented by one man. A similar space at the other end is devoted to strangers admitted by the members' orders; and the side-galleries are intended for the members of the various legations, or members of the other House.

To any one in the strangers' gallery, a dark vault can be seen over the reporters' desks, screened by an iron scroll: and, as we gaze at this, some shadowy faces become visible, which seem to belong to a smoky picture, until they move; and then we see that they are alive. The enclosure up there is the ladies' gallery; and though it has neither light nor air, and little can be heard in it, places are sought for by more than can be admitted.

It is not easy to understand why, but, instead of transacting its business in business hours, the House of Commons does not assemble

until four o'clock in the afternoon, and it continues in session until three or four o'clock in the morning.

The proceedings are opened by the entrance of two gentlemen in court-suits of black,—black small-clothes, black silk stockings, shoes with steel buttons, exquisitely frilled shirts, and dainty swords in black sheaths,—one of whom bears the heavy gold mace which emblemizes the power of the Speaker, and which Cromwell contemptuously called “that bauble.”

Following these is the Speaker himself in wig and gown, with his train-bearer, his chaplain, and his secretary. An usher then informs the persons in the lobby that “Mr. Speaker is at prayers;” and there is a lull in the conversation, until the same voice announces, “Mr. Speaker is in the chair,” when the members take



their seats, doffing their hats if it is necessary to pass the Speaker, and putting them on again immediately afterwards, and wearing them through the proceedings, except when addressing that official. They sit with folded legs and folded arms, and in any attitude which is most comfortable to them.

The members of the cabinet and the ministry have the benches nearest to the Speaker's right hand; and, half an hour having been given for the presentation of petitions, “question time” comes, when the various ministers are expected to be in their places, to answer any

questions as to the departments under their control. No matter what hostile criticism a speech may contain, one member invariably refers to another as "the honorable member, if he is a commoner; as "the honorable member, my noble lord," if he is a person of title; and as "the gallant and honorable member," if he is an officer of the army or navy, the personal names never being used; and this punctilious courtesy of address often savors of irony.

One honorable member inquires if it is true that a lady of the Sultan's harem, who sought refuge in the British Embassy, and was given up, has been strangled as an accomplice in a palace conspiracy. The Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs assures him that such is not the case; that the lady is well and happy, and about to be married.

Another honorable member is informed by the same official, in answer to a question as to whether a British subject in Chili has been treated with indignity, that a gun-boat has been despatched to exact reparation.

This Under Secretary, Sir Charles Dilke, is one of the youngest, most popular, and most promising, members of the government, of whom it is predicted, that, within ten years, he will stand at the head of his party. He is about thirty-eight years of age, and is all the more interesting to Americans as he is an avowed Republican, who believes in a federation of English-speaking men, of which the United States shall supply the nucleus and the model.

Sitting near him is the Marquis of Hartington, the Secretary of State for India, — a handsome, aristocratic-looking gentleman, who speaks with little fervor, except when adopting a tone of scorn; and in the same neighborhood is Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland, who speaks in a quiet yet forcible manner, and looks pensive and careworn. The premier, Mr. Gladstone, is away, recovering from an attack of illness; but here is the venerable John Bright; the brilliant and combative Home Secretary, Vernon Harcourt; and the blind Professor Fawcett, the Postmaster-General.

On the opposite bench we see Sir Stafford Northcote, who, since Mr. Disraeli's elevation, has been the leader of the opposition in the Commons, — a large, well-formed gentleman, with a quickness of glance and manner.

The interest of the debates depends on the matter under consideration, for the average orator of the House of Commons is not usually capable of vitalizing any subject he may have in hand; though the members we have mentioned are all brilliant.

Before adjournment, a great many prolix, ill-balanced speeches are made in the sing-song, hesitating manner that is so common among Englishmen. Those who are not speaking are usually aware of the defects of their associate who is, and are not backward in expressing their impatience and disapprobation by groans and derisive laughter.

At three in the morning, it is often a wonder how many words have been spoken, and how little has been done ; and yet the members, who endure the misery of sitting up all night, receive, unlike the American Congressman, no salary, and no opportunities for political patronage.

FOUR FAMOUS SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

I.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

ON the 12th of August, 1876, the British House of Commons was not a very lively place to look upon. It was the last working-day of a session that had been prolonged and exhaustive. The Eastern Question was passing through its acutest phase.

The civilized world had been shocked by the atrocities in Bulgaria. Mr. Gladstone, awakening from his temporary lethargy, had lifted his voice in burning denunciation in the House of Commons, and was presently to carry the fiery cross through towns and counties.

Mr. Disraeli, tempted by the felicity of the phrase, in a fatal moment sneered at the report of the outrages as "coffee-house babble," and had with great difficulty, always pushed onward by facts, been obliged to retreat from that position, and to face the reality.

The Liberal opposition in the House of Commons, recovering from the depression that weighed them down in 1874, had been active and persistent. The Irish members had been increasingly aggressive. There was war abroad, and turmoil at home. For ministers, the only bright gleam on the horizon was the fact that the session was at last over, and that for five months they would have peace from Parliamentary interpellation.

On this particular night the House was nearly empty, and altogether dull. The Appropriation Bill had reached its third stage. This dealt with, there remained only the ceremony of prorogation. Under

ordinary circumstances, the House would have been emptier still : but the Liberals had made up their minds for a final fling ; and, stopping short of challenging the government to a division, they put up Mr. Evelyn Ashley to move an amendment calling attention to ministerial laches in respect to the outrages in Bulgaria. The premier sat through the debate with folded arms, knees crossed, and head bent down, presenting an aspect of one whose thoughts were far away, and for whom the ceaseless flow of talk from the benches opposite had not the slightest interest. Mr. Forster brought his heavy artillery to bear upon the government, and was answered with painstaking verbosity by Mr. Bourke, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Others took part in the debate ; and towards nine o'clock Sir William Harcourt rose, and, after his manner, addressed the House at considerable length.

It is possible, that, till now, the premier did not intend to reply. The speeches were what Mr. Carlyle called "thrice-boiled colewort." They had been served up over and over again through the long session, and there was nothing new or useful to be said. But it would not do for the session to close with the opposition having the last word ; and, when Sir William Harcourt resumed his seat, Mr. Disraeli rose, and appeared at the table.

He spoke for half an hour ; but the speech, though an ever memorable one, did not approach the level of his ordinary successes. The talk from the other side had dealt closely with facts and figures ; and these had, through a long and brilliant career, always been Mr. Disraeli's chiefest difficulties. But the charges formulated were very serious, — were calculated to impress the public, and must be met. So, with dull manner and level voice, the premier went through or round the points raised, and attempted to vindicate his government.

Here and there the speech was lightened by playful attacks on Sir William Harcourt, "who," he observed with great gravity, "will be in the future one of our greatest statesmen."

Speaking on questions of foreign policy, Mr. Disraeli always finished up with a tag, — some bristling words calculated to call forth a cheer from good Conservatives. "Our duty is, at this critical moment," he said, raising his voice, and puffing out his cheeks, and beating the air with his hands, "to maintain the Empire of England ; nor will we ever agree to any step that may obtain for a moment comparative and false prosperity that hazards the existence of the Empire."

These — though, at the time, not half a dozen of the men who

heard them were aware of the fact — were the last words spoken in the House of Commons by Benjamin Disraeli. The speech itself was so evidently unpremeditated, that there could scarcely be any design in the choice of the concluding sentence. Yet it is a remarkable coincidence, that the very last word uttered by the great minister at the table where he had had so many triumphs, was “*empire* ;” and, of all words in the English language, that was the one held in his highest favor.

For the maintenance and extension of the British Empire, he had, since he reached power, worked and planned and risked and plotted. He had made his queen an empress ; and, knowing he would never more lift his voice in the House of Commons, he sat down with the world empire on his lips.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Mr. Disraeli resumed his seat, late for the last working-day of the session. The Appropriation Bill passed its ultimate stage, and members flocked out. There remained only some formal business to be accomplished, and the session to be over, save for the empty ceremony of prorogation. Amidst the buzz of conversation, Mr. Disraeli rose, and strolled down the House.

His usual custom was that of all ministers, to avail himself of the private key which gave him ingress and egress at the door behind the Speaker's chair. Now the premier walked down the floor of the House between the two camps, and, turning before he reached the bar, made a low obeisance to the Speaker. He stood a moment, and gazed round the House. What thoughts must have crowded upon his mind, already occupied with the momentous secret, that, on the following morning, was to break upon an astonished world !

Forty years ago he had first entered the House, and presently made that famous speech in which he foretold the coming of the time when the jeering throng “*should* hear him.” Many with whom he lived and fought had long ago vanished. Peel, Hume, O'Connell, Palmerston, Russell, Brougham, Cobden, all were gone. Gladstone, with whom the later and more successful portion of his life had been a protracted duel, was not present now to see him leave.

The House was emptying fast. The Speaker and the clerks at the table were busied about small bills, anxious only to get done, and go home. Mr. Disraeli turned around, walked out ; and no one looking on knew that one of the most momentous episodes in the annals of Parliament was complete, and that one of the two most familiar figures in the House had gone forth, never to return.

Benjamin Disraeli blossomed into the Earl of Beaconsfield amid surroundings worthy of the occasion. He was, of course, forthwith gazetted Earl, and took his title and his station. But he did not appear in public till the opening of Parliament in February of the following year. The Queen, delighting to honor her favorite minister, announced her intention of opening Parliament in person.

At two o'clock the ceremony was to take place; but, an hour earlier, a brilliant assembly was gathered in the solemn light that falls through windows richly dight upon the floor of the House of Lords. On occasions when the Queen opens Parliament in person, noble lords chivalrously cede their places to their wives and daughters. Save the front row of benches on either hand, the floor of the House was covered with ladies; and they filled the galleries running around the walls of the chamber, like a garland of flowers. The bishops, who usually sit in all the glories of lawn to the right of the wool-



Earl of Beaconsfield.

sack, had abandoned their position in favor of the foreign ministers, who, with their orders and sashes, formed a glittering mass of color. First to come were the members of the Chinese legation, looking as if they had stepped off the panel of a tea-chest.

In the front row of European diplomatists the tall form of Count Münster towered head and shoulder above his fellows, among whom were the representatives of Russia, Italy, and Spain. The Japanese

and the Persian ministers occupied seats on the second row. Mr. Pierrepont, the American minister, sat conspicuous by the absolute plainness of his dress. In a crowded assembly of diplomatists, he was the only man who did not wear uniform, or display jewelled orders.

Just before two o'clock the Lord Chancellor, preceded by the mace, entered, and took his seat on the woolsack. After sitting for a quarter of an hour, a messenger conveyed a signal to his lordship, who immediately arose, and left the House.

A whisper arose that the Queen was coming; but it was not the rose, though something that lived very near it. All eyes turned toward the door, and beheld the Prince of Wales appear, leading the princess. With a rustling sound, the ladies, who had hitherto sat with opera-cloaks covering their shoulders, with one accord threw them off, and rose to their feet, diamonds and rubies flashing as if the mines of Golconda had been suddenly uncovered.

The prince wore the ugly red robes of a peer of the British Parliament, and seated himself on the chair to the right of the throne; the princess seating herself as well as was possible on the uncomfortably high woolsack, with her face toward the throne, and her back to the throng. Hardly had the noble lords and ladies reseated themselves after receiving the heir-apparent and the princess, when a sound of far-off trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen.

First came the pursuivant and the heralds, clad in gorgeous cloth of gold. Immediately after strode a personage in a red cloak tipped with ermine, bearing aloft a jewelled scabbard. There was a fixed solemnity on the face, and an expression of impenetrable depth that seemed familiar. Looking again, there was no mistaking the identity. This was Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield. With eyes bent on the ground, well-measured step, and sword rigidly upheld, the newest recruit to the House of Lords solemnly walked forward, and took up his position on the left of the throne.

Then came the Queen, followed by the Marquis of Winchester, bearing the Cap of Maintenance; while the Lord Chancellor took up his position on the right hand of the Prince of Wales, ready, when the time came, to serve his sovereign by reading her speech.

At a signal from the Queen, the lords and ladies, who had been dutifully standing, resumed their seats; and the messenger was discharged to summon the faithful Commons. A long and awkward pause followed, during which all eyes were centred, not upon the Queen, but upon the figure on the left of the throne.

Lord Beaconsfield bore this ordeal as he had stood many others. Motionless he remained by the side of the Queen, unfalteringly bearing aloft the sword, and with no more expression on his face than he had been accustomed to show in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone had been fervently denouncing his policy, or convincingly confuting his arguments. The ceremony did not occupy many minutes; and, when it was over, Lord Beaconsfield turned as on a pivot, and, still holding the sword aloft, marched out before the Queen, doubtless grateful that it was over, and that Benjamin Disraeli had been properly introduced to his peers as the Earl of Beaconsfield.

II.

THE EXPULSION OF THE IRISH MEMBERS.

ON Thursday, the 4th of February, 1881, the House of Commons met under circumstances of extraordinary excitement.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the previous day, a continuous sitting, forty-one hours long, had, by an action of the Speaker that will forever remain memorable in the history of Parliament, been brought to an abrupt conclusion. Parliament had been summoned a month earlier than usual.

As was stated in the Queen's speech, the social condition of Ireland had assumed an alarming character. Agrarian crimes were multiplied far beyond the experience of recent years. The administration of justice had been frustrated, and an extended system of terror had been established, which paralyzed the exercise of private rights and the performance of civil duties.

To meet this condition of affairs, a bill for the protection of life and property in Ireland had been brought in at the earliest possible moment. This had been made as late as possible by the tactics of the Irish members, who ingeniously extended debate on the address.

On the 1st of February the House was still discussing the motion for leave to introduce the Protection Bill, a stage of a measure which, in ordinary circumstances, is purely formal. Now it had been resisted for many days.

At midnight, on the first day of February, the subject having been under discussion practically through three weeks, the customary motion was made for the adjournment. But the patience of the House was

now exhausted; and uproarious cheering greeted the announcement quietly made by Mr. Gladstone, that further motions for adjournment would be resisted, and the division on the main question taken at the current sitting.

What this meant every one knew, and members on both sides quietly prepared for the struggle. The Irish members were thirty-five strong. Against them was the whole House, full four hundred strong, as was shown when divisions were taken. Argument had long been abandoned on either side: now the issue was plainly one of physical force. The question was no longer who had the better reason, but who the stronger constitution, and the greater capacity for sitting up all night.

From darkness to daylight the House sat. Noon found either Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Parnell, or some other patriot, on his feet, wearily saying over again what had been said a hundred times.

The air of the House was hot and heavy, and over all hung a feeling of lassitude and infinite weariness. Motions for adjournment succeeded each other in faithful regularity. Sometimes variety was introduced by moving that the House be counted.

At midnight Sir Stafford Northcote rose, and demanded that the deputy speaker should "name" Mr. Parnell; who then happened to be on his legs. Mr. Lyon Playfair hesitating, the Conservative leader, followed by all his colleagues on the front bench, and something like half a hundred members from both sides of the House, hotly rose, and strode forth, shaking from off his feet the dust of a House where such doings were permitted.

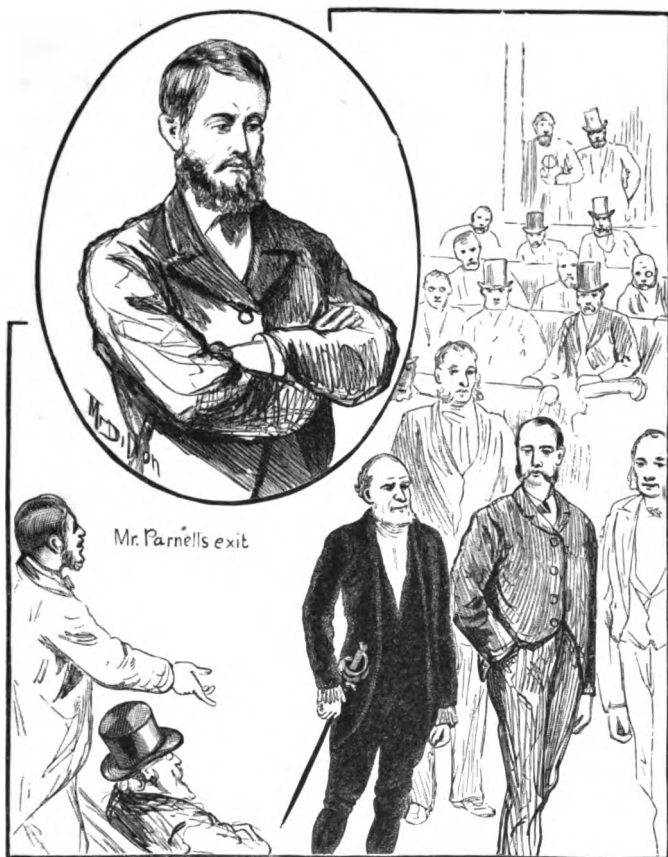
At nine o'clock on Wednesday morning the House was still sitting. All night long the babble had continued, with more or less volume of sound, according as passion was momentarily raised, or remained dead under the weight of sleep and infinite weariness.

Now, at nine o'clock, some flux of life pulsated through the chamber. The relays had begun to come in, fresh from bed and bath and breakfast. The men who had borne the heat and weariness of the night, shook themselves together, and yawned, and made for the door. But, reaching the lobby, they came back again with quickened step and freshened vigor.

Something was going to happen. No one quite knew what; but with the quick intelligence which, at particular crises, runs through the House of Commons like an electric shock, every one was certain that momentous events were at hand.

Mr. Gladstone, just then entering, was received with a ringing cheer. Another cheer hailed the presence of the Speaker in the chair, vacated by Mr. Lyon Playfair after his second night's work.

Mr. Biggar was on his legs at the moment, his rasping voice filling



The Expulsion of the Irish Members.

the chamber with nothingnesses, a pleasing process upon which he had been engaged upwards of an hour. He looked up astonished at the thunderous cheer. What he beheld was the Speaker on his feet, bidding him, with peremptory gesture, be seated. Amid breathless silence, the Speaker began to read from a paper that trembled like an aspen-leaf in his hand.

For all his grave aspect and stolid quietude, Sir Henry Brand is a

nervous man, and brings to the performance of his duty disturbing consciousness of its momentous character. The task he was now engaged upon was enough to shake the nerves of a stronger man. What he had to do was to declare, on his own authority, that debate in the House of Commons had exceeded reasonable limits, and that there and then it must stop, and the arbitrament of the division lobby be invoked.

Never, since Cromwell entered the House at the head of his men-at-arms, had regular Parliamentary procedure been subject to this swift and arbitrary cutting off by the mandate of a single man.

The Speaker got through his task with great dignity, being strengthened by the bursts of enthusiastic cheering that filled up each slightest pause in the reading. When he had made an end of speaking, he proceeded, in customary manner and in ordinary tone, to put the question.

The Irish members, dazed and stunned by this unexpected and irresistible movement, made brief show of fight. Justin McCarthy rose, and essayed to speak. The House literally roared at him, the cries rising to a frantic pitch when a dozen Irishmen leaped up around him, and, raising their hands in threatening gesture, cried aloud on that "privilege" they had so sorely abused. Their cries were drowned in shouts of "Order!" and, after an exciting contest of several minutes, they bent their heads to the storm, with mock obeisance to the Speaker, and left the House; whereupon leave was given to bring in the Protection Bill.

On the next night the excitement in Parliament, and in the public mind, reached even a higher pitch. With that curious fatality that marked the administration of Irish affairs under Mr. Forster, this very day had been selected for taking a step, which, in the mildest mood, would have exasperated the Irish members.

Michael Davitt had been arrested, and thirty-five Irishmen were determined to know the reason why. The House presented a crowded and animated appearance. Every seat on the floor was filled, the galleries were crowded, and a throng stood at the bar. The peers' gallery, which sometimes presents open spaces, striking in a crowded House, was so full, that royalty in the person of the Duke of Cambridge stood forlorn in the doorway.

So profound is the sense of royalty in the House of Peers, that any one of the belted earls, whose lineage goes farther back than the Guelphs, would gladly have vacated his seat in favor of the royal duke.

But, alas! the duke was jammed in the doorway. The peers, who came early, and were seated, were packed like so many herrings in a barrel. No one could move, and royalty was fain to stand whilst the peers of the realm more or less conveniently sat.

The fight began by Mr. Parnell asking whether it was true that Michael Davitt had been arrested.

"Yes, sir," said the Home Secretary, with commendable brevity.

Mr. Parnell wished to enter into controversy on the spot, but was ruled out of order; and presently Mr. Gladstone rose to move a new standing order against obstruction, suggested by the events of the previous week.

Then John Dillon came to the front, and none better could have been chosen for the occasion. Free by birth and social surroundings from the noisy vulgarity that makes some of his colleagues insufferable, it might reasonably have been expected that he would perform his part with dignity. This he assuredly did. He had made up his mind for a death-struggle with the authority of the House, but he neither ranted nor raved. He simply stood with folded arms and stern, set face, disputing with the prime minister the right of addressing the House.

Of course they would not hear him, and he knew they would not. But, none the less, he stood there, facing the infuriated assembly, and defying the more quietly assumed authority of the Chair. He could not make himself heard. To sit down would have been to surrender. To remain standing, with the Speaker on his feet, was a defiance of an elementary and inexorable rule of order. Having made up his mind to defy the House, and take the consequences, he succeeded by the simplest plan in which there was the least loss of dignity. As he would not sit down, he was "named" as he stood there, always with folded arms, deathly pale face, and quiet manner.

Then followed the process of expulsion, quickly followed by that of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Finigan. This process took time, as a division was challenged on every motion of suspension. Twenty minutes at least was occupied on each event, and here was a simple method at hand to give the House another all-night sitting.

In an evil moment for themselves, the Irish members hit upon a new plan of obstructing. They declined to go out into the division lobby, remaining seated in disobedience to the Speaker's command to clear the House. On this they were expelled in a body; and, at half-past eight, Mr. Gladstone went back to the first sentence of the speech

he had commenced at five o'clock, finishing it now amidst a quietude and an orderliness about which there seemed something uncanny.

Before the House rose, it passed a new standing order, which dealt so heavy a blow at obstruction that it has never since reached the sublime heights attained at this memorable epoch.

III.

MR. BRADLAUGH—ENTRANCES AND EXITS.

MR. BRADLAUGH has had many exits and entrances to the House of Commons, the scenes varying only in intensity. There has been another matter in which variety has been introduced. Sometimes the member for Northampton has, after the proverbial manner of March, come in like a lion, and gone out like a lamb. At other times this procedure has been reversed; and Mr. Bradlaugh, advancing, with mincing step and bland smile, towards the table, with intent to take the oath, has gone out, raging and panting, captive of the spear of the sergeant-at-arms.

Like some other great storms, the Bradlaugh business, with which the House has intermittently battled through three sessions, began very quietly. It was a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, whence grew the violent and prolonged storm.

When, in May, 1880, the newly elected Parliament, which had swept away, by a sudden stroke, the powerful administration of Lord Beaconsfield, met for the ceremony of swearing in, Mr. Bradlaugh appeared among the throng. He had already acquired a national reputation—or, rather, notoriety—for the boldness of his declarations on theological opinions. Northampton had triumphantly established its eccentricity by returning him as the colleague of Mr. Labouchere.

The swearing in of a new Parliament is carried on in a wholesale manner, which seems to invite irregularity. In the case of bye-elections, the new member is sworn in with a certain deliberateness that invests the proceeding with importance. He is brought up to the table by two members, who undertake to introduce him; and there, in the presence of a House always full at this hour of the evening, he has the oath administered.

When six hundred and fifty gentlemen come together for the first time to take the oath of fealty, it is done by a sort of wholesale process, forty or fifty being sworn in together.

Mr. Bradlaugh, had he been so minded, might, without remark, have taken his part in this not very impressive ceremony. Or, as has happened within my own knowledge in at least one case, he need not have taken the oath at all. It is, at this stage, no one's business to inquire. No record is kept ; and a member may, if he please, take the oath early, and take it often, or may altogether abstain.

The greater activity of Lord Randolph Churchill has obscured more modest claims to notice. But it should be said that to Sir Henry Wolff is due the Bradlaugh issue ; and he unconsciously laid the foundations of the famous Fourth Party, to which presently were to flock Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Jorst. It was he, who, springing up from a seat below the gangway, bodily interposed when Mr. Bradlaugh made the first of those raids upon the table, which, in after-months, made him the most familiar figure in the House.

Mr. Gladstone, and his colleagues of the cabinet, were not in the House when the question first arose. Having accepted office, they were absent, undergoing the process of re-election.

A minor minister was instructed to meet the case by the familiar process of moving for a select committee to inquire into precedence, and there it was thought the matter would end.

But in the brief interval, during which the House had adjourned for the re-election of ministers, the question had grown as a fire grows when it has a fine old seasoned timber barn to play upon.

When the House re-assembled, it was plain enough that mischief was brewing. Sir Stafford Northcote, and the other leaders of the opposition, did not quite know what to do, which gave the earliest proof that men like Sir Henry Wolff and Lord Randolph Churchill more truly gauged the temper of Conservatism in opposition.

Mr. Bradlaugh met the objection to his making affirmation by blandly offering to take the oath. On this, Sir Henry Wolff moved that the oath be not administered, which was rejected by a small majority. Six weeks later, the growth of opinion was manifested when, in a crowded House, and amid a scene of much excitement, two hundred and seventy-five voted against admitting Mr. Bradlaugh on any terms, and two hundred and thirty voted that he be permitted to make affirmation.

The next day was Wednesday, when the House meets at noon. Usually the chamber is so empty that there is difficulty in finding forty members to make a House. On this day every seat was filled, and there was everywhere that air of expectation which marks great epochs in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bradlaugh arrived some minutes before noon, and waited in the lobby till prayers were concluded. Just on the stroke of half-past twelve, when members had settled down in their places, when the last "Amen" had been uttered, and when the skirts of the chaplain had just vanished through the doorway, the massive, fleshy figure of Mr. Bradlaugh was seen making straight for the table.

The Speaker informed him of the decision arrived at by the House at an early hour of the morning, and ordered him to retire.

Mr. Bradlaugh, as through subsequent episodes, showed that he is nothing if not orderly; and, bowing low to authority, he promptly retired, whilst Mr. Labouchere submitted the proposition that he be heard at the bar. This was agreed to without controversy. The bar of the House of Commons, of which so much is written in history, has an actual and visible existence. It is a brass pole, which shuts up in telescopic fashion through the back of the cross-benches at the entrance.

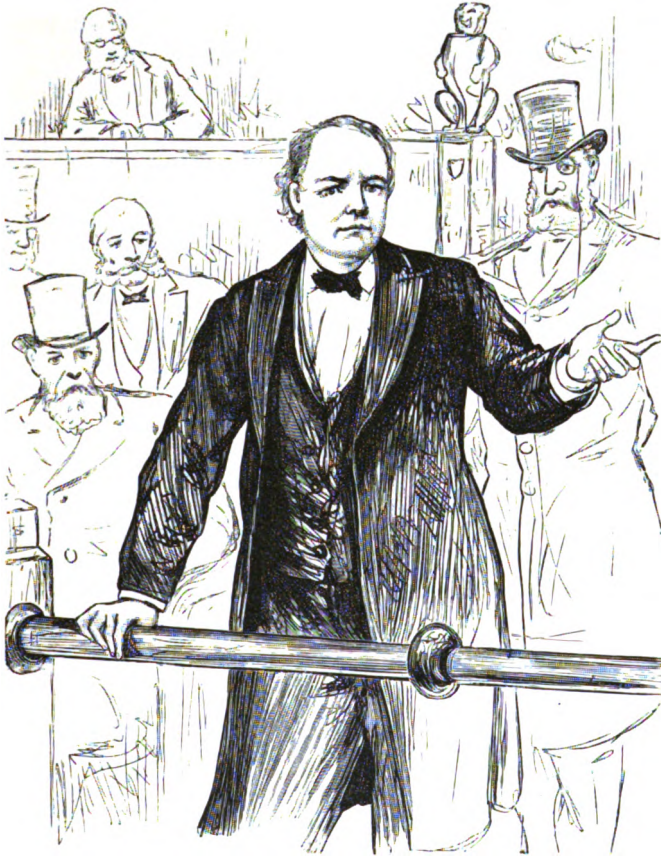
The agitated messengers had scarcely drawn from its retreat this brass pole, which means so much, and is shut up within so little, than Mr. Bradlaugh strode in, and stood before it. It presently became clear, that, for the purpose of effective delivery of his speech, the adversaries of the outlawed member had provided him with a singular advantage. Instead of speaking in the face of one-half of his audience, himself cooped up with other members in a crowded bench, he now stood literally on the floor of the House, facing the crowded historic assembly, "one against six hundred," as he said.

Beginning in a low tone of voice, he craved the indulgence of the House whilst he showed cause against the enactment of the resolution refusing him admission. He was there ready to fulfil every form of the House, and to perform every duty commanded of him by his constituents. At present he was standing at the bar of the House, pleading for justice; "but," he added, in a voice of thunder, pointing toward the benches under the gangway, to the right of the Speaker, "it is there I should plead."

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked, suddenly dropping his voice from the height of passion, to which it had been uplifted, and, leaning a little on the bar, looked, with placid interest, round the House, as if the question were one in which he was only remotely interested. Would they declare the seat vacant? Well, he would be again returned. And what next?

"I have no desire to wrestle with you for justice," he continued,

holding both hands out over the bar with deprecating gesture ; “ but, if the struggle is forced by the House, I will fearlessly and hopefully submit the cause to a tribunal higher than this great assembly, and will ask public opinion to decide between you and me.” This said, Mr. Bradlaugh turned, and left the House.



Mr. Bradlaugh.

Members, however, had not seen the last of him. They had already voted that admission should be refused to him ; and, as Sir Stafford Northcote said, it did not seem that there was any occasion to take new steps, or to hold any further communication with Mr. Bradlaugh.

The Speaker, however, ruled that Mr. Bradlaugh should be called in, and have formally communicated to him the decision of the House. This was done. The Speaker briefly recited the events of the sitting,

and concluded by commanding the member from Northampton to withdraw.

"I beg, respectfully, to insist upon my right as duly elected member for Northampton," Mr. Bradlaugh composedly replied. "I beg you to administer the oath, and I respectfully refuse to withdraw."

Never, since the House was constituted, had there been an incident like this. The Speaker was bearded in his chair, and the House stood aghast at the enormity of the offence. The sergeant-at-arms was ordered to remove Mr. Bradlaugh. At the touch of the representative of the Queen, Mr. Bradlaugh, consumed by anxiety that every thing should be in order, announced that he was prepared to go as far as the bar, but promised immediately to return. This undertaking he faithfully fulfilled. Having quietly accompanied the sergeant-at-arms to the bar, he abruptly turned, and, moving again toward the table, he, with a sweeping gesture of his right hand, claimed the right, deputed to him by the electors of Northampton, to take his seat.

The sergeant-at-arms (who is only ten years younger than the century) gallantly tackled him. But the burly intruder shook him off as if he had been a fly, and strode onward, amid a scene of indescribable excitement. Half a dozen members were addressing the Chair in as many parts of the House.

The Speaker was on his feet. Members were shouting and gesticulating; and here, in the very centre of the floor, with stout legs firmly set apart, stood Mr. Bradlaugh, determined and defiant. In the end, he was got comfortably off to the Clock Tower, in custody of the sergeant-at-arms, whence, a few days later, he was entreated by his jailers to go forth, as in olden times was the apostle Paul.

It were too long a story to follow up Mr. Bradlaugh's subsequent advances. It came to be quite a common incident of a month's session, that the member for Northampton should march up to the table, and then back, accompanied by the sergeant-at-arms. In the first week of the new session of 1882, he introduced some variation into the proceedings by administering the oath to himself; whereupon he accomplished another exit, this time of a more uproarious character, being delivered out into the Palace Yard, panting, hatless, and ragged.

IV.

THE IRISH LAND-BILL OF 1881.

ON occasions when Mr. Gladstone is charged with the delivery of important messages from the House of Commons, there is always a great gathering of whatever sections of the public can, whether of right or of good fortune, obtain access to the chamber. At such times the House of Commons is, in regard of cubic measurement, altogether inadequate. If, by any strange impulse, the whole of the six hundred and fifty-eight members, of which the House is composed, were to come down on a given night, and claim their seats, the result would be most calamitous.

Happily, it rarely occurs to a maximum exceeding five hundred members simultaneously to claim sitting-room in the House. The division-lists not infrequently show an aggregate in excess of this number. But, because members are present at a division, it does not follow that they have sat through a debate. Some of the younger and more enthusiastic thus complete the round of duty. The older and wiser, impelled by growing years to take additional care of their health, mental and physical, judiciously divide the labor. They shirk the speeches, and conscientiously vote on the question that has been debated.

On the 8th of April, 1881, when Mr. Gladstone brought in the Irish Land-Bill of the year, there were something over five hundred members present. Those who could not find room on the floor, sought the galleries, which technically are supposed to be outside the House. A member can neither address the House from them, nor take part in any division, if the question has been put whilst he is seated there. But it is a good place to hear from, more especially if a place be secured in the first row of the gallery facing the orator.

The inadequate galleries allotted to the service of the general public were also crowded. Moreover, on this night was indicated, for the first time, that profound interest in the bill on the part of the House of Lords which was maintained throughout the subsequent wearisome discussion.

Land-owners with vast possessions in Ireland, naturally were attracted by curiosity to hear the details of a measure that directly affected their fortunes. Other peers, more happily blessed with land

in England or Scotland, were scarcely less profoundly interested in a measure which their instinct told them might hereafter, in some modified form, be applied to Great Britain.

On this night, and on all succeeding nights, whenever a critical point or stage of the Land Bill was reached, the section of the gallery allotted to the House of Lords was sure to be crowded with deeply interested auditors.

Mr. Gladstone's speeches, on occasions like this, rarely fall below popular expectation, which is pitched very high. There is no public speaker in English political life who has, in equal measure, the gift of so handling and marshalling details as to make an intricate problem clear to the meanest intelligence.

Of many points of divergence of character between Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, one was their way of regarding facts. To Lord Beaconsfield, facts were always a trouble : to Mr. Gladstone, they are ever a delight. Lord Beaconsfield's imagination, touched with the effulgence of the Eastern sun, pitifully hobbled when chained to dry details and masses of figures. Imagination is one of the least prominent among Mr. Gladstone's characteristics. He has all a Scotchman's love for hard, dry facts ; though, with something more than a Scotchman's genius, he is enabled to surround them with a glamour of eloquence that makes their study as interesting as a reading from "Lothair."

Of late years Mr. Gladstone has refrained from those great efforts of oratory, which, up to 1874, he was wont to engage upon when introducing great subjects to the House of Commons.

It is a notable fact, that the last of a series of brilliant budgets was explained in the House of Commons in a speech that concluded without a peroration.

Like Mr. Bright, and like all great orators, Mr. Gladstone, through his fifty years of public speaking, has been accustomed to close his speeches with some exquisitely modulated sentence, that should, as his voice was hushed, dwell on the ears of his audience like echoes of sweet music. Some of his perorations are historical, have been learned off by heart by thousands, and have taken their places among favored passages of the English language. It seemed to those who heard the last budget speech, that changes were at hand when the great financier could abruptly resume his seat after some commonplace remark in supplement of his exposition.

The speech on introducing the new Irish Land-Bill was not pitched

on a very high key. Mr. Gladstone had in his hand the notes of an extensive and elaborate scheme. The issues at stake were stupendous, the responsibility of failure or success enormous. What he had to do was to make it absolutely clear, not only to the listening House, but to the vast public outside, and to the jealous critics across the Channel.

Perhaps the premier himself was not at this time strung on a very high key. There were dissensions in the cabinet, presently to be disclosed in the retirement of the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lansdowne. There were the Radicals, expecting too much; the Conservatives, wanting to see performed too little; and the Land-Leaguers, determined to be dissatisfied with any thing.

Moreover, Mr. Gladstone himself was not in robust health. He had not long returned to the House after the accident which befell him when he slipped in the snow on entering his carriage, and received an ugly wound.

The House knew all about the wound, having literally seen it in the flesh. Only a few weeks earlier, when Mr. Gladstone returned to the House after a brief withdrawal, he wore a black skull-cap. One night there had been a false alarm. Mr. Biggar had tried to count out the House, or Lord Randolph Churchill had sprung a division at an awkward time.

The division-bell ringing, members flocked in from all parts, and



Mr. Gladstone.

were astounded to see the premier darting in from behind the Speaker's chair with all the agility of seventy-one, and on his bald crown a gigantic star-shaped diagram of diachylum. In the hurry of the moment, and prompt at the call of duty, he had forgotten to put on his skull-cap, and presented this alarming spectacle to the astounded Commons of England.

The scars were healing up now; and the premier stood, without skull-cap or diachylum, discoursing on the perennial miseries of Ireland and the perpetual cry for relief. He spoke for a trifle under two hours, a singular compression for him who, on these occasions, was wont luxuriantly to revel in all kinds of by-paths suggested by chance phrases. He kept closely to his text, which was, in its lesser application, to demonstrate the necessity for fresh legislation on the Land Question, and, next, to explain minutely the details of the remediable measure.

That he succeeded was testified to by the rapt attention of the assembly, and by the complete manner in which the members, too, held in their hands the whole threads of the scheme. But for lofty language, and the side-lights of glowing fancy, this speech would not compare with many that have gone before.

Yet here is the peroration, which, even in all the bareness of type, is charming: —

"Walking in the path of justice," he said, "we cannot err. Guided by that light, we are safe. Every step we take upon our road brings us nearer to the goal; and every obstacle, though it seem for the moment unsurmountable, can only for a little while retard, and never can defeat, the final triumph."

As the orator spoke these words, he threw, both into his voice and bearing, a certain solemnity which recalls the ideal of the prophets of old. The fire of argument was allowed suddenly to die out. The eager, almost passionate way, in which he had pursued controversial points, was dropped. Standing erect, with head slightly thrown back, and hands dropped to his side, he spoke these words in a voice comparatively low, and slightly trembling with emotion. There was, for briefest space, a pause in the crowded House as he made an end of speaking, and resumed his seat. Then the cheers, breaking forth with thunderous force, told how successfully he had played upon this incomparable audience.

In the House of Commons, it is usual for leave to introduce a bill to be given as a matter of course. No debate followed on Mr. Glad-

stone's speech, to which, with that manly generosity that so aggravates some of his followers, Sir Stafford Northcote paid the tribute of his unfeigned admiration.

In due time, the second reading was moved ; and then commenced a wearisome and purposeless debate, which lasted over several weeks.

The position of parties was peculiar. The Conservatives, after long hesitation, had decided not to meet the motion for the second reading with a direct negative. They had accepted a wordy amendment of Lord Elcho's, and found this fought in a half-hearted way. Mr. Parnell, in even a more awkward position, took a more curiously middle course. It was not for Irish members to oppose a piece of legislation, the liberality of which arrayed against it the whole force of the landlords. Yet Mr. Parnell could not bring himself to support the government that was about to confer this boon upon Ireland. He had announced his intention of walking out when the division was called. In view of this kind of opposition, the issue was a foregone conclusion, and all that was waited for was the division.

At last this came at two o'clock on the morning of the 22d of May. The night had been as dull as any that had preceded it. Now, in anticipation of the division, the House was thronged with members growing increasingly indignant at the delays interposed.

At last the Speaker was on his feet, the question put, and the House cleared for a division. The Irish members rose in a body, and left the House ; Mr. Parnell bringing up in the rear, and smiling scornfully at the mocking laughter and ironical cheering with which this comedy was watched.

A crowd of members gathered at the bar. The ministerial benches were filled to their utmost capacity. On the treasurer's bench sat Mr. Gladstone, looking pale, and infinitely wearied. He had been engaged, during the past hour, in the effort to write his nightly letter to the Queen, summarizing the course of debate, the endeavor being hampered by the exciting scenes constantly breaking forth. Members streamed slowly out to the division, and trickled back, first in twos and threes, then in a long stream that occasionally became dammed at the bar. The tellers coming in, the Ministerial whip read out the figures : " For Lord Elcho's amendment, one hundred and seventy-six against three hundred and fifty-two." By two to one the bill was carried, and cheer after cheer rose from the Liberal benches at a majority so unexpectedly large.

There was no one to cry " No ! " to the proposal for the second

reading ; and, the work accomplished, members streamed out into Palace Yard, excitedly discussing the result. It seemed a long stride from the heated chamber and the noisy discussion into the cool spring morning. In the south, the crescent moon shone in a sea of deepest azure. In the east, the blue was paling into opal, and a few fleecy clouds were just touched with rose-tint. Day was breaking **over** the sleeping city ; and members went home, hoping and believing that day was at last breaking for long unhappy Ireland.

Thirteen months later the House of Commons gathered in solemn silence to hear Mr. Thornton, in broken voice, deplore the cruel cutting-off of Lord Frederick Cavendish, a murderous deed which was the immediate prelude of a fresh Coercion Bill and a new Land Act.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

By CANON F. W. FARRAR.

MY object is to call the attention of young men to some of the elements of the late Lord Beaconsfield's greatness, and some of the high qualities by which he achieved his memorable career. As a rule, the character of English statesmen in the last two or three generations has been a lofty character. As a rule, it has maintained, in all regions of public life, the standard of English honor and English disinterestedness.

We think with admiration of Chatham's splendid vehemence, of Pitt's inextinguishable hope, of Percival's sincere religion, of Burke's philosophic genius, of Fox's burning enthusiasm, of Wilberforce's hallowed philanthropy, of Grattan's undaunted patriotism, of Canning's brilliant gayety, of Peel's pure life, of Palmerston's genial kindness, of Russell's high-toned magnanimity, of that great soldier "whose gray-haired virtue was a grander thing than even Waterloo."

Lord Ellenborough says, in his diary, "The more I know of the interior of politics, the more shabby and personal the motives of men appear." But the poorness of the motive may be due to the fault of the observer; and although I should be far from representing the character of Lord Beaconsfield as being in any sense an ideal character, or his career as an ideal career, yet I think that it is a noble instinct which makes us desire to make men's virtues live in brass while we write their evil manners in water.

However serious may have been the faults of Benjamin Disraeli, Envy herself will, I think, admit that he had qualities which leave large room for honest praise. It is about one or two of these qualities that I now propose to write.

1. Notice, for instance, the courage with which he stood by his race. He never shrank from the name of Jew. He met, with open

scorn, the sneer of those who scoffed at what he claimed as a distinction. He felt that it must indeed be a great race of which alone it could be said that it gave a prime minister to Pharaoh in Egypt four thousand years ago, and a prime minister to Darius in Persia two thousand five hundred years ago, and a prime minister to Queen Victoria in the England of 1879.

While many a man is meanly ashamed of his poor relations, let it be recorded to the honor of Benjamin Disraeli, that, throughout a long career, he never blushed to own brotherhood with an insulted nation.

2. Again, may we not admire the reticence of his later years, and the almost unbroken silence and self-control with which, during his premiership, he endured a storm of obloquy? At more than one period of his life, he was subject to attacks of the most envenomed bitterness, and to accusations of which some might have been rebutted by a word. But, in the closing period of his career, he generally left the word unspoken, and trusted that his countrymen would, in the long-run, judge with fairness of his acts and motives.

"The right honorable gentleman," I once heard him say, after a severe attack from Mr. Robert Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke) in the House of Commons, "was extremely exuberant in his comments upon my character and career. I have sat in this House more than thirty years, and can truly say, that, during that time, comments upon my character and career have been tolerably free. But the House has been the jury of my life, and it allows me here to address it; and, therefore, here is not the place in which I think it necessary to justify myself."

And I think that this power of remaining silent under attacks arose from his superiority to transient popularity. "They say. What say they? Let them say!" is a motto which would well have suited his strong self-reliance.

In one of his latest speeches, he expressed his contempt for that incessant babblement of crude condemnations, that "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of dogmatism upon matters of which the writers are profoundly ignorant, which, in one of his characteristic phrases, he called "the harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

He might have fairly said, with the great Lord Mansfield, "I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? Is it that *mendax infamia* from the press which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not which is run after. It is that popu-

larity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

I am sure that not one of his contemporaries surpassed Lord Bea-



Lord Beaconsfield.

consfield in his indifference to that "mushroom popularity which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime ;" that present, passing, evanescent popularity which is but the "echo of folly and the shadow of renown," and which often falls for a brief season to the meanest of mankind.

3. Again, it was the clearly defined individuality of Lord Beaconsfield which deepened the admiration of his contemporaries. And, in days like these, this isolation, this aloofness, this markedness of character, are the more valuable because they are so rare.

We are all getting more and more apt to run in grooves ; to say the same things in the same phrases ; to do the same things in the same ways ; to echo the same current cries ; to adopt the same foolish fashions ; to shout in chorus against the unpopular man or the unpopular opinion of the hour ; to pride ourselves on being at the dead level of conventionalism and mediocrity ; to take the dictum of the majority for an oracle, and the shout of the noisiest for truths.

Let us hail a cedar here and there among the fir-trees, — much more amid ~~these~~ wind-shaken reeds of the wilderness, these quivering grasses of the plain ! We are all such echoes and reflections of one another, such repeaters of mechanical shibboleths, and slaves of general traditions, that it is a gain to national life when we find a man, who, amid the jostlings of opinion, will believe in himself, his own genius, his own determination ; who looks for the star of his destiny in his own bosom ; who, knowing that the view of the multitude does but represent the opinion of the collective mediocrity, dares to be in the right with two or three.

Honor to the man who feels the dignity of separate manhood ! who can hold his own in silence among angry opposites, and, whether successful or unsuccessful, can still be true to, can still fall back upon, himself !

4. In this marked individuality, nothing was more remarkable than Lord Beaconsfield's strength of will. He has set to many a generation an example of what steadfastness can do. Young men may learn from him how invincible is the spirit which has the strength to say, "I will."

Nothing is more deplorable than the feebleness, the placidity, the limpness of purpose, of many of our youths. They live at haphazard : they live from hand to mouth, without reverence, without purpose, without self-denial, without force. They are all straw : they have no iron in them. They would like distinction very well if it dropped into their mouths ; but they lack the manly fibre, the stern self-control, the never-wearied patience, the inflexible determination, the unwavering adaptation of means to ends, by which success is won.

Still more do too many of them lack the strenuous wisdom which takes the measure of earthly success, and despises it, and sees the

most eternal and magnificent of all successes in the beatitude of poverty bravely borne for a noble cause, and in the anguish of that martyrdom which is virtue fighting to the death for truth.

But even for earthly success, much more for the divine success, energy is indispensable. It is only to the energetic man that the blessed immortals are swift: while the youth who chooses indolence, and selfish pleasures, and vulgar comfort, will, alas! give back to his Creator at the last perhaps not even his one talent in a napkin; perhaps, alas! nothing but "the dust of his body and the shipwreck of his soul."

5. Another admirable feature of his life was, that this fine power of will, this battle-brunt and manhood of his nature, was undaunted by difficulties.

Truly, if he had feared difficulties, he would not have died an acknowledged leader of men. A Jew, the son of an author of limited means, without rank, without connections, without public-school training, without university education, not even baptized till he was about fourteen, beginning life as an articled clerk, long hampered by debts, with no advantages of person, with no overwhelming power of oratory, with some disadvantages of manner, he yet determined to become the leader of the proudest aristocracy in the world.

By steady perseverance, by genius, by patience, by watchfulness, by inextinguishable resolve and daring, he burst his way through all these thorny obstacles, and died an earl, a Knight of the Garter, a man who had swayed cabinets and parliaments and foreign congresses, the friend of his sovereign, and the favorite of the nation.

And I think that one reason why the people of England admired and loved him, whatever may have been his faults, was because of this resolution, which ploughed its way through so many rude detractions, and would not be subdued, even by failures.

In opening life, his mistakes, his inconsistencies, his quarrels, were such as would have crushed any ordinary man. But he never quailed, though he had to fight, often single-handed, against a multitude of most formidable antagonists.

When his first speech, in the House of Commons, was met by every possible manifestation of opposition and ridicule, and at last drowned in uproar, every one knows how, stopping in the middle of a sentence, he lifted his hand, and cried, in the full tones of a voice which rose above the tumult, —

"I have begun several times many things, and yet have often suc-

ceeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you SHALL hear me !”

“ Was I,” he said, in recounting the incident to his constituents at Maidstone, “ to yield to this insulting derision like a child or a poltroon ? No. When I sat down, I sent them my defiance. There are emergencies in which it becomes necessary to show that a man will not be crushed. I trust I showed, under unparalleled interruption, the spirit of a man, and the generosity of a combatant who does not soon lose his temper.”

He fulfilled his own prophecy. For years he fought unquelled the losing battle of a minority, often querulous, and often disheartened, of which he was always the leader, and never the slave. When he was driven from office in 1852, by the defeat of his budget, he left the House at early dawn as gay and fresh as if he had achieved a great victory.

Let young men at least learn from him not to be easily daunted. The world comes round for him who knows how to wait ; and, as for difficulties to the young man and to the strong will, they ought to be no more than the threads of gossamer, sparkling with dewdrops, which we break away by thousands as we stride through the morning-fields.

I will mention but one more characteristic of this eminent man. It was, that, even from boyhood, he aimed at nothing short of the highest power. Call it personal ambition if you will, and admit that personal ambition, unless it be redeemed by purer motives, is an earthliness and an infirmity. Yet admit, also, that, when a man *does* aspire, it is well that he should aim at something loftier than the sluggish ease of the suburban villa, or the comfortable vulgarity of the selfish millionaire.

Speaking to youths at Manchester, Lord Beaconsfield said, “ I give to them that counsel which I have ever given to youth. I tell them to aspire. I believe that the youth who does not *look up*, will *look down* ; and that the spirit which does not *dare* to *soar*, is *destined*, perhaps, to *grovel*.”

But it was not a purely selfish ambition to which he urged them. “ You will be called,” he said, “ to great duties. Remember what has been done for you. Remember, that, when the inheritance devolves upon you, you are not only to enjoy, but to improve. You will some day succeed to the high places of this great community. Recollect those who lighted the way for you ; and when you have wealth, when you have authority, when you have power, let it not be said that you

were deficient in public virtue or public spirit. When the torch is delivered to *you*, do you also light the path of human progress to educated man."

I will add but one last word. Earthly success does not and can not satisfy. If any man be not at peace with God, then wealth, power, fame, are but as dust in the night. They do not last: they are but the more splendid toys of grown-up children. They are but emptiness, and vexation of spirit; and we have no reason to regret that they are beyond the reach of most of us.

But things infinitely more precious and enduring are within the reach of us all, — even peace with God, and a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.

The energy which may fail to win the rewards which men envy may place us on a mountain height, from which we can look down on the inch-high distinctions of this passing world.

" Why do ye toil to register your names
On icy pillars which soon melt away?
True honor is not here."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOME.

By ARCHIBALD FORBES.

WHEN the Prince of Wales came of age, nineteen years ago, there stood at his credit, accumulated during his minority from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, an apanage of the Prince of Wales, a sum of about two million five hundred dollars. There is no adequate mansion on the Cornish estates; and, even if there were, Cornwall is in so remote a corner of England as to disqualify a mansion there for being a suitable residence for the heir-apparent.

It was determined by the Queen and her ministry of the day, of which Lord Palmerston was the head, to invest a large proportion of the prince's minority accumulations in the purchase of a landed estate for his Royal Highness; the conditions being, that it should be within reasonable distance from London, that it should be in a region not apart from neighbors of position, and that it should furnish facilities for the preservation of game.

On the southern shore of "the Wash," — that broad, shallow inlet which thrusts itself between the county of Lincoln on the north, and that of Norfolk on the south, — a family of country gentry named Lloyd had owned for several generations an extensive, but somewhat unprofitable and neglected, estate, called Sandringham. Portions of its soil were fertile; but, for the most part, the land was sandy: and great tracts, chiefly on the higher ground overlooking the estuary, were covered with heather, out of which grew stunted and sparse fir-trees.

The mansion-house was an old brick pile, in a state of considerable dilapidation, standing near the centre of a park, which undulated tamely indeed, but rather prettily, but which contained a lake, and not a few fine old trees.

The estate was a strictly rural one; the nearest town being Lynn Regis, a seaport borough of some size, distant about eight miles. The

whole surrounding region, although it is purely agricultural, may be called one huge game-preserve, — properties joining with properties whose owners take their highest pride in having a large head of game on their fields and in their covers. Norfolk divides with Nottingham the reputation of carrying more partridges and pheasants to the acre than any other county in England.

This property of Sandringham was purchased for the Prince of Wales. Its price was one million and a half dollars, and at least an equal amount of money has been expended on it since it became the property of his Royal Highness. Viewed as an investment, it cannot be called a success, and, indeed, was never meant to be a success in this sense.

Landed property in England returns to its owner an average of barely two and one-half per cent, but it may be questioned whether the rental of Sandringham represents a half per cent on the money which stands invested in it. There are a few farms besides that model farm which the prince keeps in his own hands; but the tenants "sit easily," as the saying is, provided they make no complaints as to the depredations of game on their crops.

So forlorn was the empty place — for the Lloyd family had died out — when it passed into the prince's possession, that an early visitor, who went to inspect it, found grass growing knee-high in the stalls of the deserted stables. Since that day, there have been sweeping changes: an all but new mansion, to complete which piecemeal cost three years, now stands at the head of the gentle slope overlooking the lake.

The park has been all but remodelled. A great slice of land has been converted into gardens, which contain a vast extent of glass, whence in one night sometimes twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of rare flowers, blossoming in their pots, are brought across the lawn to decorate the reception-rooms and dining-tables. The landscape-gardener has metamorphosed, not only the vicinity of the mansion, but the region within view from it.

The heath is now studded with flourishing plantations of young firs, and enclosed clumps of rarer trees. An elaborately fantastic summer-house, not inappropriately called the "Folly," adorns the summit of the highest sandy knoll in the vicinity; and model cottages greet everywhere the eye of the wayfarer who journeys through the hamlets on the estates.

The mansion-house of Sandringham, — the "Hall" is the old name

that still clings to it, — although widely differing from the clumsy old pile which it has succeeded, is in no sense a palace. It aims at being nothing more than a country gentleman's picturesque and commodious residence. There are half a dozen mansions in its own county which surpass it, both in size and in pretensions.

It is a long, irregular structure of warm red brick pointed with white stone, and having two fronts, — one toward the smooth park, studded with great ash and oak trees; one toward the more broken ground, in the hollow of which lies, among clumps of ornamental shrubbery, the pretty artificial lake.

The finest room in the mansion is the drawing-room, — a long apartment, with a great bay-window in its larger section, and in the centre a beautiful piece of statuary in white marble, around the pedestal of which rises a variegated bank of rare flowers always in blossom. At one end of the first-floor corridor is the bedroom of the royal couple, the room in which the prince lay during that long, terrible illness of his which so nearly proved fatal. One of the prettiest things in the house is the princess's bath-room, — a little poem in white marble with blue veins running through it.

But *the* room at Sandringham is the large entrance-hall, panelled in carved wood, and adorned with old armor and modern pictures. It is the living-room, or, rather, it may be said, the gathering-room, of the royal circle and its guests when the family is at Sandringham. The main door opens into a corner of it; and opposite the main door is the door which conducts to the inner corridor, off which open the dining and drawing rooms. Above the first is the inscription, "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, built this house." Above the second are the words, "*Dulce domum*," — the keynote to the family life at Sandringham.

This saloon is crowded with the appliances of every-day life, — an open piano, a half-finished sketch on an easel, — a portrait, perhaps, by an artist visitor, — children's books, a dainty writing-table, several work-tables, couches, easy-chairs, and a hundred and one *et cæteras*. It is the general lounging-room of the house. It is the apartment sacred to afternoon tea; and, at Sandringham, afternoon tea is an institution.

The gentlemen have come in from shooting, and sit or stand about, still in their field-costume. The ladies, home from driving, or, it may be, from walking with the guns, grace the occasion with their presence. The royal children are here, asking frank questions about the day's sport, taking part in discussions concerning the arrangements for

the morrow, or listening to a quaint little story told by a visitor with a gift as a *raconteur*. With the steam from the tea rises the smoke from the cigarettes; for the prince is an inveterate smoker, and his guests willingly follow his lead. There is no prettier domestic scene in all England than afternoon tea in the "saloon" at Sandringham.



The Prince of Wales at Home.

And this saloon is occasionally put to another duty. Cleared of its furniture, it makes a charming ball-room, in which some two hundred or more have ample room and verge enough. A house-ball at Sandringham — always on a birthday — is a great occasion in Norfolk.

The gentlefolks of the county are invited impartially; for, at Sandringham, the prince aims simply to be a country gentleman among his compeers. Perhaps there is yet greater "go" and heartiness in the annual tenants' ball, which includes any number of tenant-farmers from the neighboring estates, with their wives, sons, and daughters. Then,

there is a servants' ball, which is by no means confined to the servants of the mansion, but includes those on the home-farm, the game-keepers, the foresters, the cottagers on the estate, and the villagers from Dersingham, hard by. The prince and princess, with the "house-party," — their visitors, — mix with cordial good will and heartiness in these gatherings of their humbler neighbors and dependants; and "Our Master," as the prince is universally styled by the farming-folk in the neighborhood, may be seen leading out to the dance a cottager's "good-wife;" while the princess stands up with a burly keeper, the pleased solemnity of whose visage is a sight to see.

There is no busier life in England than the ordinary life of the Prince of Wales, and to get down to Sandringham is for him a genuine holiday. He always tries to be there at certain seasons, — Easter, Whitsuntide, his own and the princess's birthdays, and Christmas time.

Then, he goes to Sandringham, when he can get the chance, for the hunting and the pheasant-shooting. The hounds which hunt the region adjacent to Sandringham are kept by Mr. Anthony Hammond, a neighboring squire; and the royal family, when at Sandringham, are always out with them two days a week.

The prince, although a welter weight, — he must ride quite two hundred and thirty pounds, — is a good and fearless rider. I once saw him gallop down a hillside so steep that I did not venture to follow him. The princess, who, owing to the slight stiffness of the knee-joint that supervened on an illness some ten years ago, rides with her skirt on the right side of the saddle, is a good horsewoman; and all the royal children have been used to the saddle, almost from their cradles. The country about Sandringham is by no means easy, although it is comparatively open; but neither broken ground nor fences stop the royal party.

On shooting-days in the covers on the property, the princess and her lady visitors almost always drive out to an appointed rendezvous, to lunch with the men, the luncheon being sent on from the house. Sometimes it is eaten in the open air, picnic fashion; but more often it is spread in some farmhouse, or perhaps in one of the numerous rustic pleasure-cottages about the estate. After luncheon, the ladies often walk with the guns throughout the afternoon, and return with the men to afternoon tea.

Sunday is a right pleasant day at Sandringham. In the morning the whole house-party walk across the park to the quaint little old

church on its outskirts. Out in the little churchyard, among the graves of the country-folk, lies a simple marble slab, marking where lies "John, infant son of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and of Alexandra, his wife," a child who died a few hours after he was born. As the party quit the church, the princess never fails to leave it, and turn aside for a moment at the grave of her dead little one.

Near by this stone is another, erected by the prince to the memory of the groom who lay ill simultaneously with the prince, of the same disorder, and who died when the prince lived. This latter stone bears the simple inscription, "One was taken, and the other left."

The interval till luncheon is occupied by a stroll around the park; and, after luncheon, the party visit the kennels, and the menagerie, where are kept the wild animals which are among the prince's *souvenirs* of his visit to India. Here are a couple of tigers, which, when cubs, were the playmates of the crew of the "Osborne" on her homeward voyage; and the two "baby" elephants, — babies no longer, — which the sailors taught to chew tobacco, and which, they protested, had been educated by them so highly that they could do any thing but speak. The peregrination finishes with tea in the princess's pretty dairy-cottage, where the party are served with butter which her Royal Highness may have churned the day before.

An off-day at Sandringham is one of the prince's greatest enjoyments. After breakfast he goes into his study, — a little room off the entrance-hall, hung with the "Vanity Fair" caricatures of his friends, and with countless sporting-sketches. Here he is joined by Mr. Beck, his land-steward, who gives him an account of the doings at the home-farm, — how the short-horns and Devons are ripening for exhibition at the great Smithfield show; and how the Southdowns, that are meant to cope with the champion sheep from the Goodwood and Lord Walsingham's flocks, are laying on mutton.

Then the head keeper touches his forelock as he comes in to report on the grouse experiment, or to explain the scheme of next day's campaign against the long-tails. After a pleasant word or two with one of his tenant-farmers, who wants a new barn, the prince gets on his pony, and, with Beck and the forester walking by his side, he starts on an excursion among his plantations, discussing, as they go, the need for thinning the "Cocked-Hat Wood," or keeping the rabbits out of a recent clump of foreign shrubs. A visit to the farm follows, as a matter of course; and the prince tramps through the byres, punching the

ribs of the fattening oxen, and knowingly delving with his fist among the wool on the backs of the Southdowns.

Meanwhile the princess is among her cottagers down at Newton, encouraging the women-folk to vie with each other in the cleanliness of their pretty habitations, distributing comforts among the ailing, and looking in upon the little ones at the school, which she and her husband maintain for the behoof of the laboring folk on the estate.

In fine, there is no comelier or wholesomer domestic life than that enjoyed by the Prince and Princess of Wales when they are under their own rural roof-tree down at Sandringham.

THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

“THERE *is* luck in odd numbers.”

This is the expression invariably used by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when referring to his five children, — his two boys, and three girls.

The eldest son, born on the 8th of January, 1864, was christened Albert Victor Christian Edward. If he lives, and the monarchy stands, he will ascend the throne under the title of Edward VII.

George Frederick Ernest came next, on the 3d of June, 1865. After George, Louisa Victoria Alexandra Dagmar was born on the 20th of February, 1867. On the 6th of July, 1868, Victoria Alexandra Olga Marie was born ; and, finally, on the 26th of November, 1869, was born Maude Charlotte Marie Victoria.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louisa is the most amiable of the three, and is a miniature copy of her mother ; the Princess Victoria, her father's pet, has a temper of her own, — impetuous, ardent, hot, smiling through tears like a sunbeam in showers ; while Maude, whom Queen Victoria idolizes, has a disposition somewhat like that of her right royal grandmamma.

None of the princesses fear the Queen ; although everybody else has a wholesome dread of her Most Gracious Majesty, who is as exacting as she is severe. The daughters of the Prince of Wales, after the first formal deep courtesy down to the ground is made, romp with their grandmother as they would with one of the *gouvernantes* ; and it is a matter of apprehension to the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who, with the exception of the late Duchess of Sutherland, — the Grand Duchess, — is most intimate with the sovereign, when the young princesses

pounce upon the Queen, and dare to pull about the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets.

The Princess Louisa is the most talented, the Princess Maude the smartest. All three have a talent for languages, and are always de-



The Daughters of the Princess of Wales.

lighted when their uncle, the Crown Prince of Denmark, is with them; as then they chat in Danish. He is said to be their prime favorite; and, as they dearly love a romp, the good-tempered uncle indulges them with the *élan* of a lad of fifteen.

The princesses are all musical, inheriting this taste from their mother, who is a superb *pianiste*, but who never plays outside of her own immediate family circle. She is a devout follower of Rubinstein, and performs that wonderful waltz after a fashion that would have en-

chanted the *maestro*, could he but have had the privilege of hearing her play it.

The Princess of Wales carefully watches the musical education of her daughters; and nearly every day, after Mademoiselle Gaymard-Pacini, the *première pianiste* of the age, who is their instructress, has concluded her lesson, she asks how each demoiselle acquitted herself. The prince is no musician. "I leave all that sort of thing to Edinburgh," he laughs.

Once, not long since, it is said that Mademoiselle Gaymard-Pacini had to complain of the inattention of the Princess Victoria. This was on the grand staircase at Marlborough House. The Princess of Wales was naturally very much grieved, and begged of mademoiselle to be as rigid as buckram. The princess passed down; and mademoiselle passed up-stairs, to be received by the Princess Victoria, who had been listening on the balusters, with a torrent of reproaches.

The young princesses having been promised a visit to the Tower of London in May last, which they were nearly crazy to see, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, one of the Queen's chaplains, and chief editor of Cassell, Petter, & Galpin's great publishing-house, was ordered to act as their escort.

"I won't go if I can't go like any other little girl," said the Princess Maude. "I hate to have great big soldiers saluting, and everybody bowing down to the ground. It's no fun, and I want to go like any other little girl."

The Princess Maude carried the day, having been warmly supported by her sisters; and the happy trio did the Tower "like any other little girls," to their unbounded satisfaction.

The princesses are made to keep early hours. Five A.M., in summer, finds them out of their beds, and in flannel suits for calisthenics. Their breakfast is very simple,—as much stirabout, oaten meal and milk, as they like to eat. No hot rolls, no heavy meats, consequently no dyspepsia. Their dinner at two is equally plain,—a nutritious soup, a fish and a joint, with vegetables, and one pie or pudding.

Their greatest dissipation is waiting up to help dress mamma for a ball.

The prince, when away, writes to each of the girls in turn. The writer was amused at seeing a letter,—a charming, affectionate letter too,—on the envelope of which was written,—

H. R. H.,

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES,

A. E.

SANDRINGHAM.

And although the initials of the heir to the throne were in the left-hand corner, because he had failed to attach two postage-stamps instead of one, the post-office stamp 2d, for the extra weight, was sprawled all over the envelope. What radical but will rejoice at this!

The letters from their brothers while cruising in the "Bacchante" are always sources of unbounded delight to the young princesses.

George is the favorite ; and such exclamations as, "Oh, won't we have fun when George comes back !" "What romps we'll have with George !" were to be heard all through July, both at Marlborough House and Osborne, whither the little ladies were invited to assist at the debarkation at Cowes.

The princesses are incessant talkers. They rattle away from rosy morn to dewy eve ; and the resident governesses, extremely elegant ladies, are occasionally driven to the verge of despair by the incessant prattle of these little royalties. The elder governess they call "Mam," the younger "Selle," dexterously cutting the word *mademoiselle* in two.

They are admirable mimics ; and every new "swell" who arrives, is pretty certain to have his or her "precious weakness" admirably reproduced by these natural and charming children.

They are very fond, like other children, of inspecting visitors from the regions of the staircase ; and a favorite rarely escapes without some furtive recognition. When *en famille*, the young princesses are always despatched by their parents for the wraps of the guests when the latter are about to take their departure.

"Louise, run and get Lady So-and-so her cloak."

"Maude, where is Mrs. — shawl?"

"Victoria, go and find the duchess's wrap."

The Christmas pantomime is looked forward to for six months, and fondly recollected for the rest of the year. The facetiousness of the clown is admirably reproduced, while the knocks-down received by the enduring and ever amiable pantaloons are practised with scrupulous fidelity. It is after the witnessing of the pantomime that the governesses have to call upon all their reserves, in order to bring under control the explosive animal spirits of these healthy young misses.

One morning last winter the three princesses were taking an airing in the home-park, attended as usual. An itinerary vender of oranges and apples was pushing his cart along, when he was perceived by the young ladies, and the whisper passed, —

"What fun to buy some oranges !"

To ask the attendants were both a thankless and useless task. Where was the necessary penny ? Maude was the proud possessor of sixpence. The plan of operation was speedily arranged. Her Royal Highness the Princess Maude was to drop behind, dart to the cart, make the purchase, and return to her place.

The attention of the attendants was artfully diverted to some remote object : the Princess Maude lagged behind, and, as the cart

approached, stopped, presented her sixpence, and snatched three blooming oranges from the willing hands of the vender, who little imagined he had just disposed of a portion of his stock at a royal price to the granddaughter of his Queen.

And weren't those oranges sweeter than any ever presented from the forcing-houses of the palaces?

The Princess of Wales dresses her daughters in the plainest possible way, — calicoes, gingham, muslins, and flannel being *de rigueur*. No corsets, no tightness of any kind; and as for ornaments, such as rings, earrings, or bracelets, her Royal Highness would be astounded if such an idea were so much as mooted.

She is very particular about having the girls instructed in sewing, embroidery, and all manner of woman's domestic work, and continually holds up her sister-in-law Lorne as a model in that respect.

Little does the passer-by imagine, as he glances up at the lightest window of Marlborough House, that behind the blind is seated the future Queen of England, lovingly surrounded by her daughters, to whom she is reading some refined and instructive story; while her husband, his cigar in his mouth, gazes at this home-picture with a pleasure appreciated only by a father's love.

KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

BY CARL STEEN DE BILLE.¹

I.

MOST of the dynasties that now occupy thrones in Europe can carry the history of their advent to the purple many centuries back. But the royal house of Denmark is a remarkable exception.

When the present King Christian IX. — now the sovereign of one of Europe's oldest, and at the same time smallest, kingdoms, himself the father of one king, one empress, and of the princess nearest to Great Britain's throne — was born, on April 8, 1818, he was the younger son of one of those princely families which have by the historical development been reduced, from small dukedoms and marquises, to relative poverty and insignificance.

The members of the house of Holstein-Sönderborg-Glücksborg-Beck had royal blood in their veins; but all that was left them of former greatness was the long name enumerating the possessions they once had owned or laid claim to. Young Prince Christian of Glücksborg had to work his own way in life; and, according to the traditions of the family, he chose a military career, entering as a lieutenant in the Royal Horse-Guards, a dashing and splendidly uniformed cavalry regiment, forming the favorite body-guard of the King of Denmark, at that time old King Frederick VI.

He had reached the rank and pay of captain when, in 1842, he married in Copenhagen the Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, a distant relative of his, and very nearly of his own age. It was in every respect a love-match. Both were young, handsome, and full of hope. They loved, and they married, trusting to Providence, little dreaming at the time of the high destinies reserved to them in the not distant

¹ Danish minister at Washington.

future. The marriage was, and ever since has been, a most happy one; in every respect, a model of an honest, loving household.

Two sons and two daughters were born to them in the first five years of their marriage.

The prince-captain and his princess-wife had to shift as well as they could in order to make both ends meet, and they managed to solve the



The King and Queen of Denmark.

problem in a way that won them general esteem and admiration. Husband and wife learned, during this period, to appreciate the struggles, the cares, the joys, and the sorrows, of ordinary human life. They have never forgotten the teachings of these humble and happy years; and to them they owe many of the qualities which have since endeared them to their people, and united their hearts with the Danish nation's heart.

The year of 1848, that swept Europe by an irresistible current of popular rising, was eventful for Denmark. Two of the provinces of the kingdom, the Duchies of Slesvig and Holstein, the population of which was, by a great majority, German, revolted against the authority of the Danish king, and were supported by Germany and Prussia. The house of Glücksborg had sprung from these duchies, and nearly all its members sided with the rebellion against the king. Only Prince Christian remained faithful to his allegiance and his oath. He drew his sword on his sovereign's side, and served with all honor under the Danish flag during the three years' war that ended with the crushing of the insurrection.

This fidelity soon found a reward. On the throne of Denmark was then sitting King Frederick VII., the last scion of the dynasty of Oldenburg, which had for full four centuries reigned over that kingdom, and, for a great part of the time, also over Norway. King Frederick VII. had been married twice, but had no children. It became necessary to provide for the succession to the throne; and, as the integrity and preservation of the Danish monarchy was a matter of high interest to all European Powers, the settlement had to be arranged by and with their advice and consent.

Among the candidates to the throne, Prince Christian soon occupied the first place. His own family relations did not give him any near claim; but his wife was, through her mother, a born Princess of Denmark, in close relationship to the king. But, more than any right of pedigree, it was the general high regard for the princely couple, and the sincere respect for their moral qualities, that lifted them to the vacant place of heirs-presumptive to the throne of Denmark. In 1852 a treaty was concluded in London between the great Powers, designating Prince Christian of Glücksborg as successor to Frederick VII.; and, in 1853, a bill passed the Danish Parliament confirming the nomination.

In their new, and in many respects very delicate, position, Prince Christian of Denmark, as he was now called, and Princess Louise, continued to exhibit the same distinguished qualities that had marked them as the Danish people's choice. Surrounded by more splendor, their household and domestic life still kept within the same groove of honesty and happiness.

One son and one daughter more were born to them during this period. It was also before their actual advent to the throne, in March, 1863, that their eldest daughter, Princess Alexandra, married the

Prince of Wales, and that their second son, William, was elected King of the Greeks, under the name of George I. The marriage of the second daughter, Princess Dagmar, to the Grand Duke Alexander, now the Emperor of all the Russias, took place some years later.

The peculiar charm of Princess Alexandra, from her very childhood, has been a womanly grace, which has instinctively won all hearts around her. She is thoroughly well educated, speaks with ease and elegance four languages, and possesses a good deal of solid knowledge ; but she never makes any show of these accomplishments, and they are overshadowed by her kind heart and deep womanly feeling.

Her handsome features and tranquil beauty are the mirror of a corresponding mind. She moves with equal ease and grace in the most different circles, is as friendly and sympathetic to the peasant she meets on the road as to the lord who is bowing to her in the gilded palace. Naturally inclined to a serious turn of mind, she can be glad, and even merry, with those who are dear to her.

Such she was as a child and young girl, and such she remains as the Princess of Wales. It is the combination of these qualities that have made her so generally beloved in English society, exclusive and exacting as it is, and obtained for her a popularity equalling that of Queen Victoria herself.

She was hardly eighteen when she was betrothed to Prince Albert Edward of Wales, three years her senior. The Prince-Consort had then died, and left the Queen of England a disconsolate widow ; but it is believed, that, several years before, he had contemplated the match as the fittest for the heir to England's throne, and one which offered the best guaranty for mutual happiness and a vigorous progeniture. The choice was made for policy and state-craft, but the tenderer feelings of the young people were not excluded ; and, before any thing was settled, the opportunity was offered them to become acquainted, and to prove their own hearts.

The result conformed to the wishes of the parents ; and in March, 1863, the young princess left the land of her birth to accept the higher destinies waiting for her. A few days after, on March 10, 1863, the wedding took place with great splendor, and with no less enthusiasm. More than twenty years have now passed since that day ; and it may be truly said, that at no moment during this entire period has the princess lost in the love or the sympathetic respect of the British people. Her popularity has every year sent deeper roots into the hearts of the nation.

The Princess of Wales is still one of the handsomest ladies in English society. She has preserved her tall and slender figure, her complexion is still fair, her eyes have the same kind sparkle, and her beautiful hair has the same natural and artless fall. She does not look her age. Some years ago she was attacked by a disease that left a stiffness in one of her knee-joints, and this somewhat impedes her movements.

During the London season, when Hyde Park is full of splendid carriages and prancing teams, and when Rotten Row is crowded with ladies and gentlemen on horseback, the princess generally takes a drive through the park from Marlborough House, her residence, accompanied by one or two of her daughters, who are fast growing up to promising womanhood. Her carriage is unpretending, almost plain ; but no spectator could fail to observe it as it passes along, greeted by the deep bows of the ladies, and the uncovering of all the gentlemen.

II.

ROYAL CHILDREN OF DENMARK.

THE second son of the King and Queen of Denmark is George, now King of the Hellenes. He was born on the 24th of December, 1845, nearly a year after the Princess Alexandra, and was christened Christian Vilhelm Ferdinand Adolph George, but called Vilhelm.

A brighter, merrier boy could not be found in Copenhagen. He was brimful of fun, and was the delight and the despair of his parents and tutors. But he possessed an excellent heart, and was the declared pet of the household. His character and abilities clearly predisposed him for the navy, the favorite service of Denmark ; and, at the age of twelve, he became, after as severe a test as any of the aspirants, a cadet of the naval academy.

He was eminently popular among his fellow-cadets, and well liked by his teachers, who always addressed him plainly as "Mr. Vilhelm."

After school-hours he loved to stroll with some "chum" in the back streets of the town, in order to study the every-day life of the common people. Once, after having fondly scanned a dish of fried fish exhibited in the window of a third-rate dining-room, he could not resist the temptation to enter ; and he asked for as large a slice of the fish as his scanty pocket-money would buy.

To his youthful fancy, honors and rank in the Danish navy stood then at the utmost goal. As second son of the then heir-apparent, he could not aspire to any higher position, and the chance of a regal crown seemed so distant as not to be worth a thought.

It was the wedding of his sister, Princess Alexandra, to the Prince of Wales in March, 1863, that accidentally made him a candidate for the throne of Greece. King Otho of the royal house of Bavaria had, after more than thirty years of struggles and contests with the unruly Hellenic people, been deposed, and expelled from the kingdom. The Greeks had offered the vacant throne to scions of different royal houses, to princes of Great Britain and of Russia; but such was the state of mutual jealousy among the great Powers of Europe, that no prince connected with one of them could be allowed to accept. In this predicament the marriage of the Prince of Wales took place; and, during the ceremonies, the eyes of Lord Russell, who was then foreign minister of England, fell upon the young and lively Danish midshipman, standing close to his handsome sister. He was a boy of hardly eighteen, but he had the royal blood in his veins; and, at the same time, he belonged to a country which could derive no political advantage from any turn in the complicated Oriental question.

Lord Russell, after communicating with his colleagues, broached the idea to the Queen and to the young man's parents, and was encouraged. Prince Vilhelm himself, when the matter was laid before him, hesitated a moment, as it was only natural that he should, but then, with courage and high-spirited ambition, accepted, leaving his father and the Danish Government to settle the conditions. One of these was, that Great Britain should cede the Ionian Islands, over which she had, since the peace of Vienna, maintained a kind of protectorate, so that the new king could bring these beautiful possessions as a dowry to his future subjects.

For the King of Greece, the name of George, dear to the popular fancy, and connected with religious notions, was considered fitter than that of Vilhelm; and it was accordingly adopted.

The history of Greece since his advent has been troublesome enough, and the king has not been bedded on roses. The Hellenes are not easily governed. They are a fitful and passionate people; and the constitution of the kingdom seems to be more calculated to foster political intrigue and party-fights, than to promote the practical interests, and to develop the resources, of the country.

King George has faithfully and loyally steered his way through the

storms and squalls. As a constitutional sovereign, he has followed the impulses of the national will, but, at the same time, protected Greece against dangers, sometimes even against herself.

He has fully and entirely identified himself with his people, has adopted their nationality, their language, their aspirations. Recently he has been able to extend the frontiers without entering into any war, and to add to the kingdom some long-coveted provinces where Greek is spoken. What he obtained, after many months of patient work, was not all that the Hellenes wanted to get ; and a part of his subjects are more inclined to fret for the Greek-speaking territories still retained in the grasp of the Sultan, than to rejoice over those liberated from it.

In the cares and anxieties of regal duty, King George has a faithful and sympathetic helpmate in his wife. Queen Olga, the daughter of Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, is only a little over thirty. They were married in October, 1867, and have a family of seven children, of whom four are boys.

The domestic life of the King and Queen of Greece is as happy as it can be. They are keeping up the good traditions which each of them has received from the paternal home. Queen Olga is as cheerful and lively as her husband. With the remarkable linguistic talent peculiar to the Russians, she has mastered, not only the Hellenic, but also the Danish, language.

The young couple and their children often visit Copenhagen, and there have an opportunity to see and to live with their cousins of England, of Russia, and of Denmark. No home can be merrier or happier than is the Danish Court, when children and grandchildren from Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, London, and Athens, gather there around King Christian and Queen Louise.

The second daughter of the King and Queen of Denmark is now Empress of Russia. As the Princess Dagmar, she was much like her brother, the present King of Greece. She was the favorite of the merry young midshipman, his *confidante*, and his mate in his freaks.

When hardly more than seventeen, she was betrothed to the eldest son of Czar Alexander II., the hereditary Grand Duke Nicolas. It was a match in which the reasons of policy and state-craft were more consulted than the individual feelings of the parties. The grand duke was sickly, and of a melancholy turn of mind. Still, he possessed so many solid qualities, and so amiable a character, that he would, no doubt, in time have won the love of his young bride. Shortly after the engagement, however, he was taken ill, was carried to Nice ; and

there, in spite of the mild climate and the high medical skill surrounding him, he died in April, 1865.

His betrothed had been summoned to his death-bed, where she shared with his mother, the empress, the mournful watches; and it is said that one of the last wishes of the dying prince was that of seeing



King George of Greece and the Empress of Russia.

his brother Alexander succeed, not only to his place on the steps of the throne, but also to the matrimonial bliss which he himself was not to enjoy.

However that might be, the young people, who had met for the first time over a grave, felt a deep mutual attachment; and, a little more than a year after, they were engaged.

The event happened in quite a romantic way. On a splendid day in early June, 1866, the royal family of Denmark made an excursion with their guest, the Russian grand duke, from the summer palace of

Fredensborg to a place near the Sound, called the house of Julebek. It is nothing but a small forester's cottage, surrounded by tall beeches, and almost hidden in blooming shrubs. But, from this spot, there opens the most splendid view over the Sound, always covered with white sails and smoking funnels, to the verdant shore of Southern Sweden opposite: and this ever-changing panorama is bordered to the left by the softly rounded heights of the Kullen Mountains; and, to the right, by the square masses and lofty spires of Kronborg Castle, to which the genius of Shakspeare, if not the prose of history, has forever attached the fancy-figures of melancholy Hamlet, and fair, unhappy Ophelia. Here it was that the vow was offered and taken.

In the fall of 1866 Princess Dagmar, who, with the Greek Catholic faith, had adopted the name of Maria Feodorowna, left Copenhagen in a royal steamer, and, some days after, landed in Peterhof, where she was received, not only with the splendor peculiar to the gorgeous Russian Court, but also with real popular enthusiasm. The wedding took place on Nov. 9.

Five children are living of those granted to her and her husband, the youngest born in the summer of 1882. The eldest son, Grand Duke Nicolas, now the heir-apparent to the throne, is said to be most like his mother, — bright and lively, very fond of all kinds of sport.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

I.

A LONG time ago, I remember receiving from a friend in Munich a letter, giving an account of the boyish sovereign of Bavaria. My friend had met him. He impressed her as being all that was gracious and royal. He was rather melancholy. His moods were very capricious, and it was well known that even then he had broken off two or three alliances the state had in view for him ; but his passionate love of music, poetry, and art gave him a special charm. He was devoted to Wagner, a composer then little known or cared for beyond his native Bavaria. He welcomed poets to his court. He spent hours a day with his books and his music, and was certainly regarded in those days with admiration, within and without his own court.

It was, I think, a little later than this that the melancholy young prince had the one love-affair of his life. His fancy rested on a lady of rank whom he would have married but for an unfortunate disagreement arising between them, and which, however unjustly, convinced the king that she was unworthy of his choice. Since then, many suggestions have been made to him in regard to his choosing a wife ; but none met his approval.

When I found myself for the first time in Munich (1881), and saw the solemn palace in which the king resides, I wondered where was the Prince Charming. I soon heard that the king was in the mountains, but was expected shortly to return to Munich for a few weeks of the carnival season.

A day or two later, we were driving in the Hofgarten, when we encountered a long procession of carriages, with servants in blue livery, and outriders who looked as if they had come a tedious journey.

Indeed, they had been travelling day and night : for these carriages contained the king's suite, his private effects, and his body-servants ; and they had all come from one of the gloomy castles in the mountains to which the king goes now and then, living almost alone, amusing himself chiefly with books and music. A little later, and there passed an unostentatious open carriage, in which sat the king himself.

I am sorry to say that the first flush of youthful beauty has departed. He was a tolerably good-looking man, with large, melancholy eyes, a heavy mustache, and a certain military air increased by his very gay uniform and broad shoulders. As he passed, people looked after him curiously enough ; for he is rarely seen, even in the streets of his own capital. The glances which followed him were not particularly pleasant, — nothing like the look with which the most stolid Briton regards his sovereign or the Prince of Wales.

It was certainly a disappointing end to my little romance, to have to give up the idea of Prince Charming ; to resign my fanciful notions of a beautiful young king, filling his court with grace, music, and learning ; above all, not only to see him transformed into a heavy, rather sullen-looking man, but to know that his subjects only regarded him with half-horrified curiosity.

Ludwig II. was born in August, 1845, at the old Palace of Nymphenburg. It is a dreary building just outside Munich, — a long gray pile, with very little to suggest its being a royal residence. Indeed, I know few places drearier in winter than Nymphenburg Palace ; and here, perhaps, the delicate, fanciful boy, growing up in an atmosphere of home-life none too genial, may have strengthened his morbid tendencies.

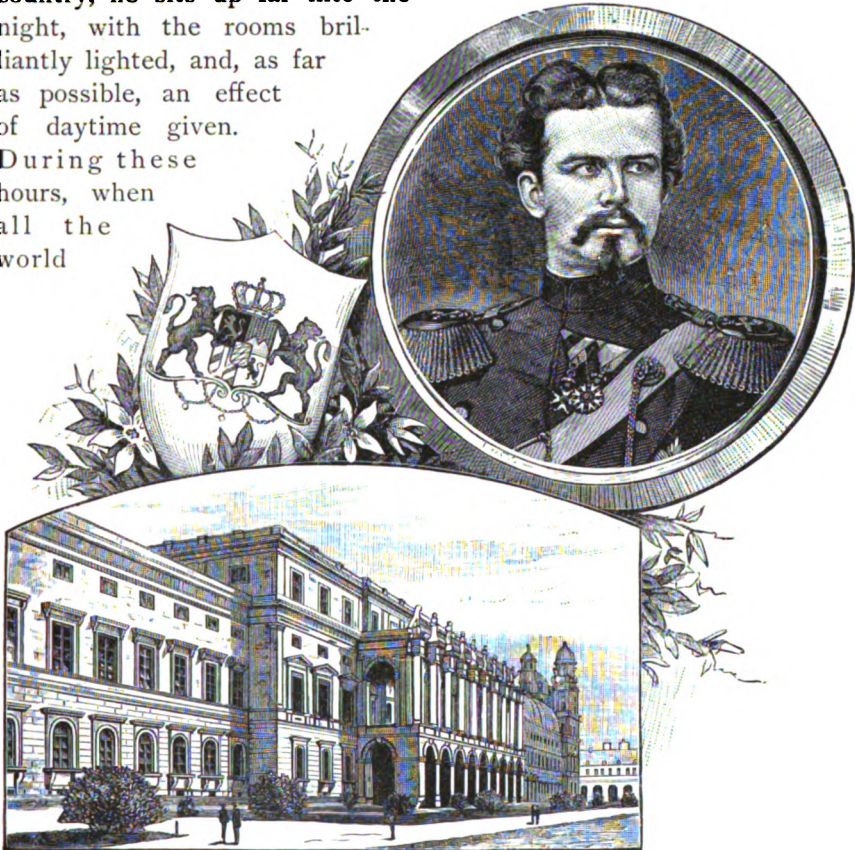
At all events, the story of his early life is a very dull one. He had his cousins for companions. He soon showed musical ability ; and, like all Bavarian princes, he had a semi-military education. His mother was a Prussian princess, and in her twentieth year when he was born. Her married life was clouded by the peculiarities of her husband, who died in 1864, leaving his son, a boy-king of nineteen, full of promise, but disturbed then by dawning eccentricities.

Since his accession to the throne, Ludwig II. has spent much of his time at his country-places, owing to an aversion to Munich ; and every year his peculiarities grow more and more marked. Indeed, after a winter in Bavaria, and meeting many people on intimate terms with the court, the shrug and sigh over "*Der König !*" is easily understood.

I suppose no prince in Europe is so little known by his people. He rarely allows himself to be seen in public. He absents himself from

every possible state occasion. If it is known that he is going to any particular place, and the people try to see him, he contrives to go at an unusual hour. In short, his object seems to be to divide himself as completely as possible from the hearts of his subjects.

His mode of life is most peculiar. Whether in Munich, or in the country, he sits up far into the night, with the rooms brilliantly lighted, and, as far as possible, an effect of daytime given. During these hours, when all the world



Royal Palace, Bavaria.

is supposed to be sleeping, he occupies himself in various ways precisely as if it were daylight. Towards daybreak, and often after, he retires to bed, sleeping most of the day, or, at least, reclining in bed.

Attached to his bed is a curious reading-desk, so contrived, that, by pressing a spring, the volume is let up or down, the leaves turned, the book closed, etc.

His meals are served to him alone: but he frequently has covers

laid for seven people, — guests who exist only in his own fancy ; but the servants are obliged to serve each plate with a portion of every course, while the king presides solemnly over the very ghostly banquet. When he is in one of his castles, his meals are all served on a table, which is, by a special contrivance, sent up through a trap-door, so that no one appears during the meal.

He is very fond of surrounding himself with the costumes and furniture of different periods, and, in his country-houses, insists upon having different centuries represented. Sometimes all the servants and gentlemen of his *suite* are obliged to dress in the style of the sixteenth or eighteenth centuries ; again, in that of the ninth or tenth. The king is perfectly grave and self-possessed while these theatrical figures move about him.

Seclusion is so much his object, that he now refuses to see his ministers of state, unless it is absolutely unavoidable. On any ordinary occasion, they are obliged to converse with him behind a wire-netting, through which any documents are handed to his solemn Majesty. He insists upon the most rigid etiquette being observed in his presence ; and even his own cousins are not permitted to seat themselves in his presence, unless as a very special favor. Very rarely, indeed, are they allowed to visit him ; and he is scarcely on speaking-terms with his mother, although her residence almost adjoins his.

Wagner's music is his delight : but he has often a special performance of the opera for himself alone ; although it is a desperate work for the singers to perform to the rows of dark, empty stalls, in spite of their one visitor being the king himself !

Sometimes he has music at his winter palace ; but then, it is a most curious entertainment. In the top of the building he has caused to be placed a huge tank of water, surrounded by an artificial shore, with tropical plants, rocks, etc., — every thing to suggest its being a genuine lake. On this he has a boat in which he rows himself about, fancying he is in the midst of summer verdure, and on natural waters. A gauze network separates the lake from a sort of corridor, to which he invites the principal opera-singers. There they stand, singing for his Majesty, while he rows around the lake, now and then pausing to give some direction about the music.

One of the principal singers in Munich is a young lady, very full of fun and the spirit of adventure. One day it occurred to her to create a diversion, and shake the king's equilibrium, by falling into the water. Accordingly, with a well-acted little scream of horror, in she splashed.

The king looked for an instant : then, pulling his boat up to the shore, he rang a bell. A servant instantly appeared, whereupon his Majesty, saying, "You may take her out," rowed on calmly, without offering another remark ; and Mademoiselle A — was conducted, shivering and wet, to her carriage.

Some of his friendships have been most enthusiastic, but have come to the most abrupt terminations. One friend, for whom he professed the greatest admiration, was thrown aside because, while reading aloud to the king one day, and feeling tired, he ventured to lounge over the back of a chair. A young and pretty German princess, about whom the court entertained high hopes at one time, lost favor because she refused to admire "*Rienzi*," one of Wagner's operas ; and he quarrelled with one of his most charming cousins over a small, and said to be ugly, miniature he happened to admire.

His friendship for Wagner has been most solid and lasting ; but the people of Munich are very hostile to the composer, however much they may like his music. They believe he encourages the king in eccentricity ; and several times, during visits to Munich, Wagner has been mobbed.

"Surely," I hear any well-balanced young reader say, "surely this king is a madman !" Well, not long ago his own people began to say the same thing ; and it reached the king's ears.

"Mad !" he exclaimed. "Do they think, because they never see me, I am mad ?" Accordingly, he ordered his open carriage, with outriders and all possible pomp, and drove from one end of Munich to another, in and out of every street, however obscure.

"Now," he remarked to a friend, "ask them if I look mad. But," he added, "*if I am, it's nobody's business!*"

II.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

LOOKING out of my window, I can see a large yellow stone building, scarcely to be called a palace, yet certainly more imposing than an ordinary town-mansion. It is four stories high, and has heavy windows on each side of a stone-paved carriage-entrance. To the right, looking in this doorway, one can see a flight of steps leading into the house ; to the left, glass doors swing open on a similar staircase ; be-

yond is a wide, sunny court, in which servants are constantly to be seen running hither and thither.

Sometimes a footman, in pale blue livery, stands at the foot of the staircase. Every day a very striking figure appears in the doorway. This is an official, wearing a cocked hat, and a long blue cloth coat elaborately trimmed with fur and silver, who carries a huge silver rod which glitters in the sun. There are two soldiers stationed at each side of the doorway in sentry-boxes, who look at the magnificently dressed official from time to time, as if waiting to detect in his expression some command.

A little American girl, who walked past the house one day, was most curious to know who the man in the furs and silver was, — why he stood so long in the door. So she waited to see what would happen. It was a fine day in early spring: the sun was shining, and the pigeons gathering in swarms on the eaves of the old yellow stone house.

Presently an open carriage turned the corner. In it sat a plump, sweet-faced lady of about thirty, and two little girls, — pretty children, — who had their dolls beside them. A tall, fine-looking gentleman rode by them on a black horse. Instantly the sentinels presented arms. The man in the cocked hat stood very upright, bowing as the carriage and the rider passed in; while everybody standing about bowed, the lady and gentleman and the little girls returning the salutations, right and left.

When the party had disappeared behind the glass doors, and the servants had driven the horses into the court-yard, the man at the door vanished also. His duty for the hour was over; for he had been waiting, according to Bavarian etiquette, for the return of his master and mistress, who are Prince Ludwig and his lovely wife, Princess Maria Therese.

Prince Ludwig is the king's cousin, and, in the event of the king dying childless, will succeed to the throne.

This prince is one of the most popular members of the Bavarian royal family. While the king is never seen, and never interests himself in his public, Prince Ludwig is constantly among the people. One meets him nearly every fine Sunday, walking in one of the principal streets with his wife on his arm, and sometimes one or two of their children with them. They go about in this way with perfect simplicity, the only attention exacted from passers-by being a civil bow, which they always return; although frequently gentlemen who are passing move back, bowing until the royal couple have gone by.

The prince is a plain, clever-looking man, with a light beard, near-sighted eyes, and a most kindly smile. His wife is handsome, and very genial-looking; and their children have the most brilliant complexions, and beautiful eyes and hair.



The Royal Family of Bavaria.

These little royalties are most carefully educated, for Princess Maria Therese is known to be one of the most sensible mothers in Europe. They study hard, learning to cook, to sew, and even to do housework; and, of course, their accomplishments are varied. In winter they reside in the town-house which I have described, going freely about

Munich; if walking, attended by a governess and a man-servant; if driving, with their mother, and always ready to look up politely, and nod to the people who salute them in the public streets.

In summer they live chiefly in the Tyrol, — sometimes at a beautiful villa on Lake Constance. There they continue their studies, but their home-life is even freer than in Munich. The princess superintends their education very strictly, spending hours in their schoolroom or nursery, and, in spite of much necessary formality, engaging their instructors and nurses, and directing such herself. A moderate sum is allowed them for pocket-money, but this is only to be spent judiciously; and I am told that the little princesses enjoy the free expenditure of twenty-five cents quite as much as, if not more than, would any small person, under ten, on Beacon Street or Madison Avenue.

Up to a certain age, the Bavarian princesses are entirely subject to their governesses, who are not allowed to treat them as if their rank were royal. In going or coming, leaving the house, a church, shop, etc., the governess takes the lead, the prince or princess following her as any ordinary child would an older person; and they are obliged to treat their little guests with similar deference.

Not long ago one of the princesses invited a young friend of mine to drive. The carriage was waiting; and, on the governess leading the way to it, the princess jumped in first, and took the front seat. The governess stood still, and calmly ordered her royal pupil to get out again. This was done with rather a bad grace, and her little highness murmured something to the effect that she did not see why Mademoiselle Von B—— should go in ahead of her. The governess thereupon insisted upon her pupil's waiting until every one was seated, and then allowed her to get in unaided, and take the back seat, a discipline which her mother strongly commended on their return to the palace.

Sometimes, however, etiquette interferes with their amusements. Once, at Lake Constance, when one of the princesses wished to give a picnic-party, it was found that not above half a dozen children of sufficient rank for so *impromptu* an affair could be found. And, on another equally sudden occasion, the little guests could not assemble because etiquette demanded a special kind of dress which there was no time to procure.

A very charming member of the Bavarian royal family is the Princess Gisela. She was the very young bride whose arrival in Munich created such a sensation a few years ago. She is the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and was married to Prince Leopold of Bavaria

when she was little more than fifteen. Being of a very gay, vivacious disposition, loving school-girlish "fun" as well as social amusements, you can imagine that her appearance in the dreariest of foreign courts caused no little flutter; and Princess Gisela has never lost her brilliancy and gay good-humor. If court-life were what she would make it, Munich would be a very changed place. She is not only known for her liveliness of manner, but for an extraordinary sweet temper, and for being the wisest of little mothers, and one of the best of wives. It is pretty to see her with her tiny children, herself little more than a girl, and yet watching them with all the fond solicitude of middle age. She has no claims to positive beauty; but her face is radiant when she speaks, and at all times has a charm of its own, — a piquant sort of loveliness, which is often more attractive than regularity of feature.

This princess is a particular favorite with the gentle-looking lady whom we see very often, and who is known as the "Queen Mother." King Ludwig has never married, so that his father's widow receives every consideration as the Queen of Bavaria. She leads a quiet, peaceful life. When she is in Munich, she lives in the big yellow palace in the centre of the town, part of which is constantly shown the public. She receives visitors, and makes calls herself, from time to time.

The other day her state-carriage created quite a sensation in a small street through which we were passing. She was going to make a call upon some one who lived there; and the big carriage, with footmen swinging behind, and two men on the heavily draped box, rattled up to the door; while several by-standers whispered among themselves, "The Heaven be praised, — the queen!"

The footmen jumped down, and unfolded the steps of the carriage, whereupon a very quiet-looking little lady, in a long black velvet *pelisse*, and close-fitting black velvet bonnet, descended, and, bowing to the people on either side, passed into the house, followed by her lady-in-waiting and two footmen.

The duty of the latter was to wait outside the inner door until the queen re-appeared, when they would follow her down-stairs again.

When she walks about, it is with very little ceremony. Her lady-in-waiting accompanies her, and she is followed by two footmen. As she passes through the streets, it is customary for people to stand aside, — gentlemen lifting their hats, and ladies bowing, as she goes by.

Only once did I see the queen appear with any splendor. The

day was very fine, brilliantly so, indeed ; and we went down to one of the public squares to hear the military band play. Every day at one o'clock a detachment of soldiers marches through certain streets of the town, halting before the old palace, where a double line of soldiers are drawn up, who present arms, and go through a very effective bit of drill, the commanding-officers riding up and down in their shining uniforms, — blue and white, with silver lace, and splendid helmets and plumes. This over, the band take their places on the portico of a large building, where they play for an hour, while half of Munich walks about listening.

The drill was over : the band was crashing away at the march from "Tannhäuser," when there came riding down the street a soldier on a fine horse, whom we knew preceded the queen on a state occasion ; and then followed her glass chariot, — a most curious affair, nearly all of glass, — within which she was plainly to be seen, bowing right and left, returning the salutations of the crowd. The chariot was drawn by four horses, on two of which were postilions, who loudly cracked their whips, while one man blew a horn.

As we walked away, rather dazzled by this shining spectacle, I remembered how very like a prince in a fairy tale the King of Bavaria used to seem in his boyish days, — and had not this little lady driven by with all the air of a magical godmother !

END OF PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

By ARCHIBALD FORBES.

I WAS first introduced to Prince Louis — or, as we in England still continued to call him, the Prince Imperial — at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund in London in the year 1877.

He had made an excellent speech, and had met with a most enthusiastic reception. He was a young man of very bright parts, and, in spite of obvious disadvantages, had distinguished himself not a little in his studies at our Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, which he attended as an artillery cadet. His two closest comrades there were Slade and Bigge, both of whom were afterward in service with him in Zululand.

Among those who looked below the surface, there was never any doubt, and subsequent revelations have established the fact, that Prince Louis volunteered to see fighting with the British troops in Zululand, in order that, by gaining reputation for bravery in field-service there, he might add personal *prestige* to his pretensions to the throne of France. It was, then, something worse than a mistake on the part of the British authorities, or, rather, on the part of the great people of the British Court, actively to aid an adventure, the covert purpose of which was to further the subversion of the settled order of things, in a country to which Britain stood in the attitude of a friendly ally.

Never of a strong constitution, Prince Louis was prostrated by fever within a few days of his landing in South Africa. He insisted on going under canvas, with a battery of artillery, the officers of which were old friends of his, and which was encamped at Cato's Manor, just outside Port Durban. A few days of this work knocked him over; and he had to go and be nursed in the house of a hospitable resident of Durban, whose wife attended on the sick prince as if he had been her own son.

When he recovered, Lord Chelmsford, who commanded in South Africa, attached him to his personal staff in the capacity of honorary *aide-de-camp*; and he accompanied his lordship to the Zululand frontier, prior to the recommencement of active operations in May, 1879.

I met the prince very often during the weary time when the two columns of the invading force were lingering at Landman's Drift and Kambula, waiting for the full equipment that was to enable them to commence their march of invasion. He had become informally attached to the department of the quartermaster-general, Col. Harrison; and he was eager for employment on every *reconnaissance* made into the hostile territory. He was singularly modest. When, at a camp-dinner, the place of honor would be tendered him, he invariably declined with firmness, but courtesy, protesting that he was "too junior."

For obvious reasons, I had never made any reference in conversation with him to the Franco-German war, that had wrecked his dynasty; but one day he voluntarily introduced the topic, and told me a number of personal anecdotes concerning that stirring period. When his father, himself, and the imperial *suite* were hurrying away from Metz, to escape the environment that subsequently befell Bazaine's army, they got jammed in a block of troops and vehicles on the *chaussée* leading to Gravelotte. There came a panic, and the imperial party seemed hopelessly blocked in. But Prince Louis, in his rides during his stay in Metz, had made himself acquainted with all the by-tracks. One of these, a vineyard path, opened close to where the party was blocked. Riding into it, with the exclamation, "Follow me, papa!" the boy of fourteen guided the whole cavalcade out of the press, and led it by a wide but safe circuit through the vineyards to the house in Gravelotte, where the halt for the night was arranged.

In one of the early *reconnaissances* into Zululand, he had exposed himself with great recklessness, galloping headlong and alone into a broken rocky country after some Zulus who had shown themselves; and, on hearing of this, Lord Chelmsford gave orders that he should go on no expedition without his sanction.

In the same *reconnaissance*, he was so bent on roughing it, that he had brought no blanket. The nights were very cold; and when, in *bivouac*, the sager troops lay snug under their blankets, he tramped about to keep himself warm, singing meanwhile the French camp-song of "Malbrook." At length, a rough trooper swore at him for "kicking up that infernal row," and offered him half his blanket if he would only lie down, and go to sleep.

"The youngster is as keen as mustard," was the approving comment of the old soldiers

At length the march of invasion began. The column which Lord Chelmsford and the prince accompanied, lay encamped, on the morning of the 1st of June, at a spot called Koppie Allein, on the bank of the Blood River, the boundary between the Transvaal and Zululand. It was to march that day forward some seven miles to another encamping-ground, called Itelezi Hill. Already the ground, some distance in advance, had been carefully scouted over, and found to be clear of Zulus. A site for the halt next succeeding that at Itelezi Hill had been chosen about ten miles forward from the latter camp, on level ground close to the Ityotyosi River.

The prince had for three days been hard at desk-work, which he abhorred; and he asked Col. Harrison to let him go forward to the Ityotyosi River, and plan the disposition of the camp to be formed there. There seemed no risk, and Harrison consented without consulting Lord Chelmsford. Lieut. Carey asked and got permission to accompany the prince, to perfect a sketch, which he had already made, of the tracks leading to the Ityotyosi camping-ground.

I was living with the general commanding the cavalry; and I remember, as if it were but yesterday, Carey coming to Capt. Stewart, the cavalry brigade major, for an escort. He asked and got authorization for six white irregulars, and an equal number of Basutos, — black troopers who were admirable scouts, and who can smell a Zulu a mile away. Such an escort was adequate for any such service, and would have been considered ample for the commander-in-chief himself. Carey took the orders, and said that he would pick up the detachments as he passed through the respective camps. Then he rode away.

He was in a hurry; and so he took with him, as he rode on to catch up with the prince, only the six white irregular troopers. The Basutos required a little time to get ready; so he did not wait for them, but left instructions that they should ride forward, and overtake him, indicating the route he was to take. By an unfortunate mistake, his instructions were misunderstood; and the black fellows, an hour after Carey had gone, paraded in front of the cavalry headquarters.

They were ordered off at once to overtake Carey; but they did not succeed in striking his track, and, giving up the hunt, returned into camp. Had the Basuto escort been with the prince, in all human probability he would have been alive to-day.

That same night, as we were at dinner about seven, in Gen. Mar-

shall's tent, a scared face looked in through the tent-door. It was Harrison, who, with a broken, agitated voice, exclaimed, "My God! the Prince Imperial is killed!" The ill news was too true. Carey and four of the irregulars had brought back the wretched tidings. The prince, two troopers, and a black interpreter, who had been with the party, had been left on the field.

Next morning Gen. Marshall took out the cavalry brigade to reconnoitre the ground, and bring in the bodies; for, from the first, there was no hope that any of the abandoned men were alive. Carey accompanied the party, as did the four troopers that had been of the escort. Carey was not under arrest, and seemed nowise oppressed by the gravity of his position.

We found the poor lad's body in a grassy hollow, about two hundred yards distant from the kraal at which, on remounting after a short rest, the party had been surprised by the Zulus. He was stripped stark naked, one eye gouged out, his body literally covered with *assegai* stabs, and his left arm marked by countless cuts, as if he had held it raised in self-defence. The two troopers lay near, slain also by *assegai* wounds. On no corpse, either of the three human beings or of the two slain horses, was there any mark of bullet-wound. The interpreter's body was found a mile away. He had died game, after clear evidence of a desperate hand-to-hand combat.

A court of inquiry inculpated Carey, who was almost immediately brought to trial on a charge of "misbehavior in presence of the enemy." It is curious, that just as in the German army, there is no bugle-sound that means "retreat," so in the English military code, there is no specific mention of the crime of "cowardice."

I was present throughout the proceedings of the court-martial on Lieut. Carey, heard all the evidence and his defence, and will now attempt to give an impartial synopsis of the circumstances attending the prince's untimely death.

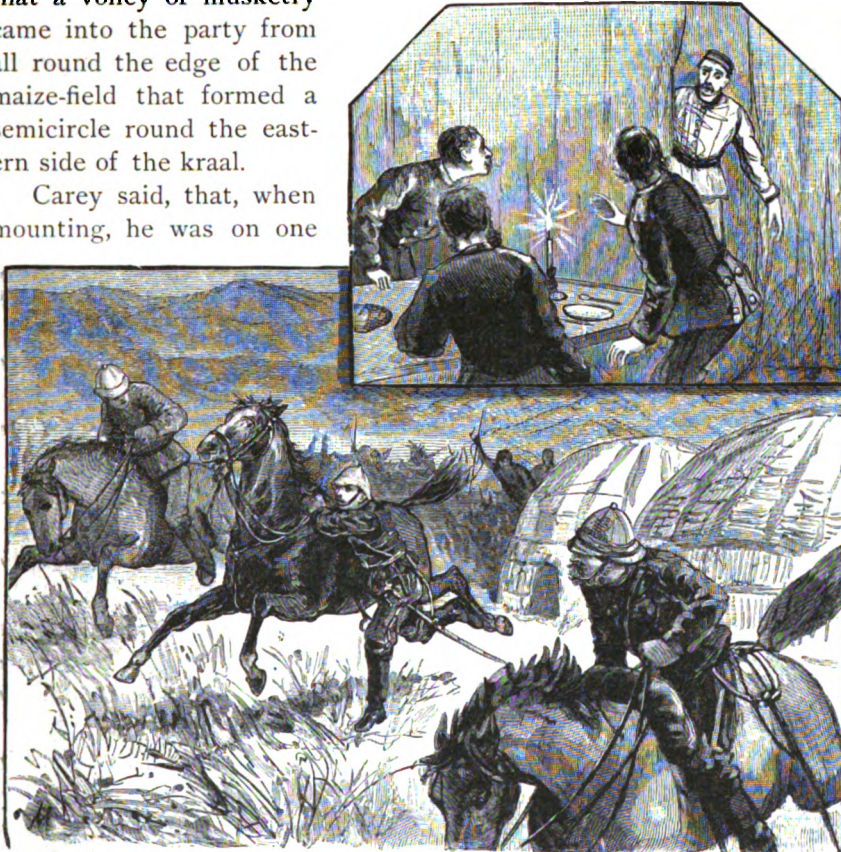
First, the ground must be cleared of one complication. Carey could not fairly be considered in command of the party. It was the prince's expedition. True, Carey was the only commissioned officer of the British army present, and obvious duties devolved upon him in that capacity; but the prince was understood to rank as honorary captain, and so was in nominal command, having Carey merely as his guide, philosopher, and friend.

After an hour's halt in the kraal by the Ityotyosi River, the horses being off-saddled, and pasturing around, and the hour being nearly four,

Carey suggested to the prince that it was time to move back to camp. The black interpreter had reported having seen a Zulu prowling about the river near by. The horses were caught and saddled, and the prince gave the word of command to mount.

Just as feet were in stirrups, all the survivors agreed in testifying that a volley of musketry came into the party from all round the edge of the maize-field that formed a semicircle round the eastern side of the kraal.

Carey said, that, when mounting, he was on one



Death of Prince Napoleon.

side of a hut, the prince on the other ; that he saw the latter spring to mount, and thought himself entitled to assume he was safe in the saddle, like himself. All the troopers concurred in asserting that Carey was the foremost fugitive, that he led the way at a gallop, without looking back over the two hundred yards of sward, across the ravine, or *donga*, and far up the rugged slope beyond.

Carey certainly could give no account of any thing that happened

behind him after he fled away, till one of the troopers overtook him on the high ground beyond the *donga*. Carey still wears the Queen's uniform, the technical grounds of his exculpation being that he was a scout, and, therefore, it was his duty to run, and not fight.

The prince never got mounted at all. His horse was restive, and he would not stand. He ran by the side of the beast, one hand holding the reins, and clutching the pommel, the other in the cantle of the saddle. One of the troopers, a Jersey man, passed him in this plight, shouting, as he passed, —

“*Dépêchez-vous, monsieur.*”

Presently he was seen, by a trooper who looked back, to let go his grip of the saddle, and fall backwards, the horse escaping at a headlong gallop. The trooper thought the prince was shot, but this was not so. The broad band of leather, linking the holsters, and crossing the pommel of the saddle, was what his right hand had been clutching as he strove to spring into the saddle. This had torn under the strain; and so the prince had lost his grip, and fallen backward. I inspected the rents next day, for the horse was brought into camp; and I found that the band which had given way was made, not of sound, stout leather, but of a wretched substance that seemed brown paper.

And so, in a sense, it was not the Zulus that killed Prince Louis, but the shoddy rascality of a firm of Woolwich saddlers.

After the poor lad, in losing his horse, had lost his last chance, he ran, before the Zulus overtook him, nearly two hundred yards, till he reached the little grassy ravine, or *donga*, where we found his body. One of the troopers saw him disappear into the hollow of the *donga* with the Zulus close at his heels. He never saw him emerge. He never did emerge till we carried him out feet foremost.

Had any man of the party waited for him in comparative safety in that *donga*, and taken him up behind him, there is a strong probability that he would have been saved. I have seen many far more risky enterprises crowned with success. But, when the prince was being *assegaid*, the man who might have covered himself with credit by a deed for the chance of which scores of men would burn, was flying *ventre à terre* with panic at his heart, and words of abjectness on his lips.

It remains to be said, that, after the most careful inspection, I could find, around the kraal, and all over the ground, no wad or cartridge, or any evidence of the use of fire-arms by the Zulus. The circumstance that no man or horse was touched by a bullet confirms my

deliberate belief that the attacking handful of Zulus were armed only with *assegais*, and that the story of a volley was an invention of Carey and the surviving troopers to palliate the disgrace of their common poltroonery.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LEIGH HUNT.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

IT is said there is a bird in the interior of Africa who indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found, by calling out to them with a cheerful cry. I always think of Leigh Hunt as the honey-indicator of literature, calling to us in his sweet, persuasive way, to come and help ourselves to the choicest morsel in English prose and poetry, the honeyed words of wit and wisdom, — “infinite riches in a little room.”

I do not wonder that Shelley called Hunt “one of those happy souls which are the salt of earth,” for his works reveal only the best thoughts in the best words. In one of his works, Hunt says his object in writing is “to make the utmost of this green and golden world, the smallest particle of whose surface we have not yet learned to turn to account.” There is nothing dark or desponding about him, and he is always insisting that there is an “angel in the house.”

It seems to be a sacred mission with him to preach everywhere in his books the power of *Love*. The words *Gladness* and *Hopefulness* are constantly recurring in his thought-illuminated pages. As I look through his gracious essays, I find such seasonable precepts as are rarely to be met with in modern books. The “charities that soothe and heal and bless” were familiar acts to him, and he never parleyed with doubt or fear.

His affections fertilized and blessed the hearts of all his readers. His idolatries were only tendered to what is pure and noble in art. You admire his enthusiasm because it is *wisely* bestowed. For instance, when he has once taught his reader to discriminate what is *true* in poetry, there never can be any further mistake in judgment. He is almost infallible as a guide to the student.

There never were greater felicities in diction than you will meet with in Leigh Hunt's refreshing books. I remember he somewhere calls a *piano* "a piece of furniture with a soul in it." (Think of this when your sister is playing one of Chopin's enchanting preludes to you, my young reader!)

He once called the ivory keys of a piano "a dancing and singing multitude." There was a potent charm and unexpected playfulness in every thing he wrote. Seeing a raindrop on a pane of glass, he called the minute globule "a visitor from the solitudes of time."

Speaking one day of the journal he was then editing, he said, "We hope we shall be thumbed horribly, and carried about in pockets like a love-letter, or other certificate of merit." His gems of thought were all of intrinsic value.

He was as personal an essayist as Montaigne, but never obtrusive nor offensive. He liked to be candid with his readers, and always treated them with open-heartedness and joyous cordiality. He was constantly advising his reader to be cheerful, and trying to impress this maxim, "that the great art is to cultivate impression of the pleasant sort, just as a man will raise wholesome plants in his garden, and not poisonous ones."

He begs us to put up pictures in our rooms, and flowers on the table, saying that the fashion of roses never changes like that of silks and velvets, and silver forks.

From his very boyhood he had acquired the alchemy of loving-kindness. In all his writings, there is not one passage sullied by temper, immodesty, or fractiousness. He has written on many subjects, and he has treated all of them from the pleasant altitudes of humanity.

It is delightful to see with what warmth the best of his contemporaries have spoken of him. Carlyle says, "He was a man of genius in the strictest sense of that word." Hawthorne, who met him at the table of Barry Cornwall, describes him as a beautiful old man, with one of the finest countenances he ever saw. It is painful to be still told that Dickens painted the character of Harold Skimpole after the character of Leigh Hunt. We have the fullest authority from Dickens himself to deny this ungenerous report.

Shelley, Keats, Macaulay, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Talfourd, Miss Mitford, and a host of other celebrated writers, have borne testimony to the sunshine of his genius and the purity of his character. His whole life was up to a very high standard. He did nothing low or

mean, — a beautiful poet and an essayist, touching nothing he did not brighten and adorn.

One of the most interesting books ever written is Leigh Hunt's biography of himself, — an autobiography almost unequalled. It is a book that ought to be read by all who wish to get authentic information of Hunt's contemporaries. It abounds in pen-portraits of many writers who have long ago passed into fame.

Leigh Hunt's poetry can be read over and over again. "The Story of Rimini" is full of the subtle spirit which characterized Chaucer and the earlier poets. "Abou ben Adhem" can never be forgotten. "The Feast of the Poets" has never been equalled in its way.

Leigh Hunt's prose-works are numerous. Every one of them is worthy to be studied and remembered. "The Indicator," "The Seer," "The Companion," "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," "A Book for a Corner," "The Religion of the Heart," are the titles of some of his most noted works. Every one should read "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," as edited by his oldest son. His Letters must always rank among the most brilliant of English epistles. In these days when so many young people are devouring flimsy and weakening novels, what a happy change it would be if some of the best of Leigh Hunt's writings could only come into fashion!

My own personal recollections of Leigh Hunt are vivid and unfading. I seem now to hear his gentle, caressing voice, and his exquisitely modulated sentences. As he sat in the twilight, and described Keats and Shelley to me, his face was flushed with fond and tearful memories. As he went on talking in his inimitable, finished, and charitable manner, I could not help recalling the motto at the head of his London journal, — "To Assist the Inquiring, Animate the Struggling, and Sympathize with *All*."

His mission seemed to be always to teach us "how to neutralize the disagreeable, and make the best of what is before us." His personal appearance was most engaging; his form erect and tall, bending only to express the most exquisite and spontaneous courtesy. Indeed, I never saw a human being more benignly attractive.

On the 28th of August, 1859, when lacking only two months of completing his seventy-fifth year, Leigh Hunt quietly fell asleep. He asked to be buried in Kensal-Green Cemetery, and his wish was obeyed. Although his hair was white as snow, his dark eye remained

full of sweet and tender recognition ; and his voice, to the last, was expressive of sympathy for all that was loftiest and best.

He was passionately fond of music, and almost his last words were in applause of an Italian song which his daughter was singing to him a few moments before he passed away.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

I.

I ALWAYS think of my old friend as the Priestess of Cheerfulness. Her laugh was musical, and her manner inspiring to that degree we all felt our circulation quickened while in her presence.

She used to say to me, if her life were to be gone over again, she would study medicine, and practise as a physician. And what a treasure in the sick-room she would have become! Her habitual sunny disposition and tender sympathy would have been of themselves full of healing-properties, and her touch would have been a sovereign remedy for aches and bruises.

Hers was a life of strange vicissitudes. When she was eleven years old, she was sent to a young girls' school in London, and went to her books of study in real earnest. As if French, Italian, history, geography, astronomy, music, singing, drawing, were not enough to employ her faculties, she thirsted for Latin, that she might read Virgil in the original. If I remember rightly, she told me, that, when she was fourteen or fifteen years old, she got the prizes for French, English, and Latin compositions at the old-fashioned London school.

Mary was always a precocious child, and was able to read when she was only three years old. When scarcely more than an infant, her father used to perch her on the table, and teach her to recite poetry. The ballads in Percy's "Reliques" were her delight, and, no doubt, attuned her mind to the harmony of verse, and gave her a bias towards the simple and natural in poetry.

Mary was a great reader, even in her early childhood. When scarcely in her teens, she kept a journal of the books she was reading

at that period; and I find fifty-five volumes set down as the number of miscellaneous works she had perused in thirty-one days. She literally devoured whatever came in her way that was worth reading.

When still only a young lady, she became a writer herself. Having the faculty of admiration for what is best in character and genius, a happy quality worth acquiring by all young persons, she used to write poems expressive of her feeling for the prominent poets and statesmen of the day. In 1810 she published a volume of miscellaneous poetry; and as the reviews were favorable, and the sale very fair, the young lady was content.

But her genuine and crowning literary success was "Our Village," a book of country-sketches; and that book will never cease to be read. Long ago it found its natural place among the books that *must* be read at least once in everybody's lifetime. The locality of "Our Village" is at "Three-Mile Cross," as it is called, near Reading in England; and I have many times ridden with the dear old lady, in her little pony-chaise, miles and miles round about that charming country. As we used to go quietly along the lovely roads, she would point out the scene of this or that story, as she had written it out in her beautiful pages. Her voice was one of the most magnetic I ever heard; and, when she repeated poetry, her tones were far above singing. On such occasions, when the poems she repeated were specially dear to her, I used to think, during the recitation, of the delicious music in the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

She was greatly interested in Longfellow's and Holmes's poems, and knew many of them by heart. Whittier was also a great favorite; and his earlier ballads, especially that of "Cassandra Southwick," were constantly in her memory for highest praise. She was greatly delighted with Hawthorne's books, and he was one of her choicest heroes in literature to the last.

Flowers and dogs were her pets. Over a bunch of geraniums she would discourse eloquent thoughts, and I have heard her say the drollest things to her canine favorites. She never could be quite happy without the company of at least one or two handsome dogs. She loved horses, too, and knew their points accurately.

She died in 1855, at the age of sixty-eight, worn out with constant hard work begun at too early an age for continued sound health. For years she nursed her mother and father through repeated illnesses with unremitting care and affection. She told me she had scarcely known an unbroken night's rest after she became old enough to tend upon the

sick-bed of her dear parents. Intense repose and peace were on her dead features, as if, at last, she was really taking a rest her anxious, watchful life had never known.

II.

FROM MISS MITFORD'S LETTERS.

"I AM in pain about this squabble with America.' If it comes to fighting, it would seem to me like a civil war. Dear Mr. Fields says that the Americans are much amused with Daniel Webster's fish ebullition, on account of his known passion for fish in every way, — for catching, cooking, and eating it. To have partaken of one of Daniel Webster's fish-chowders at Marshfield forms an epoch in an American's life. I had three friends here, each of whom at different times had enjoyed that honor. It is a sort of soup, composed of cod and other materials; and the great statesman leaves whatever guests he may have, to compose it with his own hands. Dear Mr. Fields says, that, if it comes to a war, he will side with England, as becomes a man who has eaten, half a score of times, whitebait at Blackwall. I must tell you a conversation he had with Carlyle at some great dinner (you know what a blusterer Carlyle is).

"So, sir, ye're an American?' quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman.

"Mr. Fields assented.

"Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain! It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours, — George' — (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington George before?) — 'your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs.'

"Really, Mr. Carlyle,' replied my friend, 'you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell, without his personal ambition, and without his fanaticism?'

"Eh, sir!' responded Carlyle, 'George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun, — George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out!'

"I wish you had heard Mr. Fields tell this story. I have known many brilliant talkers, but never any one that approached him. It is the triumph of meekness and animal spirits without noise or abrupt-

¹ Fishery dispute in 1852.

ness, — full of enjoyment, and perfectly unconscious. His conversation is for your pleasure and his own, without an idea of display. Another thing in Carlyle displeased him far more. Every one knows that Emerson makes him a perfect idol; and it was thought, that, if Carlyle cared for any one in the world, it was for Emerson. I have heard it said of them, they are not only like brothers, but like twin-brothers. Well, remember that Emerson and Hawthorne both live at Concord, and you will appreciate the kindness of Mr. Carlyle's speech.

“‘Isna there a place called Concord near ye? What like is it?’

“‘A pretty little New-England town,’ was Mr. Fields's answer, ‘of no political importance, but lively and pleasant as a residence.’

“‘Pretty? Lively? Ye ken I had fancied it to be a dull, dreary place, wi' a drowsy river making believe to creep through it, slow and muddy and stagnant, like the folk that inhabit it.’

“So much for Mr. Carlyle, who has had the double misfortune of writing according to the humor — that is, the ill-humor — of the moment, without the slightest regard to consistency and truth, and to be surrounded by none but admirers, or listeners borne down by mere noise. In England, his fashion is waning rapidly; and I have no doubt but that, like most overrated men, he will live to share the common fate of idols, knocked down by his former worshippers in revenge of their own idolatry.

“Mr. Fields is coming back in the spring, thank God! and means to bring Mr. Hawthorne with him. He wants him to write a romance on Sefton Court, with which he has been more struck than any other thing he has seen in England. He also hopes to bring Dr. Holmes, my pet of pets.

“Did I tell you that my beloved friend Mr. Fields, the American publisher, had collected seven volumes of Mr. De Quincey's books, dispersed over different magazines, and published them at Boston, and that, the last thing before sailing, he took down to him the author's profits on a sale of three thousand copies? Now, this was the more noble and generous because, to three letters from Boston conveying this offer, Mr. De Quincey had sent no answer whatever; and, even when this admirable edition was published, Miss De Quincey only wrote. However, on his arrival, they were mutually charmed. Mr. Fields said that Mr. De Quincey was the most courtly gentleman he had seen in Europe.”

CHARLES LAMB.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

WHEN I was a small urchin, and heard grown-up people talking enthusiastically about "Lamb's Tales," I thought, as a matter of course, they were conversing about something to eat; for the subject of food is commonly uppermost in a boy's mind. I remember watching the woolly flocks in our neighborhood as they nibbled the grass, and wondering how people cooked those stumpy appendages.

But, as I grew older, I came to learn, that, although "Lamb's Tales" were not what I imagined them to be, they were far more nutritious, and eminently worthy of all the praise I had heard bestowed upon them.

It is well for us all to accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books. What precious time is thrown away in days like these, on the habitual perusal of works that ought never to have been written! Why should we go about to discover what is the newest publication, and what is the name of the writer of it, when, in all modern English literature, there is no name more fragrant than that of the author of "Elia's" essays?

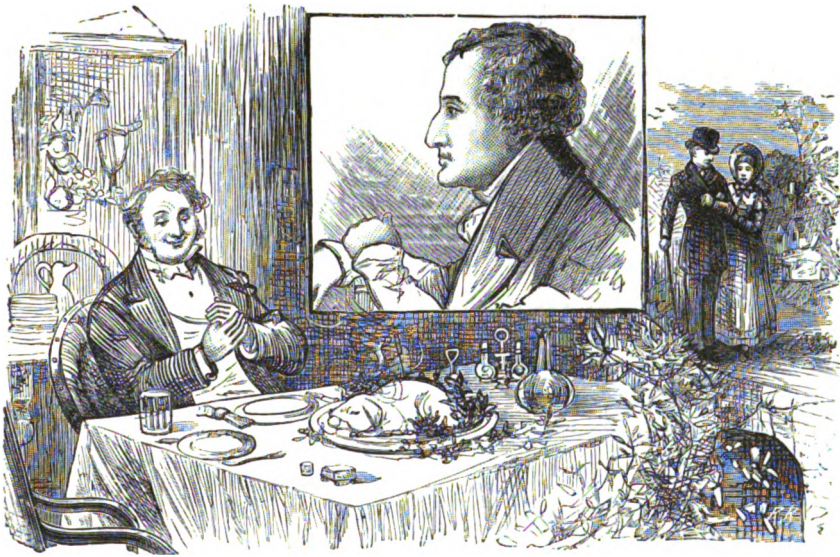
With a wit that was almost unrivalled, he had the indigenous faculties of courtesy, generosity, humanity, and benignity. Scarcely any modern essayist so feeds and fertilizes the mind as Charles Lamb; for he was endowed with that inexplicable power called charm, which holds the reader like a spell. He makes us love him, as we turn his pages, as few authors are ever enabled to do.

Much as he relished the elegancies and luxuries of life, he had a still higher relish for the luxury of goodness. All his impulses tended towards the poor and the silent. The very clay of which he was formed seemed to have a kind of brotherly religion in its composition; and, as Coleridge one day said of him, "All things are shadows to

Lamb, except those which move the affections. No power on earth can hurt the purity of his mind."

De Quincey says, that, after dinner, when they were together, Lamb and he always took a short nap in the afternoon, and that he, De Quincey, sometimes pretended to go to sleep first, that he might watch Lamb, looking like *an angel*, in his serene, unconscious slumber.

When Lord Brooke was about to die, he requested that it might be graven on his tomb that "Sir Philip Sidney was his friend," considering that statement to be fame enough for any man ; and just that



Charles Lamb.

feeling all who had enjoyed the friendship of Charles Lamb had about him. It was honor enough to have known him intimately.

Lamb was a poor man's son, a poor man himself, — bitterly poor for many a year of his toiling existence. On the records of Christ's Hospital in London, I once read this entry :—

"October 9, 1782. Charles Lamb, aged seven years. Son of John Lamb, Scrivener, and Elizabeth, his wife."

During eight years, Charles remained a scholar in that noble establishment. His bosom-friend among the boys was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, also a charity scholar in the same "foundation."

These lads are described — the one twelve years old, and the elder

(Coleridge) two years his senior — strolling up and down the cloisters ; and he they call "The Inspired Charity Boy," young Sam, is reciting Pindar in Greek to his companion, and commenting freely, in his sweet intonations, on the ancient bard. Lamb is entranced in admiration of Coleridge's learning, and worships him as the god of his young idolatry. Both pupils are above their years in knowledge, far higher up in learning than any of their contemporaries at the school ; and a brace of loving friends they remain all their lives.

At the age of fifteen, Lamb took up his pen as an accountant, to earn his own living, and help support the old mother and father, and delicate sister, at home. Would you mind lifting the latch with me, and looking in upon this humble family, as they sit around the table in their modest lodgings at No. 7 Little Queen Street, in Holborn ?

It is the year 1796, and the kind old father is rapidly sinking into dotage. The good mother has lost the use of her limbs, poor soul ! and infirmities are increasing upon her. Mary, the sister, is her daily and nightly attendant, and takes in needlework, that she may add her mite to their slender resources.

There they sit, — father, mother, sister, and brother, — by candle-light, Charles amusing the old gentleman by playing cribbage with him, tired though the poor lad may be, and ready to drop with hard work at the office. Their income, all told, is one hundred and eighty pounds a year ; and Charles, at that time writing to his young friend, Coleridge, says, "If we can't all live comfortably on this sum, we ought to roast by slow fires."

Soon a great tragedy befalls this family ; and Lamb, at the age of twenty-one, finds himself desolate with grief, and almost in despair. Rallying from the blow, he sets himself resolutely to work again, and soon becomes a writer for the principal magazine of that day, month after month inditing those exquisite "Elia" papers, which have given him perpetuity in fame.

Tom Hood said of Lamb's face, "It was no common countenance, — none of those willow-pattern ones, which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries, — but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, — one to the set, unique, antique, quaint."

And of this precise individuality were Lamb's writings. They stand quite by themselves, and belong to none of the so-called "schools." He gathered manna in the most unpromising wildernesses, and seemingly barren rocks had moisture in them for his purposes.

Byron used to be called the spoiled child of fortune. Lamb might

be denominated the unspoiled child of misfortune, for poverty and disease were not infrequently his close companions. But how uncomplainingly he always speaks of his ailments! One day he wrote to his friend, Bernard Barton, "I have only cough and cramp upon me now, and we sleep three in a bed." He was never conceited or petulant, but always gentle, loving, and generous.

I cannot too strongly recommend young people to make acquaintance with the writings of Charles Lamb. Every thing published connected with his name is valuable. His letters are models, and rank with the best specimens of epistolary literature in the language.

The "Tales from Shakspeare," by Charles and his sister Mary, are delightful helps to a better understanding of the plays,—the best, in fact, ever prepared for youthful readers. Macaulay used to read them over and over with fresh enthusiasm.

The juvenile works by Lamb and his sister are admirable, and will not stuff the head, and starve the heart, like much that is written nowadays for young people. Lamb's poems are full of pure sentiment, expressed sometimes in a very quaint and original manner. Some of his verses once learned can never be obliterated from the memory. In such pieces as "Angel Help," "Herbert," and "The Christening," we recognize a master's hand,—not a *great* master in verse, but a very devout and skilful one. He had that priceless quality of intellect, a capacity for veneration, which is always indicative of superior intelligence.

Lamb's sympathies through life were with the humblest first. He liked chimney-sweeps, especially the *young* ones, whom he called "innocent blacknesses." He said the little fellows preached a lesson of patience to mankind from their narrow pulpits (the tops of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning.

A lonely, childless man himself, he dearly loved little children. He could not bear to think of them as being trundled off to bed alone at eight o'clock in the dark, and he pleads from his heart to have the candle left a-burning until poor nervous Tom and Alice drop fast asleep in their downy cribs.

Homely dwellings and plain hospitality were the magnets that drew him oftenest. Old books, old chairs, old tables, old china, old companions, he loved most to see about him. He used to say, with Shakspeare, "The heavens themselves are *old*!"

His jests are rememberable, oftentimes for their wisdom, as well as their fun; as when somebody was discoursing to him one day of

the three acids, and he said, "You have not mentioned the best one, — assid-uity." He said one day of a lady, "She is not an intellectual woman : she is only *tinted* with intellect." They were speaking once at Proctor's of a person who had gone wrong ; and a lady present said, with much feeling, —

"Oh ! where was his guardian angel ?"

"Maybe, marm," returned Lamb, "he tired him out."

Lamb's lifelong devotion to his poor insane sister Mary is one of the most beautiful traits in the annals of affectionate care. His interest in early life had been strongly drawn towards a sweet young girl every way worthy of his attachment ; but he smothered the feeling in his breast, and resolved that no earthly tie should ever be permanently formed that might interpose a divided duty between him and his unfortunate sister. And so he put aside all thought of happiness in marriage, and lived solely to protect and cherish the stricken woman by his side.

Wordsworth, in his most tender and pathetic lines, written after the death of Lamb, says, —

"Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived !"

And Barry Cornwall, who loved Charles Lamb with undying affection, tells us that "Elia" never "gave pain to a human being, and his genius yielded nothing but instruction and delight."

Should chance ever lead any of my readers, when in England, to visit Edmonton, in Middlesex, they will find the resting-place of Charles and Mary in the churchyard there. The brother and sister are lying in the same grave, and a tall upright stone indicates the hallowed spot.

"Still are they faithful : like two vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore."

THOMAS HOOD.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

I SUPPOSE everybody calls this author Tom Hood because everybody regards him with a kind of affection, just as we lovingly handle our brothers and cousins and school-fellows as Bill and Ned and Dick, and never loftily call them William, Edward, and Richard.

Let us be grateful to those beneficent authors who, in their works, have taught us to be cheerful,—men who have written “Pickwick Papers,” and “Punch Papers,” and “Sparrowgrass Papers,” and all other kinds of papers, to make us laugh and be happy together. Milton was a serious man for the most part ; but even Puritan John, coming to himself, sang out lustily, —

“Mirth, admit me of thy crew,—

.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles.

.

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.”

“To every thing there is a season,” says the best of books ; and I am very glad a time to laugh is especially enumerated among those seasons.

But there is a kind of humor abroad in the world which is to be avoided everywhere. *Indelicacy* is never funny. *Vulgarity* is always out of place. The man who implants in my memory a coarse story, or a broad jest, does me an injury for life, and is forever odious in my recollection. I thank no one for trying to make me laugh at the expense of decency. Who would not like to go out of the world as

Hood did, feeling sure that he had never given pain to any one's sense of refinement, but that he had added smiles, not tears, to human life?

Hood's unsullied pages are as nutritious and comforting as they are amusing. When you have a rebellious tooth, or a wicked headache, or an extra screw of rheumatism, or a stab in the back by a false friend, overhaul your Tom Hood, and, my word for it, you will feel better for the operation. One day I heard this order given from a sick-bed, "Bring a bowl of gruel and the second volume of 'Hood's Own ;' and it sounded most sensible and encouraging. I once asked a friend, who had long and dangerous illnesses, what he took when the spasms were severest ; and he replied, "'Pickwick Papers' and 'Pagsley Papers' mixed."

Blessings, I say, on all who have contributed to the harmless laughter and simple amusement of mankind ; who have aided and abetted in the cause of human love and charity,—the "week-day preachers," as Thackeray calls them, who have done what they could to help a universal good will to man. How to make people happier is one of the noblest employments of man or woman kind ; how to be generous and forgiving to frailty ; how to be helpful to the poor ; how to encourage the weak and the suffering ; how to be neighborly and considerate towards young persons, and very tenderly disposed towards the feelings of little children, who have a difficult time of it, poor things ! for lack of sympathy, and are shovelled off to bed at eight o'clock, while everybody else is having a good time down-stairs. Now, all these amenities of life Tom Hood came on a special mission to teach us in his cheerful pages. He was a wit, a humorist, a satirist, but never a buffoon. Great artists in fun, like Shakspeare and Dickens and Hood, are always masters of the revels, but are never mastered by them.

The year Campbell published his "Pleasures of Hope" (1799) was the year Hood was born. As soon as little Tom was old enough, he was apprenticed to an engraver ; for he had a knack at drawing, even in those early days : and this accomplishment served him well in his after-pursuits. It is said that the famous Hogarth could sketch a likeness on his thumb-nail when occasion required, and Hood had the same facility from boyhood. It is a great addition to any one's life to know how to draw, and it is something that can be readily learned in youth. Nothing is more useful to a traveller than the power to sketch the countries he is passing through ; and Hood and Thackeray held a ready pencil, which they employed to great advantage all their lives long.

During Hood's boyhood, he was the support of his mother, and worked steadily to keep her comfortable. Everybody who knew little Tom in those days loved him, he was so full of fun and unselfishness. When he was fifteen years old, he fell into ill-health from overwork, and was taken to Dundee for change of air, which air he did not enjoy; for, writing home some descriptive verses of Dundee, he says, —

“It abounds so in smells, that a stranger supposes
The people are very deficient in noses.”

When he was twenty years old, he laid down the graver, and took up the pen for a permanent instrument. He soon got employment as associate editor on the staff of the “London Magazine,” and his cleverness attracted the immediate attention of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. Henceforward he became an author for life, and gained his daily bread by literature. Although he indulged habitually in comic writing, he always dressed in full black, and commonly passed for a clergyman. His marriage was a very happy one; but he could not resist playing off all sorts of pranks on his good-natured wife, who took every thing in good part, like a sensible woman as she was.

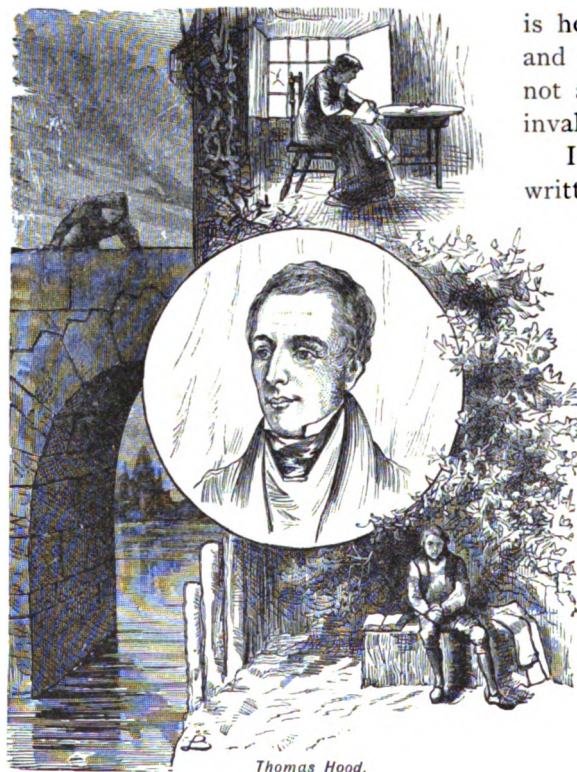
Ill-health followed poor Hood through his whole career. Long-fellow, who called to see him one day in 1843, with Dickens, described the poet to me as a small, thin man, looking very pale and worn, not saying much himself, but listening to Dickens with evident affection and interest. A perfectly well day Hood never experienced for twenty-five years; but his good spirits never deserted him, and his most humorous productions were composed when disease was preying most severely upon him. When the doctor told him that many of his pains came from the fact, that, anatomically, his heart was placed lower down than is usual, he replied, “The more need for me to keep it up, then.”

One day he said to his wife, “Never let us meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains.” His energy and good spirits triumphed always over all oppositions to health and personal comfort. His famous poem of “Miss Kilmansegg” was written under the most adverse circumstances, when he was suffering from weakness occasioned by loss of blood, and when he was kept alive only by the doctor's utmost skill. When the house was quiet, and everybody else had gone to bed, that was his time for writing. The family used to hear him laughing to himself as he jotted down his whimsical fancies; and some of his most elaborate works were prepared in this way, as he sat or reclined on the sofa alone past midnight.

Even in summer his blood was so low sometimes that he shivered as if it were the dead of winter. "My hands are so cold," he writes to Dr. Elliot, "that I sit up, like Sir Roger de Coverley's literary ancestor, and write sonnets with my gloves on." Poor Hood! He overheard his two children disputing about himself one day. "Papa's a literary man," said Fanny. "He's not," replied her brother. "I

know what he is." — "What is he, then?" cried Fanny; and the boy replied, "He's not a literary man: he's an invalid."

In one of his prefaces, written after a long and severe illness, Hood tells his readers, "As to my health, which is the weather of the body, it hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present; but it may clear up by and by. Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit." His fortitude and fun under trouble never deserted him. He never repined, or uttered a complaint.



Thomas Hood.

He was only forty-six years old when he died. A year before he passed away, he wrote to Dr. Elliot on his birthday, "I am forty-five; but I can't tell you how old I *feel*. I seem old enough to be your grandfather!" Poor sufferer! From his boyhood it had been a hand-to-hand fight between him and death, and the great conqueror cut him down at last. One day he said to some friends, that his condition would be irksome enough, but for the comfort and consolation he derived from the diversions of authorship, and the blessed springs of literature.

When they were getting up a subscription in London for his monu-

ment, some of the most distinguished names in England were prominent on the list ; but, to my thinking, those small sums that came up from the working-people of Manchester and Bristol and Preston, far outweighed the piles of guineas poured out by the great ones.

Some of those little packages, that were sent in from the working-districts, were marked, "From a few poor needle-women," "From seven dressmakers," "From twelve poor men in the coal-mines." The rich gave of their abundance to honor the wit ; the Englishman of genius, the great author ; but the poor women of Britain remembered who it was that sang the "Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs ;" and, down there in their dark dens of sorrow and poverty, they resolved to send up their mite, though coined out of heart's blood, for the good man's monument. They had heard all about their dying friend, who had been pleading their cause through so many years. They knew that he had been sending out from his sick-chamber lessons of charity and forbearance, reminding Wealth of Want, Feasting of Fasting, and Society of Solitude and Despair.

Hood's breath of life, so fitful for years, went out at last without a struggle or a sigh. The month of May was always an eventful one to him. He was born in May, married in May, and was laid to rest among the pink and white blossoms of May. Just as the service ended at his grave, his son noticed that a lark rose up from the spot, and went mounting and singing over the mourners' heads. Who shall say that the soul of the poet was not companioned thus up to the very gate of heaven ?

Hood was indeed a boon to the literature of this century ; for he had, not only the language of genius, but the genius of language as well. He was *facile princeps* in diction as well as in thought. The ground he occupies is an exceptional one, quite as peculiar to himself as that which belongs to Tennyson or Dickens. He is no reproduction of anybody else. He is nobody's echo, nobody's mantle-bearer. He is Hood the Only, just as the Germans claim for Jean Paul that special distinction of individuality.

Hood, for a long time, drew all the fire of dulness upon his writings. His critics could not understand the wisdom of his wit and humor ; and so they railed at him as a joker of jokes, and a mere jester where lengthy visages were demanded. But he lived down opposition, and became one of the most cordially greeted among the authors of his day. Praise was lavished upon him at last ; but he was made of unspoilable stuff, and so was never tarnished by applause. He had

that moral force which is never blinded by the dazzling light of popular admiration, but keeps right on in its brave endeavor to reform injustice, and every kind of opposition to what he considered *Human Rights* for all.

It is a very pleasant duty I have in commending Hood to the young, for there is no name enshrined with more that is commendable than his. We sit down to read him as we would listen to a friend by our own fireside ; and, when we part company with him, we trust he will come again soon. We include him among our intimate and close companions, — with Irving and Dickens and Charles Lamb and Goldsmith and Burns ; for he never bores us, as some authors do, by staying too long.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, conversing one day at Abbotsford with Washington Irving about our modern English poetry, declared that Campbell's pieces were "real diamonds, and diamonds, too, of the first water; for poetry," said the author of "Waverley," "goes by quality, not by bulk."

Among the famous authors who sleep in Westminster Abbey, there is no bard whose grave is more familiar to American footprints than that of the author of "Hohenlinden." One of the first pieces our school-boys learn to declaim is Campbell's "On Linden, when the sun was low;" and the young orator rarely forgets how he broke down emphatically, on his first trial, just where "Iser was rolling rapidly," or at that critical period where "furious Frank and fiery Hun" were shouting in "their sulphurous canopy!"

In my own case, I remember I gave out ignominiously at that tremendous passage where "every charger neighed to join the dreadful revelry." If a trembling urchin in our school got on to "every turf beneath their feet" without prompting, we all looked up to that lad as cut out for distinction; and we lent him marbles, if he wished to borrow them, without collateral security.

That spirited, immortal lyric, "On Linden," was written upon an event which the author himself witnessed. In December of the year 1800, a great battle was fought between the French and Austrians at Hohenlinden, a village in Bavaria; and Campbell climbed up the walls of the monastery of St. Jacob, and saw the dreadful carnage all around him, — a fire seven miles in circumference covering the scene of slaughter.

It is said, that, when Campbell sent his now famous poem to be

printed in a newspaper in England, there appeared this paragraph among the "Notices to Correspondents :"—

"To T. C. — The lines commencing 'On Linden, when the sun was low,' are not up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. C.'s forte."

What a comment on the perspicacity of those who sometimes sit in judgment at the editorial desk !

He was only thirteen years old when he donned the red gown, and went up to the University of Glasgow. The morning he entered as a student found him, he tells us, like a race-horse on the day he knows he is to be brought to the race-course, and is so agitated he refuses his oats. "So it was with me," says Campbell, "the day I was to enter college. The joy of the occasion made me quite unable to eat my breakfast."

Before many months had elapsed, the enthusiastic young scholar began to take prizes for English and Latin verse. In Greek, too, he began very early to excel, and soon distanced his whole class in translation.

Young Campbell was so desirous to see himself in type, even at this stage of his college life, that he used to print his own short poems, and then sell them at a penny each to his class-fellows, in order to defray the expenses. A Glasgow man remembers seeing the beautiful boy stand at the college-gate with the printed slips in his hand.

At fifteen years of age, we find the young fellow appointed examiner of exercises sent in by the other members of the college. He gave special attention to elocution in those days ; and having a deep, melodious voice, and great acuteness in argument, he soon became the acknowledged leader in a debating society. His gay and social disposition, unassuming manners, and remarkable personal attractions, soon made him a welcome companion everywhere.

When he was seventeen years old, the college faculty, as a reward for his exemplary conduct, gave him leave to visit Edinburgh for the first time ; and it shows the bent of his inclination toward public speaking, that, on arriving in the old city, he at once made his way to the court-house, for the purpose of witnessing an important trial then going forward.

He stood among the spectators, entranced with the Lord Advocate's eloquent argument ; but, when Mr. Gerald spoke for the defence, young Campbell was in raptures, and, turning to a stranger near him, whispered, in tones of astonishment, —

"By Heavens, sir, that is a great man !"

"Yes, sir," the stranger answered. "He is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man in the court-house feel great who listens to him."

That trial, which was one for political liberty, made Campbell a lover of freedom from that hour ; and his whole after-life was inflamed and influenced by it. What he did for Poland in her terrible struggle, how he spoke and wrote in her defence, and how he defended the rights of man on every soil, is now patent to the whole liberty-loving race of mankind.

When young Campbell left college, with all the honors of his university, he found himself too poor to study a profession ; and the celebrated Napier family secured him as a tutor for a short time.

His outlook was far from encouraging ; and he had serious thoughts, as Goldsmith and Coleridge had before him, of trying his future in America. If he had carried out this intention, his personal observation would never have allowed him to make such an unfortunate blunder in natural history as he has achieved in his "*Pleasures of Hope*," when he sings about the *tigers* that steal along on *Erie's* banks !

While the bloom was still on his cheek, and the light of morning in his eye, Campbell leaped into the arena of song with his immortal "*Pleasures of Hope*." He was scarcely more than a boy when he wrote and printed the poem ; but he struck the keynote of that faith and confidence in God which find a quick response in the longing, trusting human heart. His harp rang out a welcome strain so loud and clear that the world stopped to listen, and rejoice over his advent into the world of poesy.

"*The Pleasures of Hope*" was a wonderful production for a lad just out of college, thickly adorned with almost inspired lines, — lines worthy of a veteran bard. "The strength of the eagle," says Hallam, "is to be measured, not only by the height of his place, but by the time he continues on the wing ;" and young Campbell, in his first essay, proved himself fully capable of a sustained effort.

It is great good fortune for a poet to make a hit at starting. Many a writer tarries in the Calypso Island until the sun has gone down, and Ithaca is still afar. At an age when most young men are students, Campbell had compassed fame.

"*The Pleasures of Hope*" was published in April, 1799, when the author was not quite twenty-two ; and he at once became a noted character, the best society in Edinburgh flinging its doors wide open to the full-fledged young singer.

Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, James Graham, and Henry Erskine took him by the hand as an equal, and gave him just that medicine of recognition which puts health and heart into a young author. Men of supreme genius and learning smiled a welcome upon him at once, and hailed his coming with a volley of bravos which he never forgot.

Among those who joined in the acclamation was the famous Madame de Staël, who said she was so captivated with one episode in the poem, that she read it twenty times over, without lessening the admiration a first perusal had awakened in her mind.

I have always thought that Campbell's inspiration in truth came from the Bible in a marked degree. "The Pleasures of Hope" will be found imbued with the very spirit of prophecy, drawn from that never-failing fount which "flows fast by the oracle of God."



Thomas Campbell.

As the glowing student hung over the pages of that old book of piety and imagination, his young heart went out in strains of faith and confidence and verity. He saw, as he went sounding on, what treasures of poetry came welling up to him out of that sacred shrine, and he could not choose but sing. I can imagine him poring over the Book of Exodus, and lingering with a thrill of satisfied wonder over such passages as these: "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." "And Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore." "With the

blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea."

No doubt, too, that the splendid imagery of the one hundred and fourth psalm touched the inmost soul of the young man, and that he trembled with emotion over such a glorious outburst as this: "Thou art clothed with honor and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

There are ample evidences in Campbell's poems, that he was a close student of the literature of all those ancient books so full of hallowed meaning to a young and sensitive spirit like his. There were no volumes in the college library, or in any other library, with equal utterances of sublime poetry in them; and his mother's Bible was Campbell's most inspiring book.

When Campbell walked into the bower of English poesy, and began to sing, Cowper and Burns were still alive: and both of them, no doubt, read with delight this new venture,—"The Pleasures of Hope;" for no poem ever made wider mark all over Great Britain. It fairly captivated the country from land's end to land's end, and **everybody** who read poetry at all went about quoting **the harmonious numbers**. **Even little children** committed to memory long passages from the episodes about Poland and Liberty.

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell,"

was in everybody's mouth before the summer of 1799 was over. The poem was immediately republished in America, with all the honors, except that very important one of letting the author have a share of the profits.

We get a charming glimpse of the young poet's mother, in the pride of maternal heart over her gifted child, as she appeared one day, about this period of her son's fame, in a silk-mercantile shop at Glasgow.

The old Scotch lady had bought a shawl; and, when the parcel was folded, the usual inquiry was made as to where it should be sent. The proud parent of the poet drew herself up, and replied, with conscious dignity, —

"Send it to Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan, *mother of the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'*"

There are poems by Campbell which can be forgotten only with the language in which they are written. There is that weird "Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!" which no school-book of our time ought to omit, and no collection should be without. It will never be an easy task to banish "Gertrude of Wyoming" from the poetry of love and passion; or those noble lyrics, "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England," from the patriot-poetry of the world. One of the most touching pieces in any language is that pathetic story in verse about a parrot, which, by the force of genius, is lifted into an atmosphere of the rarest beauty.

I hardly know a loftier chant than "What's hallowed ground?" There are stanzas in that poem which make the blood tingle, and the pulses leap along the lines. I have heard our own American Halleck quote the whole of this poem from memory, and then challenge the world to produce sixteen verses of grander sentiment and loftier aim. And then there are "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Ode to Burns's Memory," "The Last Man," and scores of other pieces which have no rivals in English verse, all attesting the genius of the man who gave his first, best years to song.

Campbell lived many years in a pleasant little cottage in Sydenham, not far from where the Crystal Palace now stands. He used to write his poems in a small parlor at the back of the house, and then shout the verses out sonorously, that he might judge how they would sound in print.

Friends of mine, who often visited the poet when he lived at Sydenham, have described to me the conversational powers of Campbell as exceptionally brilliant, and the recitations of his own poems as something to be long remembered. His wife, they said, was a singularly beautiful person, full of admiration and love for her gifted husband.

It is sad to think of this bard, so favored in his youthful career, dying at the age of sixty-seven (in 1844), worn out with anxiety and unrest.

Domestic afflictions in various forms came heavily upon him as the years went by, and the clouds gathered darkly about his setting sun; but I like to remember that the poet of Hope uttered these memorable words not long before he died:—

"It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back, and feel that I have not written one line against Religion or Virtue."

I have been frequently asked by young people how the poet himself

pronounced his own name. Let me answer the question here. One day, in 1838, when he was sitting for his portrait to an American painter in London, he turned to the artist, and said, —

“Why do the Americans always call me *Camel*? You see I have no hump on my back!”

One of the most beautiful tributes ever offered by one poet to another is Winthrop Praed's verses in the form of a charade on Campbell's name. It is too graceful a compliment in verse to be omitted whenever Thomas Campbell is the subject of eulogy, and I have special pleasure in commending it to my friends who may read this article.

“Come from my *first*,¹ ay, come!
 The battle-dawn is nigh;
 And the screaming trump, and the thundering drum,
 Are calling thee to die.
 Fight as thy father fought!
 Fall as thy father fell!
 Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
 So forward, and farewell!

Toll ye my *second*,² toll!
 Fling high the flambeau's light!
 And sing the hymn of a parted soul
 Beneath the silent night!
 The wreath upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast,
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed, —
 So take him to his rest.

Call ye my *whole*,³ ay, call
 The lord of lute and lay!
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day.
 Go, call him by his name!
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.”

¹ Camp.

² Bell.

³ Campbell.

COLLEGE LIFE OF MACAULAY.

By E. P. WHIPPLE.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was probably one of the most precocious of those boys whose premature intelligence afflicts their fathers and mothers with the fear that they will either die young, or that their early brightness of intellect will result, as the years roll on, in making them pretentious intellectual fops and coxcombs, particularly odious to all men of good sense, and wide experience of the world.

Now, Macaulay, the most precocious of these youths, lived to the age of sixty, and left behind him, as the results of his labor in life, many important additions to the literature and history of Great Britain. The child, in some respects, predicted the man; but still, what the man accomplished exceeded all the promise of the child. This circumstance leads us to consider some facts commonly overlooked by the biographers of "marvellous" boys.

Lord Brougham said, in his old age, that he learned more during the first four years of his life than he had ever learned since that time. He meant, of course, that the child, when first introduced into this world, finds itself surrounded with wonderful things, which it investigates with insatiable curiosity, and welcomes every explanation of them with a rapture of delight.

Brougham fixed the point at which the instinctive reception of knowledge ceases to be accompanied by a glow of ecstasy, at the age of four. After that period, familiarity with the objects which had at first excited the emotions of wonder and rapture, tends to make the nature of the child harden and stiffen into what we call his individuality, as John this, or Thomas that. The age when the schoolmaster or schoolmistress takes hold of him is just that age when he is apt to

resist the reception of new knowledge with as much wilfulness as he formerly showed eagerness in acquiring it.

A boy of six or eight or ten, even of twelve, is commonly a hard creature to manage, when an attempt is made to open to him the mysteries of arithmetic, geography, and grammar.

Now, Macaulay was one of those exceptional boys who are inflamed, long after the age of four or six, with the same devouring thirst for information which characterizes the child on his first entrance into this marvellous world. Every thing he learned acted as a powerful stimulant, urging him to learn more.

The mere instinctive appetite for knowledge was continued in him, at least to the age of fifteen; and his acquisitions, accordingly, between the ages of four and fifteen, were enormous. It is hardly necessary to refer to the fact that he was deep in books very soon after he was weaned, and that he put literature upon his mind long before his parents consented to allow his body to be clothed in the boyish dignity of jacket and trousers.

The remarkable thing, therefore, about him is, that his child-like absorption in whatever engaged his attention for the time, was extended so far beyond the period of childhood, that it may be said, his inclinations were identical with his duties as a pupil, and that he never required to be trained in the exercise of the faculty of "attention."

This training is, according to the testimony of all educators, at once difficult and indispensable. If a boy will not "attend" to his studies, if he cannot be seduced or compelled to concentrate his mind on a subject, he must remain an *ignoramus*, though all the great teachers of the world should combine to make him a scholar.

Macaulay was attentive without any exertion of will; because any prospect of new knowledge spread out before him so stimulated his intellectual curiosity, and fascinated his imagination, that the only danger was, that the rapt student would neglect the ordinary proprieties of his toilet, and appear in his class as a sloven in dress.

It has been customary to lay stress on his memory as his most wonderful faculty; but his memory was so closely connected with his sensibilities and imagination, that it can be hardly distinguished as a particular power. He, like other people, only remembered what deeply interested him; but he was interested — joyously and delightfully interested — in hundreds of things which had little interest for other people.

As a boy, he had mastered the leading facts of the histories of

England, France, Italy, and Spain ; as a boy, he could recite, off-hand, Scott's "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," or the first six books of Milton's "*Paradise Lost*," without missing a word ; but his memory, as to these things, did not differ from that of another schoolmate, who could not recollect a single historical date, or a line of Scott or Milton, but who had a vivid remembrance of a game of foot-ball or base-ball in which he had borne a triumphant part, and which he had intensely enjoyed.

Macaulay's thorough enjoyment of the facts stored in his mind was the reason why they never escaped from what is called his memory. Like the rest of the world, he forgot thousands of facts in which he had no interest, and which could not serve him morally or intellectually ; and this power to forget what is worthless is almost as valuable to the student as the power to remember what is useful. Indeed, one of his most intimate acquaintances declared his belief, that, whether as boy or man, he never learned any thing, or wrote any thing, which it "went against his grain" to learn or write.

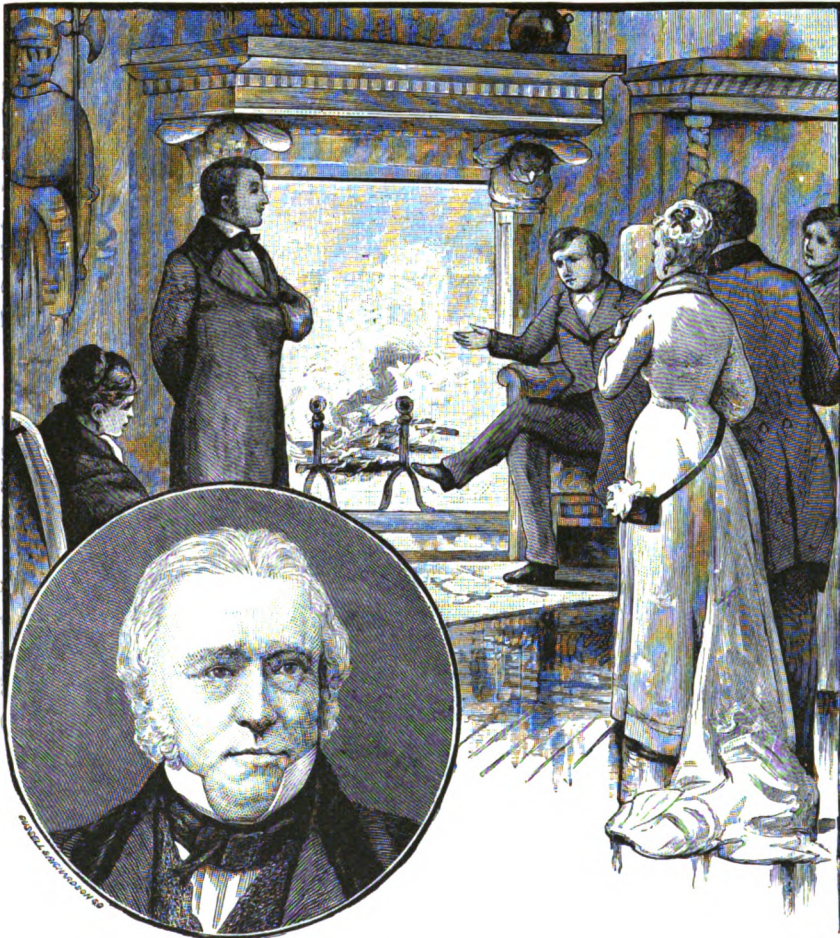
The boy's precocity may well have astounded his parents. His taste for books was confined to no one department of literature, but was universal. Any thing which was printed, his mind would devour with the greediness of appetite that other boys display for green apples and cherries, and for nuts, tarts, candy, and pound-cake ; and, when his mind was set on fire by a book, he proceeded instantly to write something in emulation of it.

Hannah More was especially fascinated by what may be called this baby of letters, as distinguished from the man of letters, and delighted to have him at her residence in Barley Wood. She had known most of the celebrities of the last half of the eighteenth century, — Garrick, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith among others ; but she probably never received more delight from their conversation than she experienced in listening to the unguarded, innocent, confident judgments on literature poured forth by this loquacious boy, for whom she felt a half-motherly fondness.

Here was "the little dumpling of a fellow" palpably before her, with his big head placed on stooping shoulders, and his "whitish" complexion occasionally reddening with his vehemence, reading ravenously, talking volubly, and giving the impression that his body was all brain, so quickly did his physical frame quiver and thrill with every thought and feeling which passed through it.

"Tom," she wrote to his father, when Tom was about eleven, "ought to have competitors. He is," she adds, "like the prince who

refused to play with any thing but kings." And again : "The quantity of reading Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing." She had the good sense to advise him,



College Life of Macaulay.

when he was only six years old, to begin to form a library composed of books, which, when he grew to be a scholar, would be useful and agreeable to him *then*. And, about eighteen months afterwards, she thanked him for two letters, "so neat and free from blots ;" and she tells him, as a reward, to go to a prominent London bookseller, and buy, on her account, some leading English classic, in prose or verse. "Then," she

says, "I want you to become a complete Frenchman, that I may give you Racine."

The great merit of Hannah More's advice to the juvenile Macaulay is one which all educators of the young should take to heart. It consists in giving or lending to a bright and generous boy or girl a book which is one that he or she is incompetent to appreciate at the time, but which remains as a strong stimulant, urging both boy and girl to become intelligent enough to earn the right to read it.

In 1812 Macaulay's father sent him to a private school, kept by an Episcopal clergyman of extreme evangelical views, by the name of Preston. Sir William Maule, an eminent English judge, once declared that the public schools of England made sad dogs, and the private schools poor creatures. Macaulay and the other pupils of Mr. Preston's school disproved, in their after-life, the last half of Sir William's assertion. The school was near Cambridge; and Macaulay, at the age of thirteen, made a warm friend of Dean Milner, the president of Queen's College, who was also a friend of his father. The dean delighted in the boy; cordially welcomed him in his visits to the university, lodging him in his own apartments; and wrote to Zachary Macaulay, "Your lad is a fine fellow. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

Among the pupils at Mr. Preston's school was the eldest son of the great philanthropist, Wilberforce; and this stripling, who afterwards became one of the most eminent prelates of the English Church, seems to have been one of the most provoking boys that ever vexed a schoolmaster, or roused the opposition of his school-fellows.

"We have had," writes Macaulay to his father, "the first meeting of our debating-society the other day, when a vote for censure was moved for upon Wilberforce; but he, getting up, said, 'Mr. President, I beg to second the motion.' By this means he escaped."

Mr. Preston demanded that his pupils should not only go to church on Sunday, but write out an analysis of the sermon they heard. "I cannot help thinking," the boy writes to his father, "that Mr. Preston uses all imaginable means to make us forget it; for he gives us a glass of wine each on Sunday, and on Sunday only, the very day when we want to have all our faculties awake; and some do literally go to sleep during the sermon, and look rather silly when they awake. I, however, have not fallen into this disaster."

While at this school, Macaulay not only continued his habit of wide miscellaneous reading, but submitted himself, with much docility, to

the technical discipline by which boys in general acquire the solid foundations of their after-knowledge of the languages and the mathematics. At the same time, he began to develop that self-assertion; that positiveness amounting to dogmatism; that confidence in his own opinions, derived from his singularly vivid perceptions of the facts on which they were founded, which characterized him from the moment he emerged from obscurity into the full blaze of notoriety, — a notoriety which was to last from the appearance of his article on Milton, in 1825, to his death thirty-five years after, when his “*Essays*” and his “*History*” were so popular as to confer on his heirs more than the ordinary income of a baron in the peerage of Britain.

His father, the most self-denying and humble, as well as, where duty was concerned, the most intrepid, of men, heard that his son had become distinguished in Mr. Preston’s school for the unseemly loudness of voice with which he propounded questionable propositions, and for the audacity with which he defended them by unsound arguments; and he wrote sharply to the lad, advising him to put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and to avoid every appearance of a presumptuous and a contentious one.

The boy of fourteen winced under these reproofs; but he still felt that his father did not appreciate the advances he was constantly making in various departments of learning, or understand the reason of the vehemence which impelled him to correct misinformation in matters of fact, and expose fallacies in matters of argument, though the persons who made the false statements, and indulged in the bad reasoning, happened to be his elders.

Indeed, that immense intellectual curiosity and receptiveness, which, in his special case, had been prolonged far beyond the period when a decided and somewhat resisting individuality ordinarily appears in a vigorous boy, was now being subordinated to the growth of what proved to be one of the strongest, most independent, and most fearless individual characters that appeared, either in the literature or politics of his time.

When, at the age of eighteen, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, his friends at the university were such students as Derwent and Henry N. Coleridge, Praed, Charles Villiers, Charles Austin, and the eldest sons of Earl Gray and Sir John Romilly, — all of whom fulfilled, as men, the promises of their youth. With the minds of these companions, his own intellect was brought into incessant friendly contact or collision. The conflict between the minds of these bright

young fellows was specially exhibited in the debates of the Cambridge Union, the greatest, perhaps, of all college debating-societies.

The most formidable opponent that Macaulay met in those days was Charles Austin, the ablest student in the university, and whose fees afterwards, as a leading advocate, were said to amount to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for several years. Austin cured Macaulay of the mild form of Toryism in which he had been brought up, and made him almost a Radical. The contests between them were as fierce as those between two youthful wrestlers, each eager to throw the other, and each gaining new strength by every effort at victory over the other. But it was not only with pen that Macaulay disputed. At every hour of the day or night he was ready for conversation with any fellow-collegian who preferred talking to lounging or sleeping; and as long "as a door was open, or a light burning in any of the courts," there was Macaulay, eager to begin or renew a discussion with the solitary student, who had not gone, like his fellows, ignominiously to bed.

Meanwhile his obedience to college laws and discipline, and his attendance at lectures and chapel, were so exemplary, that he was never once "disciplined."

The political enthusiasm of Macaulay manifested itself early in his university career. On one occasion, of a parliamentary election in Cambridge, he almost dragged his companion to the scene of action, where an infuriated body of non-electors were mobbing the successful candidates. Macaulay intensely enjoyed the popular riot until a dead cat suddenly hit him square in the face. The person who threw it came up to him at once, apologized, said he had no prejudice against him because he had on the student's gown, and assured him that the cat had been intended for Mr. Adeane, one of the candidates elected. "I wish," Macaulay ruefully replied, "that you had meant it for me, and hit Mr. Adeane."

It is said, that, long after Macaulay and Charles Austin had left the university, and were in the fulness of their fame, they met as guests at Bowood, the country-house of the Marquis of Lansdowne. One morning, at breakfast, they referred to some experiences in their college career; and, as soon as breakfast was over, they continued their conversation over the hearth-rug, as they faced each other at each end of the chimney-piece.

One topic suggested another, and they went on recalling the whole delightful scenes of their university contests. The lords, ladies, artists,

politicians, men of letters, men of the world, who composed the "select party" assembled at Bowood, gathered in a semicircle around the two renowned talkers, and listened without saying a word. The stream of conversation flowed on until dinner-time, with only a short break in it for luncheon.

It is a pity, that, during the eight or ten hours thus consumed in college reminiscences, no reporter was present among the many delighted auditors. A record of such a conversation would have given a life-like view of the circumstances, which, during his residence at Cambridge, stimulated the faculties of Macaulay, brought out all the acquisitions he had stored in his wonderful memory, and strengthened his character by compelling him to struggle with other forcible individuals, as well as to question the statements they made, or answer the arguments they propounded.

As his literary style was, perhaps, the chief cause of his extraordinary popularity, it may be well, in addressing students, to make an attempt here to account for it. First, it may be said that his knowledge, wide as it was, was very exactly arranged in his mind. It did not possess *him*, but he possessed *it*. The consequence was, that it did not lie in his mind in that state of slovenly confusion which characterizes the acquirements of those other youthful students who have an exceptional power of taking in great masses of information, but no corresponding faculty to dispose of, and, as it were, to *pigeon-hole*, it.

Then, the youth loved his younger brothers and sisters with the most intense affection, and was naturally desirous to tell them all the surprising facts which had delighted him as they were acquired by his diligence. To make them understand what was beyond their capacity to apprehend in the books where they were recorded, he was compelled to employ the simplest words, and make his exposition clear, pointed, and agreeable.

In his vacations he would talk to them, day after day, never satisfied until he had succeeded in lodging in their minds the facts and principles which filled and animated his own.

In his struggles in debate with his fellow-students of Cambridge University, he found that clearness of statement and argument was the first requisite demanded of him who aspired to carry the votes of any assembly of young men.

He formed his notion of the condition of mind of the great public he aspired to instruct and control by the confusion of thought he detected in his brothers and sisters, and in the young men he mentally

wrestled with in college. Accordingly, he wrote his review-articles and his great "History" on the principle that few readers understood any thing accurately; that they would be grateful to the man who took it for granted that they were ignorant,—a man who bent all his powers to the task of making simple what to them seemed obscure, of lucidly explaining what they imperfectly apprehended, and of recommending his explanation by every rhetorical contrivance of wit, anecdote, learned allusion, and picturesque description.

Still, it is also to be remembered, that he not only formed his style during his long residence at the university, but he had, at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, adopted the general political ideas which regulated his future life. In 1812 he wrote a college-essay on the "Conduct and Character of William the Third," the leading opinions of which are almost identical with those he advanced in his "History;" and, in many cases, the same similarity is observable in the style of expressing them.

Indeed, if we look at Macaulay's school and college career as a whole, we shall find abundant reasons why, so soon after leaving Cambridge, he should so rapidly have risen to literary and political eminence.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

By JAMES PARTON.

THE time was, when I would gladly have walked from New York to Albany to see Thomas Carlyle pass by. I would not have stipulated for a word with him. What should I, a green, ignorant youth, presume to say to such a man? No: to see him pass, and bow in homage to him, and watch him till he had gone out of sight, had been enough for me in those days of the Carlyle enthusiasm.

A peculiar experience had prepared me to understand and to welcome this great poet, now asleep with his kindred in old Scotland. At the age of twenty years, I went to England, and spent a year in that country. It was during one of those periods of commercial revulsion, to which profuse and extravagant people like the English, who live up to the income of prosperous years, must be forever liable. Never before had I seen destitution, except as resulting from intemperance or sudden calamity; and even that had been speedily relieved, so far as my knowledge of it went. But now I saw thousands of virtuous and stalwart laborers standing idle along the roadsides, their families pallid from want, or living as paupers in huge poorhouses, called Unions.

It was particularly in the agricultural counties that the distress was most general and most hopeless. The spectacle was so agonizing to one who had passed his youth in a land of abundance, and I was brought so near to it by living for several weeks at a farmhouse in one of the most fertile counties of England, that I was often quite overwhelmed, and almost driven mad, by it. What made the spectacle the more heart-rending was the excellent character of the sufferers, — kind, good people, dignified and patient, sprung from virtuous ancestors, abundantly capable of enjoying and making the most of a lowly lot, provided it had furnished them with the means of subsistence.

I asked every one, "What is the matter? Why is this?" The farmers said, "The price of our produce is so low that we cannot afford to employ labor as usual." The squire of the parish had abated a part of the rents, and had caused twelve hundred days' work to be done in his park that winter, merely that he might give away twelve hundred shillings under the guise of wages. There was no lack of charity; and all agreed that the land would abundantly support the whole population, if the people and the land could only be rightly related.

There was the land needing the labor: there were the laborers needing the land, and most willing to work upon it. And yet, upon both a kind of enchantment seemed to rest. The fields were undrained and unploughed: the laborer stood in the highway, gaunt, hungry, and hopeless.

Here was a problem indeed for a raw lad just out of school, and as ignorant of the world as a baby. I have never been in my life so distressed and so puzzled as I was then. Being in London some weeks after, I saw an advertisement in the "Times," under the head of new publications, to this effect:—

"This day. PAST AND PRESENT. By Thomas Carlyle. 1 vol. 8vo. Price, 10s. 6d. Chapman and Hall, Strand."

I had casually heard of this Thomas Carlyle as of a wise and unknown man; and, in consequence of this vague impression, I made my way, in the course of the morning, to the small and dingy bookstore of Chapman & Hall, paid my ten and sixpence, and brought away the book. Sympathetic readers can imagine my feelings when I read, that evening, the opening page of this unique production:—

"The condition of England is justly regarded as one of the strangest ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows,—waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest, and the willingest our earth ever had. These men are here: the work they have done, the fruit they have realized, is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us; and, behold! some baleful fiat as of enchantment has gone forth, saying, 'Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers. None of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it: this is enchanted fruit.'"

These words riveted my attention, for they gave expression to what I had been brooding over for months. The whole book was but an

expansion of this first page. It was a cry of horror, wrung from the author by the sight of so much misery in the midst of abundance. No country had ever been so rich as England was then; and no country perhaps, in time of peace, had ever contained such an amount of woe and despair.

It was objected that Carlyle suggested no remedies. This was not true; but, if it had been true, such a heart-rending *shriek*, calling the attention of every thoughtful person to the state of things, was itself the beginning of remedy; as a woman, coming upon the deck of a ship at midnight, finding the watch asleep, and the vessel running among the breakers, utters one cry of alarm, which wakes the crew, and saves the vessel. From that time to this, the educated class of Englishmen have never been quite so insensible to the anguish of the poor, never quite so disposed to venerate mere material success, as they were before.

Much that Carlyle afterward wrote was little in harmony with the humane and liberal spirit of this work. I think he gradually lost his humility, lost faith in man, lost hope and cheerfulness, lost a part of his sincerity. He secluded himself too much from human society. He undertook long, painful, and unsuitable tasks. He wore himself out in giving a careful distillation of the court-gossip of Prussia, and displayed real genius in delineating some portions of the life of Frederick the Great. Nevertheless, all deductions made, there is worth and truth in the writings of this man, which will make them of value, perhaps, to unborn generations. We give a few samples of his epigrammatic wisdom:—

“The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work, and do it.”

“Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy. Attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee.”

“The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead.”

A hundred sentences like these could be selected from the works of this modern Jeremiah. Even when he seems perverse and prejudiced, if we closely examine the passage, we shall often find that there is a certain degree of truth in it, after all. He speaks, for example, with unmeasured contempt of the institutions of the United States. Believing that nearly all men are fools, it was quite natural for him to suppose that government founded upon the rule of the majority, or the consent of the governed, must be a very bad government. He

compares government to a ship trying to get round Cape Horn in a stormy time ; and he says, very truly, that it would be impossible to navigate the ship successfully, if the captain were obliged, every time he wished to tack, to call a town-meeting of the crew, and take a vote whether to tack or not.

The illustration is irrelevant and absurd. It was never proposed, since the world stood, to navigate a ship, or conduct a newspaper, or direct an administration, on the principle of taking a vote upon every detail. Nevertheless, the numerous passages in Carlyle's works of this nature are not altogether destitute of sense. His name for a dull, rich man is Bobus ; and he asks, what kind of man Bobus is likely to vote for, if not some *Bobissimus*, or some man who is more of a Bobus than Bobus himself. This is only a Carlylean way of saying, that a people, foolish and corrupt, will be likely to elect foolish and corrupt rulers.

In conversation with Americans, he delighted to make boisterous fun of our way of electing presidents by universal suffrage. He bore down all opposition with his strong Scottish voice, and gave no heed to any thing said in opposition to him. Incontrovertible facts refute him. We have elected twenty presidents, nearly all of whom were worthy and capable gentlemen, and some of them were of distinguished ability and merit. Take the whole twenty, with all their limits and shortcomings, we can claim that they are superior to any *line* or *dynasty* of kings of which history makes mention, whether it be called Tudor, Plantagenet, Stuart, Guelph, Bourbon, Valois, or Hohenzollern.

Compare our twenty presidents with any twenty successive kings !

In the "Reminiscences" of Thomas Carlyle, his antipathy to the United States breaks out with violence. He appears in them as a kind of Scotch Dr. Johnson, — a monster of blind and ignorant prejudice ; and it is a curious coincidence, that both of them cherished a contempt for their brethren on this side of the Atlantic. And well they might ; for, if America is right, Johnson and Carlyle are wrong.

In speaking of an American lady, he described her as the sister of Commodore Wilkes, "who boarded the 'Trent' some years ago, and almost involved us in war with Yankee-land, during that beautiful nigger agony, or civil war of theirs." To this sweet passage, the editor of the work, Mr. J. A. Froude, is good enough to append the following note : —

"Some years after these words were written, Carlyle read 'The Harvard Memorial Biographies.' He was greatly impressed by the account of the gallant young

men whose lives are there described, and said to me, 'Perhaps there was more in that matter, after all, than I was aware of.'

If the publication of that note should induce a considerable number of persons to read those memorial volumes, the poison of Carlyle's contemptuous perversion will be more than neutralized.

TEA WITH CARLYLE.

—•—
ANONYMOUS.

I WAS in England in 1875, and could not make up my mind to leave the country without seeing Carlyle. Every thing in the way of sight-seeing, subjectively and objectively, had been thoroughly attended to, from London Bridge to John o' Groat's House, and Carlyle alone was left out. There were people on this side of the ocean whose next question, after saying, "How are you?" would be, —

"Did you see him?"

"Who?"

"Carlyle."

Happily it was within my introductory limits; for had I not carried all over Europe in my breast-pocket, next my heart, a letter from a very near relative of his, and a dear friend of mine? There was to be no tourist's invasion of a lion's den, but only something which the laws of etiquette might permit.

And yet, why had I been so free in passing current all other marks of similar formalities, and nearly embarked for home without paying note to this, all the time, too, cherishing it so closely?

Coward! Could it be that I stood in fear of a mortal man?

I went down to Chelsea. Happily it was a gentle sort of evening, — an evening to make the roughest philosopher calm and yielding to mortal surroundings. It was not bright, — one could hardly expect that of England; but there was no fog, and the air was balmy.

I strolled down Carlyle's street, and touched his bell with something of the feeling as if I were knocking at the door of an old Scriptural prophet, — at the door of Malachi, of Joel, of Hosea, or of Ezekiel.

Tea! The odor of it blew in my face as a meek-mannered servant opened the door. She looked at me, bowed her head at my inquiry, and looked then at a door-mat.

Ah, yes! Wipe your feet. I did so. She then bowed again, and opened a door on the right, or left, I can't exactly say which, but am quite sure it was one or the other. I entered, and remained for a while alone. There were books knee-deep, papers, pipes, pamphlets, and a very strong smell of tobacco. When it ceased to be tobacco, it became tea. When not tea, tobacco again.

But, hark! A door swung open, and Carlyle the Great enters. A sort of shuffle, a mutter, as if in response to some one in the rear, and I stand in the breathing presence of the Illustrious Critic; Master of Irony; Minister Pen-ipotentiary of Human Events! Chronicler and Dissector! Distendiary of Mortality Degenerately and Generally.

I think I spoke first. But it matters not what I said. What did he say, and how did he say it?

In response to my introduction, he replied in one word, "*America?*"

The tone and style of saying it was exactly as if it were pronounced, *A merry cur?* I confess I, for the first time, was made sensible of this rendering of America, and its capacity for being made game of. For the moment, I wished that I belonged to any thing but a nation that could be so curtly interpreted.

Again he replied, "*A merry cur?*" which made me feel as if the new style of intonation meant to say, a *murrain* on you. But, no: I was not repulsed. The apparent gruffness seemed to smooth itself down as he glanced through and through me.

It was, after all, not so much to please myself that I went to see him. It was for others who admired him across the seas; and he seemed to catch at a ray of kindness in my intention, and said softly, —

"Sit dooon."

And dooon I sat.

A gleam of human charity twinkled in his eye, a bit of large-hearted pleasantry lighted up his mobile mouth, as I timidly suggested, *Bore?* I, at least, would myself save him the trouble of saying it first, and claim only a generous acquiescence on his part.

"*Booore?*" he languidly drawled out. "*Nat so baaad as thaant*, though I've seen soome of youure booores. There was a maan naamed — naamed — Well, well, thaant I should foorget a booore's naame! I'll remember it yet. He was a *booore* not to be foorgotten. He was the '*Prince of Amurrycaan booores!*'"

I now turned the stream of talk growing so painful to myself, as best I could, and succeeded. Shortly after, Mrs. Carlyle made her

appearance. Tea was announced, the lamps sent up a cheery light, and we were seated about the tea-table.

To take tea with T. Carlyle was literally to take tea. It was the *primum et solum* mobile of the table. It was tea *et præterea nihil*. It was discussed tea. Its flavor was dwelt upon. Its bouquet analyzed. It was a solemn libation, as if offered to the gods.

No questions were idly put of what you took with it. It was poured black from the urn, and a separate miniature sugar-basin and cream-jug was at the option of every plate. It would seem to be almost profanation to assume that viands were mingled with such celestial drink — and they were not.

For the benefit of the too curious, let me say there was besides on the simple table, bread, — very thinly sliced, — thin as a wafer, and spread with butter. There was also a huge loaf, with a sharp-looking knife beside it, for those who preferred an independent cutting.

Then there was jam of some sort, — a very infinitesimal quantity on a rather large silver plate.

Then there was — and herein, Carlyle, have you been libelled. It has been told in Gath, that he took *plum-cake* with tea. Americans have declared him to be a plum-cake eater, — perhaps the greedy boy, grown to manhood, whom tradition tells us ate in secret his plum-cake. What we Americans call plum-cake is a solid, slab-sided, dark compound; every pore filled with fatty plums; mucilaginous, heterogeneous; an amalgamate product of wheat-flour, eggs, spice, butter, gritty with raisins.

There was no *raison d'être* for any such mixture in Carlyle's culinary vocabulary. The cake that he ate was nothing less than *bun*, though something more than the American bun. It was white, almost foamy-looking, like a heap of cotton-wool, or an embrowned cloud served on a china dish. It was light as air, compared to the ordinary plum-cake.

This light, cool, well-ripened bun-food, dotted here and there with a currant, was the sort of plum-cake that Carlyle dipped in his tea.

It was a pleasure to see him eat this cake with his tea. It would naturally seem to be the least interesting thing to see a great man do, — to eat. But it was not eating. It was nothing that gave suggestion or hint of appetite. It was certainly most peculiar.

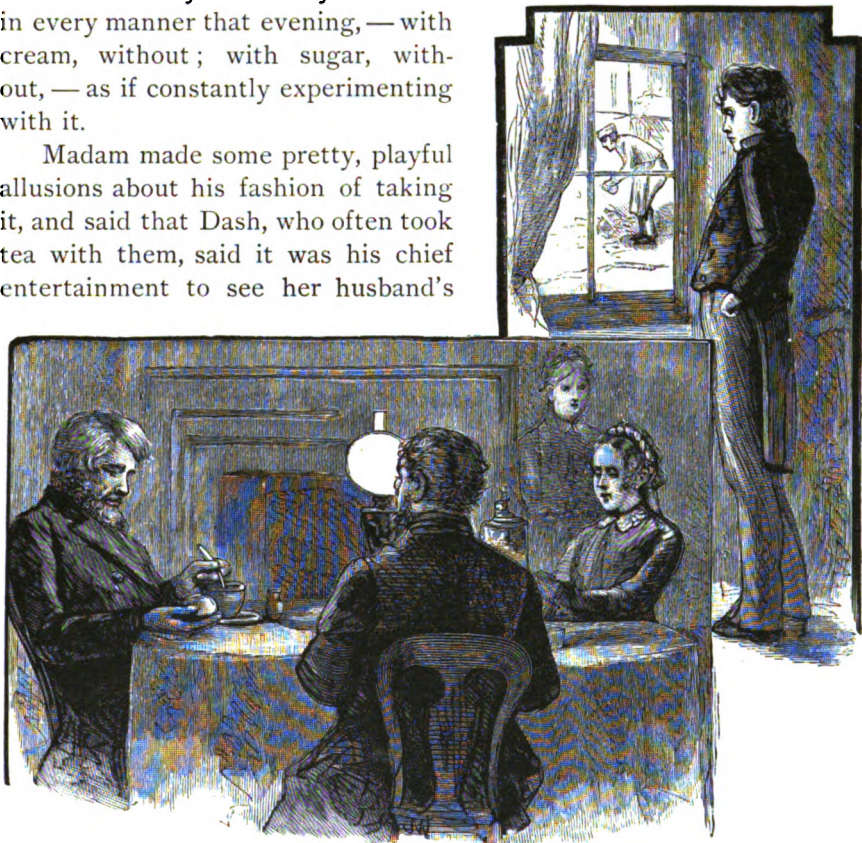
At times, Carlyle, whose cup was a cup of honor, being of a larger size, of a different color and pattern, than any of the others, would lift it to his mouth as if to sip, but take no taste. He would hold it

there as if he alone had a faculty of imbibing the liquid without resort to the vesicular action of any ordinary methods. Again, he would put the cup to his lips, but only by *sips* did the six or seven cups of tea become finished.

The conversation flowed in a regular channel of tea. The refreshment of it was discussed, the qualities of it, the manner of using it.

I should say that Carlyle took it in every manner that evening, — with cream, without; with sugar, without, — as if constantly experimenting with it.

Madam made some pretty, playful allusions about his fashion of taking it, and said that Dash, who often took tea with them, said it was his chief entertainment to see her husband's



Tea with Carlyle.

sippings; at which point I lightly added, "*Dulce est te-sipere in loco*;" and Carlyle's head went back a little, and he smiled, and uttered an audible ah! ah! in fashion peculiar to himself.

And the bun-food? How was it? Did Carlyle eat it? I think I hear a voice inquiring. Hardly what would be called, in the vulgate, eating. He dallied with it, as one might pick a rose to pieces. For

instance, he placed the bun in the hollow of his hand : then he placed it in the other hand, and looked at it, as if it were some dainty thing picked up by chance, curiously.

Then he lifted it lightly in the palm of his hand, as if weighing it. Then it was torn open, and was placed outside his plate, the edges resting on the edge of the plate. Another and another were taken, repeating the same process until his plate was set in a semicircle of buns. At intervals a few flaky crumbs passed his lips, and once a piece was dropped into his teacup. It floated on the surface ; and the philosopher watched it, while he talked, as it dissolved into the infinitesimals.

You will think, perhaps, that these are rather small crumbs to gather at a great man's table ; but crumbs are of interest to those who adore their heroes.

I have forborne to repeat the conversation that passed during this crumb repast, because no topics of any importance were touched upon. I could plainly see that he desired it should be so ; and, in Mrs. Carlyle's *bonhomie*, I discerned rather a desire to avoid any talk but that of a passing, easy, light character.

There was very little serving at the table of any sort. As the cups disappeared, the maid renewed the tea. Mrs. Carlyle's chief duty seemed to be that there should be no drought in the tea-urn. In short, it was an amusement, a *pièce de théâtre*, to see the tea-performance, and one which I always revert to in my imagination with a smile and a feeling of pleasure.

But, when we left the table, Carlyle's pile of buns was but slightly reduced. I trust that the beggars at Carlyle's gate benefited by this abundance. And I hope that I shall hear no more that Carlyle ate plum-cake, when he only tore plum-buns to pieces.

CARLYLE: HIS WORK AND HIS WIFE.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THERE is a story about a walk that Thomas Carlyle took once with a young friend. It was a night full of stars, — one of those wide, luminous nights that seem to open into heaven. The solemnity of the scene penetrated the great, sad soul of Carlyle, and he grew more and more silent. At last he stood upon his own door-step, stopped to say good-night, and then turned round again, with, —

“If you have any thing to do, DO IT!”

This was the gospel of Carlyle's life, — too much his gospel, as we shall see hereafter, but a lesson which cannot be too often repeated to most of us.

In later life Carlyle was difficult of access, and few new-comers were admitted to his presence. An exception was made, however, in favor of one of the sincerest of his worshippers, — a young Englishman. This young man had grown up with Carlyle for his prophet. He had learned from Carlyle to live nobly, — to hate shams, to despise snobbishness, to honor purity and self-control. He fain would thank his great master before the end of that long life came.

He wrote a letter which I would give something to see. I can fancy how a whole, honest, grateful heart overflowed in it. It touched Carlyle, who had been getting deaf, of late, to voices from the outside world; and he wrote, “Come.”

At the appointed day and hour, my young friend presented himself. He was shown in. A table was covered with loose leaves of manuscript; and, among other papers scattered on the floor, the old sage was groping.

His tall figure was bent: his face, framed in a wiry gray beard, was thin and rugged. He had on a black-velvet skull-cap, and his eyes looked out from under his cavernous brows with a fierce brightness

undimmed by time. He did not rise when my friend entered, but pursued his search.

"See if you can find '43,' will you?" was his salutation. Down on his knees before his hero went the young man, — it was what he would have longed to do in any case, — and soon he had found "43." Carlyle triumphantly restored it to its place among the loose leaves on the table, and then began one of those memorable conversations which can never be forgotten.

This young visitor to Carlyle was one of the moving spirits of a club in London which is called the Carlyle Club. The yearly membership of this club is only two dollars and a half, — just enough to supply lights, fire, and a convenient place of meeting. Some twenty or more very earnest young men belong to it, and they all consider Carlyle their master and guide in the pursuit of truth.

Their first meeting after his death was like the coming together of children to mourn for a father. I doubt if Carlyle was so sincerely lamented anywhere as by these earnest young souls, who had turned from the temptations of the world, to try to follow in the path of toil and struggle to which their master beckoned them. I wonder if they would have loved the old man so fondly if they had lived with him, day by day, in that house at Chelsea.

For Carlyle was a hard man. He came of hard stock. He was so accustomed to put his work before his own pleasure, that he thought it ought to come also before the pleasure of any one else.

I hardly know, in all literature, a more pathetic book than the volume of "*Reminiscences*," published since the old man's death. They begin with his memories of that strong old Scotchman, James Carlyle, his father. Thomas was the eldest child of his parents, having been born in 1795. His family designed him for a minister of the Church of Scotland, and sent him to Edinburgh to pursue his theological studies.

He found theology unsuited to his taste, but it was not without a terrible struggle that he renounced the profession chosen for him by his parents. He passed three days in his closet, scarcely eating or drinking. When he came forth from it, he had found out what he had to do; and, from that time, he began to "DO IT." But he did it at too great cost, both to himself and to others.

At thirty-one he married Jane Welch, the beloved wife whose memory is embalmed in the most touching portion of the "*Reminiscences*." She was twenty-five then, — a beautiful creature, full of

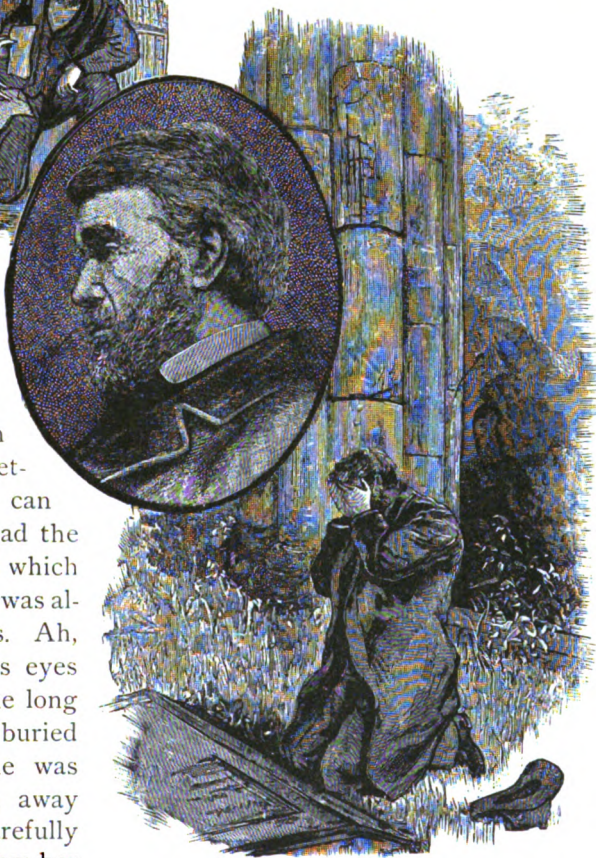
spirit and brightness, and with a strong tincture of innocent, girlish coquetry in her nature.

From the first, she seems to have believed in Carlyle, — to have adored his genius, and felt a sublime certainty of his future success. Two years after they were married, he took her to live in Craigenputtoch, fifteen miles from any town, in the wildest part of Dumfriesshire ;



and here they remained until 1834.

What those six years of Craigenputtoch must have been to this bright, sweet-natured woman, we can dimly divine as we read the brief story of her life which Carlyle gives us. She was always cheerful, he says. Ah, but that was when his eyes were on her ! All the long hours in which he was buried in his work, and she was keeping interruption away from him, more carefully than a mother does from her sleeping baby, — what of those hours ? Miss Jewsbury says of them, —



“ It was a much greater trial than it sounds at first ; for Mr. Carlyle was engrossed in his work, and had to give himself up to it entirely. It was his life that his work

required; and she gave her life, too, which alone made such life possible for him. Hers was no holiday task of pleasant companionship. She had to live beside him in silence, that the people in the world might profit by his full strength, and receive his message."

But the solitary confinement told on her health, only he did not know it. During those six years, he wrote his noble essays on German literature which have affected all subsequent criticism. The essay on "Burns," which is worth all that every one else has ever said about Burns put together, belongs to this period, as also does "Sartor Resartus."

In 1834 he removed to that part of London called Chelsea; and there he lived, henceforth, until he died. At one time he got the idea that his Chelsea house was too noisy. He mounted a superb black horse, — the gift of a friend, — and with three maps of Great Britain, and two maps of the world, in his pockets, he sallied forth to explore the surrounding country in search of a new home.

After a week of exploration, he came back, and had the walls of his study padded to make them proof against noise. He had resolved to live and die in Chelsea.

In this house, much the same strange life went on as among the moors of Scotland. More people came and went, to be sure; but still, for most of the time, it was Carlyle forgetting every thing in his work, and his wife forgetting every thing else, herself included, for his sake. Just a few months before her death, she went away without him in pursuit of health; and he staid behind, working. No wonder he cried out so passionately, after she was gone, —

"Ah me! she never knew fully, nor could I show her, in my heavy-laden, miserable life, how much I had at all times regarded, loved, and admired her. No telling of her now. Five minutes more of your dear company in this world. Oh that I had you yet, for but five minutes, to tell you all! This is often my thought since April 21."

She died in 1866; and he buried her in remote Dumfriesshire, where he lies now, at last, beside her. On her part of their common tombstone he had inscribed, —

"For forty years she unweariedly forwarded her husband, as none other could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

No wonder that the world seemed to him "no better than an empty dog-kennel" when she had gone out of it. By some strange fatality, she died, at last, in the brougham he so bitterly reproached himself for having delayed too long to provide for her.

Driving alone in the park, another brougham upset her little dog, which lay on its back, and screamed. Feeble as she was, she pulled the check-string, and got out to set the little creature right, and took it into the carriage with her. When the carriage-door was opened, half an hour afterwards, she had died there, as for so much of her life she had lived, — quietly, uncomplainingly, and alone.

Year by year, since then, the old man went to stand alone by his darling's distant grave. On his last visit his faithful niece went with him, but she staid outside the gates ; and the sexton said, that, when the bent old man came out, he tottered so he feared that he might fall. In 1881 he went for the last time, — borne silently to lie down beside *her* in the silence.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

BY RICHARD LESCLIDE,
HIS SECRETARY.

I.

FOR many years Victor Hugo has been in the habit of spending his summers at his house on the Island of Guernsey. But in 1882 he remained in Paris, contenting himself with occasional trips into the suburbs.

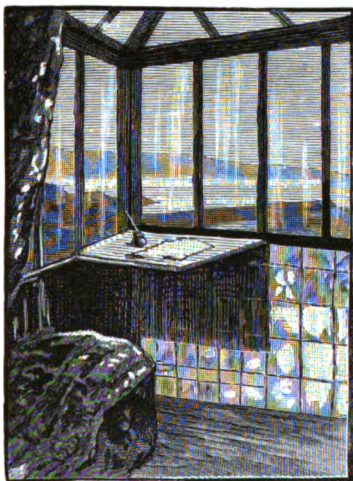
He did not give up the journey because he felt too old to travel, although he is now over eighty; for still, in pleasant and in stormy weather, he takes vigorous outdoor exercise every day. It is a very easy journey from his house in Paris to the flowery island where he has his summer home. But, with the Hugo household, a voyage to Guernsey is no small affair. For, when the author of "Les Châtiments" visits the rocks and cliffs to which his poem is so closely allied, he takes with him his daughter, his grandchildren, his intimate friends, and his servants.

There were several reasons why the usual trip was abandoned that year. For one thing, the poet's latest work, "Torquemada," which was published only in May, created an extraordinary sensation; and, for some time, Victor Hugo's *salon* was turned into an *arena*, where the philosophy of the work was passionately discussed. And then, he seldom travels without his manuscripts. They constitute one of the greatest interests of his life; and almost every day he looks them over, and works on them. They are enclosed in an iron case, which is fire-proof, and is set into the wall beside his bed, within reach of his hand. They have seldom left their place of security,—indeed, only when the ministry of May 16 caused the Republic to fear a new *coup d'état*, and during the journeys to Hauteville House.

The poet's existence seems almost to depend on that of his unpublished works, which were written, for the most part, while he was in exile. I have travelled with these precious manuscripts, over which we watched with a solicitude almost equal to that which inspires the poet. And Guernsey then received them like eaglets, born in her tree-

tops, which were now returning to their early home.

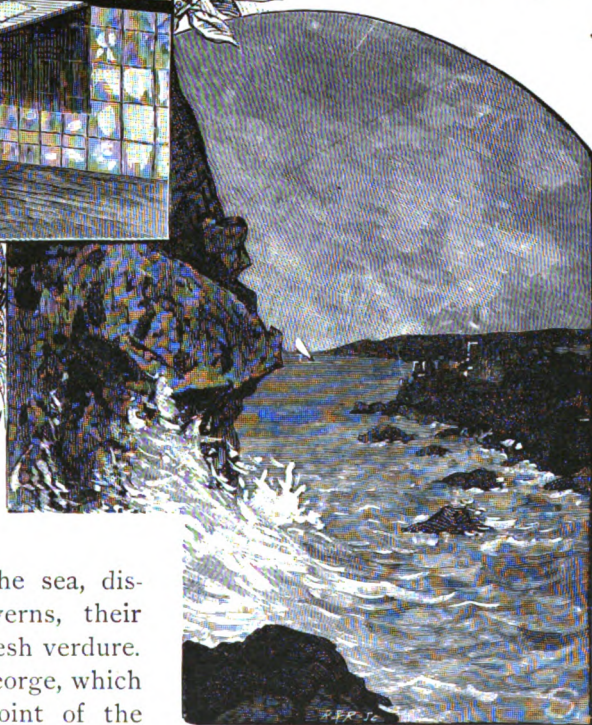
We made one voyage in the summer of 1878. Our



party, after passing Jersey, saw the rocky hills of Guernsey rising gently from the sea, displaying their caverns, their peaks, and their fresh verdure. We passed Fort George, which is built on the point of the island looking towards France.

The fields lay spread out like an amphitheatre before our eyes, and then we entered the port of St. Pierre. Near the landing is Hauteville House, the home of Victor Hugo.

Within a little court, where two stunted trees are standing like stern sentinels, rises the plain, two-story front of the building. As-



cending a few steps, we reach the vestibule, from which a hall runs through the house, and opens at the other end on a garden, full of luxuriant plants and trees, and overlooking the sea. The house is one of his poems; and his desires and fancies have dictated the decorations, which, although they belong to no particular school or period, blend in a marvellous harmony.

Hauteville House is one of the strangest dwellings in the world. A house of plain, comfortable appearance on the street side, it spreads out toward the sea in galleries full of the rarest curiosities. Genius has left its marks here, even in the details of the decorations; and the result is a truly fairy-like scene. As soon as the door closes behind us, the entrance-hall of Hauteville House—the walls of which are enriched with oaken wainscotings, and small oval windows—is filled with dim, subdued light. The eye falls upon porcelains from Japan and China, Sevres and Saxony.

Passing through this hall, we come to the cheerful dining-room, where the poet's friends gather twice a day; and the amusing *plaques*, in old *faïence*, with which the walls are hung, are often the subjects of the daily conversation. But the sombreness of the house is not dissipated by these bright ornaments. On the walls may be seen the poet's initial, H., in relief; frescoed mottoes in Gothic letters; and ancient paintings, rising to the very cornices and the carved beams of the ceiling. Antique chairs of carved wood are placed about the room, and one—an old arm-chair which is an heirloom in the family—is surrounded by an iron chain.

Large English windows give a view of the depths of the garden, where are growing aloes, the eucalyptus, a gigantic laurel, and a thousand varieties of fuchsias, of which Guernsey seems to be the native soil. The fuchsias grow there all the year round, and spring up in abundance along the roadside, and at every breath of air ring their many-colored bells. You have only to stretch out your hand to gather a whole bouquet of them. Delightful breakfasts are enjoyed in this house, and the dinners are still more pleasant. It gives one an appetite, only to see the cheerful room.

The lower floor is used only at meal-times. The guests are received on the floor above, which is reached by a stairway so softly padded and carpeted, that, if one should trip, he would suffer nothing more serious than a too sudden descent to the lower hall. Reaching the floor above, you come to a region of wonders. The red room and the blue room form a sort of gallery, whose walls are hung with tapes-

tries tinted in gold and silver and pearl, in imitation of the apartments which Christine, the Queen of Sweden, occupied at Fontainebleau in the last century.

The light, refracted from the surfaces of the Venetian pearls, is constantly changing the appearance of the painted and carved monsters and plants which are crawling and climbing over this brilliant background.

Before the great fireplace, at the back of the rooms, four gilded Moors — which formerly adorned the “Bucentaur,” the state barge of Venice — stand, bearing a canopy and torches. The poet has honored these guardians of his hearth with a couplet : —

“ You may see in my house, as among the old Romans,
Spectres of gold bearing lamps in their hands.”

And, in truth, these “spectres” do have a weird appearance in the twilight ; and the children never like to be alone with them. Perhaps this may be the fault of a young poet, who, dreaming in the moonlight, exaggerated the weird appearance of Hauteville House, and who undertook to recount the mysteries. He did not believe very much in these things himself, but that did not hinder his making new discoveries every day.

The North Tower, according to him, was filled with strange noises and low groans — when the wind was blowing. And he asserted that a great painting of the Spanish school, representing purgatory, became animated when he looked at it with some attention. More than that, as the room was very dark, one could just distinguish the still shadows which were apparently gathered in low conversation before the sad picture. Finally, he asserted, that in the *salon des tapisseries*, where there are ancient tapestries bearing representations of rural concerts, music may be heard by one who listens attentively, especially if he is a little sleepy.

The “master” thought our dreamer had better suspend his researches, and perhaps he was a little bold in wishing to go too deeply into matters. If any care to pursue this fancy, we refer them to the “*maison visionnée*,” and to the delightful chapter which Victor Hugo has devoted to it in the “Toilers of the Sea.”

If we again mount the stairs, we come to the third story, where there opens before us a gallery of a richness more delicate than that of the apartments below. Here is a bed in which a certain great army officer slept his last sleep. Religious banners, decorated with exqui-

site embroideries, hang from the walls. In this room there are pieces of furniture and panels made by the poet himself. He has secured wonderful decorative effects by shaping blocks of wood with red-hot irons, and coloring the hollows with brilliant tints.

Going still one flight higher, we come to the "look-out," where one is very apt to be lost. It is a tangled maze of little rooms and passages and steps, through which a skilful guide will lead you to the working-room of the poet, — a glass-sided room, into which the light pours from all directions.

Let us now leave this labyrinth, so strangely placed on the roof of the building, from which one can overlook the sea as far as the islands of Sark and Herm. On the garden side, Hauteville House is joined by a building like a greenhouse, whose transparent sides are shaded with thick hangings which run, like drapery curtains, on long rods. Within is a *salon*, hung with rich tapestries, and furnished with divans of Oriental pattern. At the rear of this *salon*, where the noises of the street cannot penetrate, there is a room set apart for the preservation of family *souvenirs*, — busts, portraits, caskets unopened for twenty years or more. This room is seldom entered by the family; and this circumstance has given it the chill, inhospitable name of the "North Tower."

But I must say one word about a little house farther down the same street, called "Hauteville Fairyland," and belonging also to the poet. It is one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, and well illustrates his wonderful originality. His artistic ability is shown in the shutters, the panels, and all the woodwork, upon which impossible but graceful plants are growing, and fearful monsters are creeping and crawling.

Outside, upon the lawn, the initials V. H., formed by masses of brilliant flowers, stand out in striking relief against a background of green.

At Hauteville House, Victor Hugo exercises the rites of hospitality in a profuse manner; and, during his absence from his island, the house is kept open by his sister-in-law, — a pleasant, kindly lady, who shows to all who call, the dwelling of the poet.

I speak of Guernsey as "his" island; and the people will themselves tell you that their island belongs to Victor Hugo, their leading citizen.

II.

THE varied genius of Victor Hugo has produced works of fiction, volumes of poems, public addresses, pictures, and statues. And, besides all that he has shown to the world, he possesses other proofs of his genius and wisdom; for the portfolios and note-books which he has always carried about with him are filled with his reflections and observations.

It has always been deemed a high privilege to see great men in the retirement of their homes; and it would be pleasing to hope that some day these personal notes might be put in shape, and published. But I am sorry to say that probably they will never be issued to the world. They are full of fugitive impressions, unpublished verses, and of plans, of letters and sketches, which were evidently never destined for publication. No one but Victor Hugo could arrange them for publication, and he is too much occupied by more important work to undertake the task.

But do not think that he would fear to have the world read his most private thoughts. Quite the contrary. He could live at his ease in the glass house told of by Montaigne. His dwelling is open to all who will enter, and he dispenses the rites of hospitality after the fashion of the old school. Far from shunning the gaze of those who seek to look into his private life, he throws the door wide open. During his stay in Guernsey in 1878, a friend gained permission to introduce a gentleman who desired to see the poet and his home. The stranger was entertained for a whole day. Some time after, there appeared, in a French paper, a not very kindly article, whose source it was not difficult to discover. The stranger was a reporter, who had come to *La Manche* for material for a sensational article.

But although neither his private secretary nor the poet's friends are permitted to read the note-books of which I have spoken, yet we know much of what is in them from his own lips; for Victor Hugo often tells the secrets of his life during the quiet hours of evening conversation with his friends. His reputation as a story-teller was established years ago. And we can study his genius from this point of view in his "Letters on the Rhine," a marvellous collection of anecdotes and impressions.

Often, when a little circle of dear friends gather about him, he will tell of by-gone days; and the faithful friend, who has never left his

side for half a century, comes to his aid, now and then, in recalling events and names. Several times those who have chanced to hear these after-dinner talks have written them, and published them in little books, which have been at once snatched up by the reading-public. But these incomplete reports are seldom accurate. Mingled with the stories and sayings which the writer has heard from the poet's own mouth, are often found anecdotes which have come to him indirectly, and have been much distorted on their way. But the poet cares too little for such matters to be seriously disturbed.

I have said too much about anecdotes and stories not to tell you one or two. One of them I heard for the first time only last week, and I believe it has never been in print. It is a simple little story, which might have for a name, "How Queen Victoria, when abandoned by her people, was received by Victor Hugo on the Island of Guernsey."

One day Queen Victoria, whom the people of Guernsey acknowledge as their protector, by the title of Grand Duchess of Normandy, wanted to show these subjects some marks of royal favor. The statue of the good Prince Consort, Albert, had been erected at the Port St. Pierre in Guernsey, much to the gratification of the population; and, with the desire to still further gain their good will, the Queen determined to visit the island herself. The people were thrown into a state of commotion by the unexpected news. Fort George was put in order; and all arrangements were made to give pomp to the royal reception, which was to take place on Saturday. At the appointed hour, the Queen left London.

Unfortunately, the sea would not aid in carrying out the official programme. The steamer which bore the Queen became, as soon as it entered *La Manche*, the plaything of a terrible tempest. It was out of the question to try to land on Saturday; and the ship had to put out to sea, to avoid being cast upon the rocks which make the Norman archipelago one of the most dangerous seas. Thus passed one whole day. Then the sea grew quiet, the wind subsided; and, the next morning, the royal vessel could be seen, apparently preparing to enter the port.

Here was a great scandal! It was Sunday: and on Sunday, at Guernsey, the people never come in or go out; they read the Bible in their families, and sing hymns in the church. There are, in Guernsey, three hundred chapels for thirty thousand people.

There is no reason to doubt the orthodoxy of the Queen, who, in

truth, is considered very strict in her views at home. But now, worn out by her stormy passage, the royal passenger decided that she would be glad to get on shore. The ship doubled Chateau-Cornet, and steamed into the port St. Pierre, saluted by the cannon of Fort George.



Victor Hugo and his Grandchildren.

The rest of the island was buried in silence. Instead of the acclamations she had looked for, and the crowd which ordinarily pressed about her wherever she went, the illustrious visitor found herself surrounded by silence and solitude. It seemed as if they were landing on a desert island. Where, then, were the loyal subjects of the Duchess of Normandy?

They were at church ! The word had gone forth ; and the whole population, animated with holy zeal, had determined to give a bitter lesson to the impiety which profaned the day of the Lord. The preachers in their pulpits compared the Queen to Jezebel, and hurled scriptural texts at her head. The people of Guernsey turned their backs on the Queen of England.

A solitary gentleman, with his hands in his pockets, and a dreamy look in his eyes, was wandering on the deserted shore. He saw a woman come from the steamer, step on the beach, and approach him. He bowed. Her Gracious Majesty responded with a smile. "Who is this gentleman ?" she asked.

"Madame, it is Victor Hugo."

I am sure I do not know what she said, and so I shall not try to tell you. You see, I have the most scrupulous regard for historic truth. I believe the poet had never met the Queen before, but he had some relations with her government ; for to England his house owes, by feudal tenure, the *droit de poulage*, or yearly payment of a tax, consisting of two hens !

Although a stranger and a Frenchman was the first to greet the Queen, it was not long, however, before the inhabitants, satisfied with the lesson they had given her, received her with heartfelt though quiet hospitality.

One of the most interesting of my recollections of the life at Hauteville House, is that of a grand representation of *tableaux*, given by the children of the family on the evening of the 23d of October, 1878. It was an unusually gloomy autumn, and the brightest days had their hours of rain. The dulness became almost unbearable ; and, when some one suggested *tableaux*, we were glad to take up the idea, and carry it out. The master—for so the poet's friends call him—received an invitation to be present at the entertainment ; and, when he accepted, it seemed as if the undertaking was already assured of success. It was decided that the representation should be given the very next day, without fail.

The only trouble was, that the dialogues and scenes had not yet been written, nor the scenery made, nor the costumes prepared. Neither was there any stage or curtain. No matter. If we allow ourselves to be discouraged by mere trifles, we shall never succeed in any thing. The manager took for heroes, George and Jeanne, the grandchildren of the poet. The scenes were arranged with special reference to bringing out the grace and brightness of the children.

And the "author" never flinched at using a sofa to represent a three-decked vessel, or taking a footstool for the vessel's long-boat. Almost all the family took part in it; and the indolent or bashful ones, with some of the neighbors, made up a fine audience.

The poet seemed much moved by the misfortunes and calamities endured by his grandchildren. At the close of every scene, little Jeanne, the heroine, was arrested, and cast into a gloomy prison, or what represented a gloomy prison. Her persecutors piled arm-chairs, stools, and tables about her; but she slipped through them all like an eel. At last, when she had escaped for the tenth time, one of the little pursuers seized her; and seeing in the audience a certain elderly gentleman of honorable appearance, who seemed to merit his confidence, he carried his victim to him, and cried, —

"I intrust the prisoner to you until the next scene. You must be responsible for her, because I must judge her and condemn her before long. If she gets away again, how shall we ever get through?"

This bold and unexpected appeal had a wonderful success in winning applause from the audience; and the little girl was kept safe in the arms of her grandfather, who was thus made to take part in the exhibition.

How much we grow in a few years! George is now a wise collegian, who can talk Latin; Jeanne is now Mademoiselle Jeanne; and Victor Hugo (the fashion must run in the family) has written "*Torquemada*," and is still growing!

III.

VICTOR HUGO will be remembered, not only as an author, but as a man. His works, indeed, reflect the author: they all, too, seem to have cast their reflection on him; and it is this which inspires the affectionate curiosity which pursues him, even into the privacy of his home, and the popularity which was so signally shown by the festival of the 26th of February, 1881.

Seven hundred thousand people, moved by a spontaneous impulse, defiled in a dense crowd, from eleven o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, before the poet's house on that day, and greeted him with their acclamations. This ovation took place in a country where meetings and gatherings are forbidden, since such assemblages easily degenerate there into revolutions. The managers of it, however, — men, for the most part, devoted to literature and the arts, — secured

the indulgence of the police ; and the procession was allowed to pass freely.

A poet said to me, as he watched this immense crowd swaying to and fro, "Such a sight has never been seen before, and will never be seen again."

The popularity of the poet, indeed, does not decrease, but the demonstrations of his admirers take a different form. So it is that this year Paris publishes a "*Libre d'Or*," or "*Golden Book*," to which the most famous artists have contributed, and which, when issued, will be one of the most curious monuments which that country has ever raised to the glory of a great man.

Next year a statue of the poet will be erected on one of the public squares of Paris ; and the place where it shall stand is being discussed. Some wish it to be raised not far from his dwelling, near the artesian well at Passy : others think that its proper site is in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which recalls his *début* as a novelist, and one of his most brilliant successes.

Victor Hugo represents, not only the reformer who founded the new literary school, and delivered the French language from the trammels of classicism, but also the *tribune*, who has proclaimed and championed every liberty, often at the peril of his life.

Born with the century, he grew up with it, gradually freeing himself from the prejudices of a priestly and monarchical education. This trait of moral growth, and of advancing toward the light, has especially identified him with his age, so that already it is written of as "the century of Victor Hugo."

He has filled one era with the conquests of his thought : nothing has held ground against him, not even the empire. His complex labors, in which his existence is absolutely bound up, make him the representative of the right, the support of the unfortunate, the consoler of women, and the friend of children. When this is considered, one is no longer surprised at the current of ideas which envelops France, and nearly the entire world, and which draws towards this powerful mind those who love the ideal, and those who are oppressed by tyranny.

It is thus explained why the poet receives a larger number of letters, perhaps, than any man living. Letters are constantly coming to him from every part of the globe. Nor do these always relate to important matters. The inconveniences of fame consist, above all, in little things. The mania of owners of albums and autograph-collectors is insatiable. Requests for autographs come in such numbers to

Victor Hugo, that it is a sheer impossibility for him to respond to them. You would hardly guess how many young girls get up every morning with this idea in their heads: "Suppose I write to Victor Hugo for his autograph!" And a thousand dainty, perfumed little letters arrive, one after another, — some of them charming, others bold and indiscreet; for not only do they ask for a signature, but a thought, a phrase, or unpublished bits of prose and poetry.

Newly betrothed people write to Victor Hugo for a wedding-song, the parents of new-born infants beg for a benediction, and the bereaved beg for an epitaph to be placed on a tomb about to be erected. Each mail brings its quota of letters, either grave or gay. Cities plead for inscriptions for their monuments, political meetings request a speech, a toast, or a word of sympathy. The most remarkable thing about this correspondence which fairly submerges the poet, is, that he never refuses. He cannot, however, give much time to his correspondence; for his labors absorb his life. This is not sufficiently considered by the writers who submit to him their manuscripts, and the young authors who send him their essays, with a request for his criticism and advice on them. Even Victor Hugo's good nature is powerless to satisfy these.

In his laborious existence, the evening alone brings to the poet a few hours of liberty. At dusk, after a short stroll in the Bois de Boulogne, which is near his house, Victor Hugo becomes master of himself, and welcomes his friends, nearly all foreigners of distinction. Above all, those who are men of letters make it a point of honor to call on the poet on reaching Paris. They wish to see and hear the man in whom the genius of an entire nation seems centred.

His powers of elevated, noble, eloquent conversation, on every subject which interests or excites him, are well known. It is as if he were giving his hearers an unpublished chapter of his works, of which they have the first and exclusive edition. These hours of distraction and relaxation are dear to the poet, who each day receives a special company of invited guests. He has a day set apart for receiving senators, another for journalists, another for men of learning, and another for people of society and the world. Often these various elements mingle, and are dissolved in each other; for there is no absolute rule about the matter, and often the poet's assemblies are formed spontaneously.

Jeanne and George, his grandchildren, pass among the groups of visitors, and enliven the scene with their light, childish gayety.

There are few famous travellers who have not been seen in Victor

Hugo's drawing-room. Crowned heads themselves are sometimes represented there. The Emperor of Brazil once visited the poet. A well-meaning diplomatist tried to regulate the etiquette of the call ; but he ran against this delicate point, that, though people go to see Victor Hugo, Victor Hugo does not go to see anybody. The diplomatist found his task too much for him. At the end of his fruitless negotiations, Victor Hugo cut them short, by saying, —

“Please tell the emperor that we dine here at precisely eight o'clock ; and that, on any day when he would like to come and see me, another plate will be gladly added to those set for our guests.”

The poet had well-nigh forgotten these words, when, about a week after, just as the family were about to sit down at table, a stranger, with a frank, open face, habited in a long frock-coat, rather timidly presented himself.

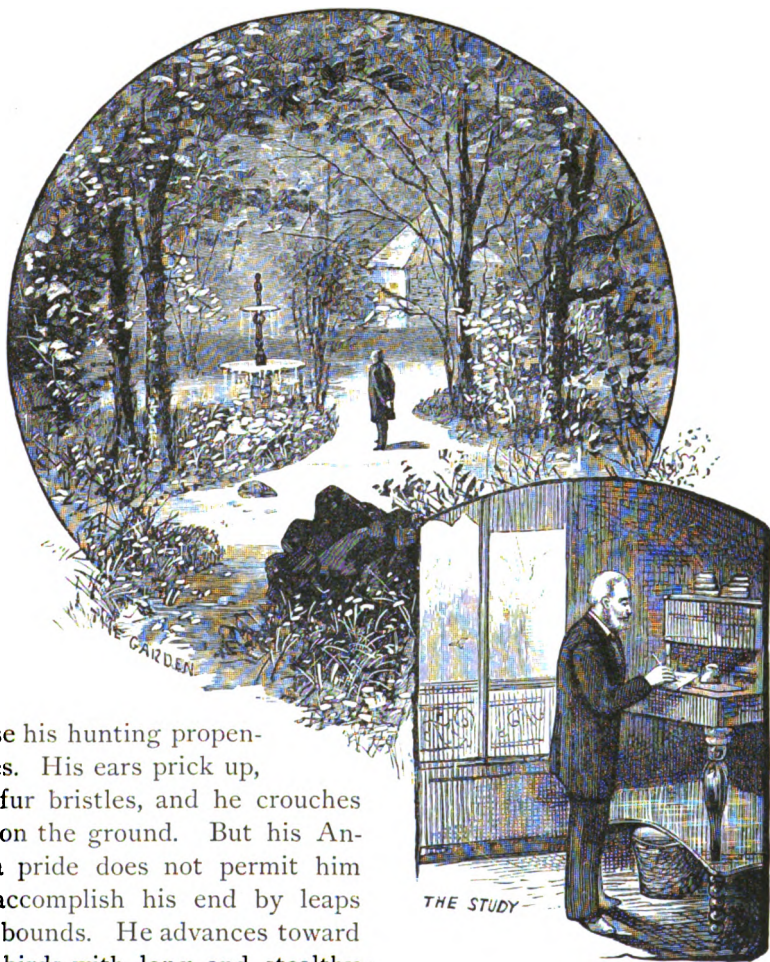
“I have some need of being encouraged,” said he to the master of the house, who came forward, and offered the visitor his hand.

He was at once recognized, and the republicans who were present hastened to make a place for this cordial royal personage. The conversation turned upon a thousand topics, and the poet and the emperor were equally brilliant. The latter avowed that he devoted the sums voted by his Parliament for adorning his palaces to the erection of schools. And so interesting was the conversation, that the party, instead of breaking up as usual at midnight, lingered until two in the morning.

All this happened in the third story of a house in the Rue Clichy, which the poet left in 1878, after his long sojourn at Guernsey. On returning to France, he took up his residence in a house on the avenue which now bears his name. This is in the Passy quarter, on one of the highest points of ground in Paris. His house is No. 50. Attached to it is a large garden, full of flowers and verdure. The windows of his study look out upon this garden, shaded by tall trees which sway in the breeze.

The poet rarely goes into the garden ; but, as he stands erect at his desk, — for he never writes sitting down, — he looks out at the sky, and rests his eyes upon the gravelled walks where George and Jeanne are playing with their companions and their well-bred domestic pets. Among these latter are two poodle dogs, whose grave demeanor betrays their great age ; and a very handsome, lazy cat, which answers to the name of “Gavroche,” this being borrowed from the name of the street-boy in Victor Hugo's “*Les Misérables*.”

Gavroche lives on a footing of armed neutrality with three white ducks, which walk up and down in Indian file, and which suddenly face about if the cat approaches them too closely. The cat then retires, and has recourse to the parrots, which chirp in the groves, and



rouse his hunting propensities. His ears prick up, his fur bristles, and he crouches flat on the ground. But his Angora pride does not permit him to accomplish his end by leaps and bounds. He advances toward the birds with long and stealthy step. The flock takes its flight, at which Gavroche seems surprised.

Let us not leave the garden without admiring a beautiful laurel-tree, which dates from the festival of the 26th of February, 1881. The "Society of the Men of Letters" made a gift to Victor Hugo, on that occasion, of a vigorous and superb laurel ten feet high. This had been submerged for twenty-four hours in a galvanic bath. Under the action

of the battery, the laurel became gilded from top to bottom with leaves, twigs, and flowers. The earth which had nourished it, and the vase which had enclosed it, were all gilded. It seemed to have come from the River Pactolus. It was, for a while, thought to be dead; but it appears that gold revivifies. After several months, the sap made the gilding crack, so that it burst, and peeled off, and gave place to green and vigorous sprouts. The tree is to-day full of life and health. It is directly opposite this usually silent landscape, where the golden tree is growing, that the poet writes, covering large sheets of Dutch paper with his sculptural penmanship.

Let it be remarked that Victor Hugo has had several styles of handwriting, — a fact which will later on give rise to interesting discussions on chirography. Before his exile, in 1851, his manuscripts were in a very small hand. The Alexandrine verses flowed in slender columns, and could only be read with difficulty with the naked eye. At the time he wrote "*La Légende des Siècles*," and especially the second part of it, his handwriting assumed a magnificent amplitude. His "copy" had a ferocious and tempestuous look. Erasures furrowed it like lightning, and flashed in violent strokes.

These tempests issued from quill-pens, matches, or reeds; for the master writes with almost any thing except metallic pens, which he abhors. This carelessness as to the instrument with which he fixes his thought is so great, that Victor Hugo uses indifferently the nib or the back of his pen without soiling his hands, of which he takes much care.

From his study, which is also his bedroom, the poet descends into his drawing-room by a thickly carpeted staircase. The drawing-rooms, which join the dining-room, open upon a long gallery, which lets into the garden. It is here that the master receives his guests of every rank, and every shade of opinion. His house is a neutral ground, where every sincere opinion may be freely expressed. Victor Hugo presides over the conversation with a toleration from which he seldom departs, even in presence of political and literary heresies; nor does he ever reprove any, except those whom he most loves. The liberality with which all are invited imposes an arduous task upon Madame Drouet, the poet's faithful friend, whose difficult duty it is to assort the guests of each dinner, so as to put people of similar tastes next to each other at the table. There is nothing which is not thus done with an exquisite tact and a perfect good grace.

Dinner is rarely prolonged later than nine o'clock. The company

then returns to the drawing-rooms, which are furnished very much as were those occupied by the poet in the Rue Clichy. Red hangings, with brilliant yellow bands; mirrors in carved frames; gilding, and a chandelier of Venetian crystal; a Louis XV. clock, which is regulated every day, and is always a quarter of an hour too fast; two bronzes; a Japanese elephant armed for battle; a copy of Michael Angelo's "Moses;" and chairs in Aubusson point, give the rooms an aspect at once elegant and serious.

VICTOR HUGO.

By JAMES PARTON.

IT was in 1822 that a little volume of poems, entitled "Odes et Ballades," by Victor Hugo, appeared in Paris. It excited a tempest of controversy, which caused it to sell with a rapidity that was extremely convenient to the young poet ; for he was deeply in love with a young lady who had been his playmate in childhood.

His volume was published in June. In October the poet was married. In December he gave the public a second edition, with a firm but modest preface, in which he defended himself and his work against attacks. This edition was followed by other editions, with new and longer prefaces ; and, from that time to this, these "Odes and Ballads" have been reprinted every two or three years. The edition now lying before me is dated 1875, and there has been another published since.

It is not usual for poetry to excite angry controversy. Why, then, should this volume have so inflamed the passions of men ? To answer that question, I must tell you who this poet was, and how he had lived. No poet of modern times has had so romantic a history. His father was Joseph Leopold Sigisbert Hugo, one of Napoleon's most active and intelligent officers. While serving in La Vendée, he fell in love with, and married, an armorer's daughter, who was a devoted royalist ; her name, Sophie Trébuchet. Three sons were the fruit of this marriage, all of whom were distinguished in literature ; although Victor is the only one whose fame has reached foreign countries.

In this poet, then, was mingled the blood and spirit of both the parties which then divided France. Gen. Hugo had been first a republican, and then a soldier of the empire. His wife never ceased to cherish in her heart the warmest devotion to the old line of kings.

The poet was born, as he tells us in one of his early poems, at the

ancient city of Besançon. Like many other men who have enjoyed a vigorous old age, he was born extremely feeble, — an infant, he says, without color, without voice, given up by every one but his mother. No one expected him to live through the day ; and nothing saved him, except what he calls the “obstinacy” of his mother, who lavished upon this fragile child a double portion of a mother’s tenderness.

When he was six weeks old, his father was ordered to the island of Elba. During the remainder of Napoleon’s reign, the mother and her boys had no permanent resting-place. Part of the time, the father held a command in Naples under King Joseph. When the latter changed the crown of Naples for that of Spain, Gen. Hugo left Italy also ; and his family passed two years in Paris. It was at this time that the boy saw Napoleon, an event which makes the subject of one of his most pleasing poems.

He was then seven years old, and he merely saw the emperor pass. He stole away from his mother, in order to get a look at the man of whom he had heard so much ; and he tells us what it was in the emperor that struck his boyish mind. It was not, he says, the enthusiasm of the people, nor the splendor of his escort, nor even the battered old hat that he wore, “more beautiful than a diadem,” nor even the old grenadiers of his guard, nor the ten vassal princes who followed him. It was none of these things that moved the boy.

“What struck me,” he says, “and remained graven upon my memory, was to see, amid all those pomps and splendors, this Sovereign Man passing on silent and grave, like a god of bronze.”

In the evening of the same day, when his father came home, Victor asked him why Napoleon looked so. The general made no reply. But the next day the child returned to the charge, and besought an explanation. The father gave a long discourse, comparing Napoleon to the still depths of the ocean, to the motionless roots of the mighty oak, to the silent, fruitful earth. In his mind, all was formed.

The boy saw the emperor pass a second time, wearing always the same severe, cold expression of countenance, as of a man who had undertaken a task far transcending human ability, — the government of an empire by his own unaided wisdom.

The storm of war called the father far away, leaving this wonderful boy for two years to the influence of his mother in Paris. They lived, during this period, in an old convent, in a quiet part of Paris ; and there he imbibed his mother’s love for the old king and the old ways. He tells us all about this part of his life in an enchanting poem, which

I wish I could worthily translate ; but I cannot. No one could, unless he were a poet little inferior to Victor Hugo himself.

"I had," he says, "in my blond infancy, alas ! too brief, three masters, — a garden, an old priest, and my mother. The garden was large, well shaded, mysterious, closed in by high walls from curious eyes, sown with flowers, full of humming noises. The priest, nourished upon Tacitus and Homer, was a gentle and good old man. My mother — was my mother ! So I grew up under this triple ray."

And then he goes on to tell how, at last, his mother began to think it was time for the boy to go to school ; and how a learned doctor, with narrow forehead and solemn countenance, came to talk to his mother about it, and was very positive that the boy ought not to waste his time any longer under the tutelage of those three. When the doctor was gone, the poor mother was sad and thoughtful ; but, at last, the garden carried the day. The poet represents the garden arguing the case with the mother, and advising her to leave her child to grow up under its influence. The mother yielded, and the child remained.

Doubtless the garden had the best of the argument ; for there was every thing in the old convent, and the grounds adjacent, which could nourish a Victor Hugo ten years of age.

But one day, when he and his brothers were in the garret of the convent, they saw upon the top of a cupboard a huge black book, far above their reach. They managed to climb up in some way, and get it down. It proved to be a large old Bible, full of pictures ; and, as they opened its leaves, they knew, from the odor of incense which came from them, that the book had formerly been used in the services of the chapel. It was not common in French families for the children to have access to a Bible, and to these three boys the book was a treasure all new.

"From the first word," the poet relates, "it appeared to us so lovely, that, forgetting to play, we three gathered about it on our knees, and set ourselves to read. We read all the morning about Joseph, Ruth, and Boaz, the Good Samaritan ; and, more and more charmed, we read it again in the evening."

Oh, yes ! The old garden was in the right. The boy was richly nourished, until the father summoned them away to join him in Spain, where he held an important command under the same King Joseph ; and there they remained until the fall of Napoleon drew them all back to Paris again.

A great calamity now fell upon this household. Gen. Hugo, like

most of the old soldiers of the empire, adhered to the dethroned and exiled emperor ; while his Vendean wife was more warmly attached



Victor Hugo.

than ever to the restored Bourbons. This difference ended at last in their separation.

The father, designing to make soldiers of his boys, placed them at a great and famous school in Paris, and assumed the entire direction

of their lives. Victor, however, showed such a decided preference for literary life, that his father at length ceased to oppose his will; and the lad gave himself wholly up to poetry. It is a custom for the French Academy to offer occasionally a prize for the best poem on a given subject. The subject proposed for 1817 was "The Advantages of Study." Victor Hugo was then fifteen years of age.

He wrote a poem for the prize, which would probably have been successful but for the last line, wherein the poet said that he was "scarcely fifteen." The poem was so remarkable, that the committee thought that this line could not possibly be true; and they regarded it as an "ill-timed mystification." Hence, they awarded the prize to another poem, and accorded this one only an honorable mention. It was something more than mentioned, however; for the committee quoted some lines of it, and said, —

"If, indeed, the author is so young as he says, the academy must give its encouragement to the young poet who wrote these verses."

Thus, every thing urged him towards the path he was to follow through life. As he approached manhood, he imbibed more of his mother's devotion to the royal family, and to the system they represented. His first volume of poems, therefore, the "Odes and Ballads" above mentioned, gave eloquent and moving expression to these sentiments. It recalled all the glories of the ancient monarchy, gratified most keenly the court and the world of fashion, and stirred the wrath of the old republicans, the old soldiers, and the old unbelievers.

To give the reader an idea of the resolute manner in which he placed himself in opposition to the undercurrents of feeling and thought, it would be necessary to give many passages from this bold, tender, and powerful work. Take only this passage from one of the prefaces, where he replies to those who had censured his departure from old models: —

"The poet ought to have but one model, — nature; only one guide, — truth. Of all the books which circulate among men, only two ought to be studied by him, — Homer and the Bible. In them we find the whole of creation considered under its twofold aspect, — in Homer, by the genius of man; in the Bible, by the Spirit of God."

The little book, as I have said, succeeded beyond all his hopes. He married the girl of his heart; and in the nick of time, when he was beginning to feel the inconveniences of keeping house without an income, the benevolent old king, Louis XVIII., gave him a small pension. This, however, was not for his poetry alone. An old friend of

Victor Hugo, charged with conspiracy against the government, was hiding in Paris against the police. The poet wrote to the mother of the accused, offering him an asylum in his own house; "for," said he, "I am too much of a royalist for any one to think of coming to look for him in a room of mine."

This letter was opened at the post-office, and shown to the king. When he had read it, he said, —

"I know this young man. In this matter he conducts himself honorably. I grant him the next vacant pension."

The vacancy occurred none too soon; for, about this time, his father, with fifty others of the old generals of the empire, was dropped from the army-list. Gen. Hugo died in 1828, leaving unfinished a work on fortification, which has not yet seen the light. From this time, the young poet had little to depend upon but his own labors as poet and dramatist. In one of his prose-works, he gives an interesting account of his early married life, when his beautiful wife was in the prime of her days, and his two sons and two daughters were playing about his feet as he sat at his desk. His life, he tells us, was rude, but sweet. In the evening, before settling to his work for the night, he would lie down upon the floor; and the little ones would climb up on him, laughing, singing, jesting, playing. The mother taught them to read: he taught them to write. Sometimes he wrote with them upon the same table, — they, alphabets and strokes; he, *something else*: and, while they slowly and seriously wrote their strokes and letters, he finished a swift page.

Since those happy, peaceful days, what a life the poet has lived, what events he has witnessed! He has written twenty volumes of poetry, some of which is the best in the whole literature of France. He has written nine romances, several of which have been translated into every civilized language of the earth. He has written ten plays, of which five or six made great successes. He has written nearly twenty volumes, large and small, of prose, much of it admirable, and all of it breathing the noblest love of human kind.

Besides this enormous mass of literature, he has served his country with disinterested zeal under every administration, and, best of all, under Louis Napoleon, when he lived nineteen years an exile, and refused the amnesty offered him by that basest of all usurpers.

I do not wonder at the late unparalleled celebration of his eightieth birthday in Paris, a festival in which the whole population of the city seemed to take part, at least by filing past his house, and by giving

him a respectful salute. All the houses of the street in which he lived were decorated with flags and streamers ; and nearly every organized body in Paris, whether musical, literary, political, or social, took part in the procession. Let me add a few words ; for I have before me a complete account of the whole festival, published in Paris three days after it.

Before the procession began in the morning, a group of little children, from four to six years of age, clothed in white, rose-color, and blue, came to greet the "Grandfather," on behalf of all the other little children of Paris. A bewitching little girl stepped forward, and recited some verses to this effect :—

"We are the little birds, light of wing, who come to sing songs to the Eagle. He is *terrible*, but very nice ; and, without making him in the least angry, we can thrust our heads under his wing.

"We are, though still in the bud, the flowers of the coming dawn, which perfume the golden mosses of the oak.

"We are little children who come, gay, active, happy, to greet with triumphant laughter the Ancestor. If Jeanne and George [grandchildren of Victor Hugo] are jealous, so much the worse for them. That is their affair. And now kiss us, grandfather."

Jeanne and George were not jealous ; and the aged poet, with tears in his eyes, kissed and thanked them. Soon after this scene, the avenue was filled with the children of the infant schools, who clamored for a sight of the poet. He appeared at the window with his grandchildren. Every boy took off his hat ; every girl waved her handkerchief ; every voice cried, "*Vive Victor Hugo ! Vive la République !*" So began this wonderful festival, which did not close until midnight.

ST. PIERRE,

THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

THERE are certain books that are read to be laid aside, and there are certain other books that are laid aside to be read. No one who reads at all gets through life without having perused "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Paul and Virginia." These two stories are sometimes bound up together for the immediate use of young persons, who are sure to be told that they cannot afford to remain long in the world, and be ignorant of the people who are native to these attractive volumes.

My first pilgrimage in London was to the rooms which Goldsmith had occupied, for I could not remember the time when "The Vicar of Wakefield" was not a delight to me; and, landing at Havre on my earliest visit to Europe, I had not been on shore a single hour before seeking out the house in which the author of "Paul and Virginia" was born, in the year 1737. I found the place without difficulty, having obtained direction to the locality from the very first person I appealed to in the street.

Early in life, I adopted the plan, when in a strange place, either at home or abroad, of asking information, as to street or person, of an intelligent-looking female, rather than to one of my own sex, and for this reason: Men are apt to be hurrying along, bent solely on their own affairs, and do not care to be stopped by a stranger, and questioned as to matters unimportant to themselves. Besides, your average well-dressed man on the sidewalk is not half so apt to be possessed of the requisite knowledge as ladies who are moving over the same pavement. Male pedestrians, nine out of ten, are superficial, ill-mannered, and indifferent, or not in the mood for conferring favor of information on an

inquiring stranger. Women, on the contrary, are habitually more sympathetic, and inclined to oblige. They are certainly, as a constitutional characteristic, much more graciously mannered than men; and I am yet to receive the first gruff reply from a lady in the street, when I have requested answer to any question necessary for my convenience to be solved.

The *mode* of bestowing a kindness is often of more value than the thing conferred. The art of being gracious is, to put it mildly, not exclusively possessed by those who go about the streets inside of hats, coats, and trousers. A man appealed to in the street tells you he *does not know* with a short, sharp report, like an unsympathetic revolver. A woman, not able to answer your question, does so with an apologetic smile and a beneficent tone, which linger in your memory sometimes like Titian's portraits, which, Hazlitt says, are all sustained by sentiment, and look as if the persons whom he painted sat to music.

Foreigners, perhaps, have more sympathy for strangers who need information than either English or Americans; and the instructed lady who showed me the nearest way to No. 47, Rue de la Corderie, in Havre, seemed pleased that she could render me so gracious a service. Titania's exhortatory line to the elves in the case of Nick Bottom, "Be kind and courteous to this gentleman," could not have been better carried out. The good woman insisted upon proceeding with me to the quaint old house, although it was evidently not in the direction she was going when I met her; but the service was performed so kindly, I could not offer a word of protest. Leading me along the quays, we threaded our way through the bustling streets, piled up with cotton-bales, sugar-hogsheads, and other commodities, all reminding me of the tropical countries which had made Havre their port of trade. Unwonted cries of parrots and macaws filled the air, and their sparkling plumage made the streets resplendent with color. At length we came to the house we were in search of.

Entering the little shop on the lower floor, the master of it came smiling towards me, and politely inquired what he could do to serve me.

"Will monsieur please to be seated?"

"*Merci!* but I have no business," was my reply.

The little *perruquier* looked disappointed, and began to display his wares, consisting of odorous soap, combs, brushes, and other useful articles for the toilet.

"I have taken the liberty of entering the house in which the

famous author of 'Paul and Virginia' was born, and of paying, as an American, the homage of my admiration for his genius," said I.

"Ah! he was indeed a grand author, and I am proud to do business on the very spot where he was born," replied the man.

The barber and I then sat down together near his door, for it was an hour of the day when no customers were stirring; and we then and there compared notes as to the great merits of St. Pierre, whose works were as familiar as the prayer-book to my new friend. Indeed, he had a small copy of "The Indian Cottage" on his shelf of perfumes; and he handed it down for my inspection.

This, then, was the birthplace of a man who had given so much pleasure to the world, the starting-point of a being destined to confer so lasting a benefit on mankind. The little barber being called away to wait upon a pompous and well-powdered gentleman, who desired to have his wig put in "grand style" for the *fête* to be held next day at Ingouville, I had the whole doorway to myself. Many a time St. Pierre, when a youth, must have passed over this threshold. A man of acute sensibility all his life, in this narrow street he must have suffered some of the pangs that wait upon a temperament like his. I remember he says, somewhere in his works, that a single thorn could give him greater pain than a hundred roses confer pleasure: and I also recalled how deeply he was wounded by envious and malicious contemporaries, and how frequently disease lay in wait for him; how, at one time, he was seized with a strange malady, flashes of fire resembling lightning dancing before his eyes, every object appearing double and moving,—like Œdipus, seeing two suns in heaven. For years he was a man "perplexed in the extreme;" and what he endured, people born without nerves can never comprehend.

The complete works of St. Pierre fill twelve octavo volumes; but his fame will always rest on that tender little idyl, so full of romantic interest, published in 1788, which was written in a garret on the Rue St. Étienne-du-Mont in Paris.

A touching incident, connected with the manuscript of "Paul and Virginia," is recorded by L. Aimé-Martin. Madame Necker invited St. Pierre to bring his new story into her *salon*, and read it, before publication, to a company of distinguished and enlightened auditors. She promised that the judges she would convene to hear him were among those she esteemed the most worthy. Monsieur Necker himself, as a distinguished favor, would be at home on the occasion. Buffon, the Abbé Galiani, Monsieur and Madame Germain, were among

the tribunal when St. Pierre appeared, and sat down with the manuscript of "Paul and Virginia" open before him.

At first he was heard in profound silence. He went on, and the attention grew languid: the august assembly began to whisper, to yawn, and then to listen no longer. Monsieur de Buffon pulled out his watch, and called for his horses. Those sitting near the door noiselessly slipped out. One of the company was seen in profound slumber. Some of the ladies wept, but Monsieur Necker jeered at them; and they, ashamed of their tears, dared not confess how much interested they had been. When the reading was finished, not one word of praise followed it. Madame Necker criticised the conversations in the book, and spoke of the tedious and commonplace action in the story. A shower of iced water seemed to fall on poor St. Pierre, who retired from the room in a state of overwhelming depression. He felt as if a sentence of death had been pronounced on his story, and that "Paul and Virginia" was unworthy to appear before the public eye.

But a man of genius — the painter, Joseph Vernet, who had not been present at the reading at Madame Necker's — dropped in one morning on St. Pierre in his garret, and revived his almost sinking courage. "Perhaps monsieur will read his new story to his friend Vernet?" So the author took up his manuscript, which since the fatal day had been cast aside, and began to read. As Vernet listened, the charm fell upon him, and at every page he uttered an exclamation of delight. Soon he ceased to praise: he only wept. When St. Pierre reached that part of the book which Madame Necker had found so much fault with, the author proposed to omit that portion of the narrative; but Vernet would not consent to omit any thing. When the book was finished, Vernet threw his arms about St. Pierre, and told him he had produced a masterpiece.

"My friend," exclaimed Vernet, "you are a great painter, and I dare to promise you a splendid reputation!" Fifty editions, in the year "Paul and Virginia" was published, attested the wise judgment of Joseph Vernet.

St. Pierre was an enthusiast for nature; and we can never be grateful enough to the men and women, who, like him, have written books to make us more in love with her beauties and harmonies, who have themselves been transported with the glories of her divine works, — those careful observers and students who have the power to bring, even in winter months, the robins singing again about our doors, as in the summer-time.

For my own part, I can never be sufficiently thankful for the writings of Wordsworth, Thomson, Cowper, Bryant, Thoreau, Kingsley, and those other high-priests of nature, who have spoken to us, either in their loftiest or simplest moods, of what is so elevating and instructive. It is a good thing to be alive while John Burroughs is bringing out, at pleasant intervals, his delightful volumes, so full of grace and accurate suggestion; and I always wish to take off my hat in homage, when I face him in the street, to George B. Emerson, for those two noble volumes which can make the forests of Massachusetts our neighbors and companions every day in the year.

St. Pierre's "*Studies of Nature*" is full of interest, discursive though it is apt to be in many of its chapters. In one of the passages of this work, he expressed a wish that he might find a suitable companion for life. Many letters, making overtures for the situation, poured in upon him. He finally married a beautiful and accomplished daughter of the celebrated printer, Didot; and two of their children were named Paul and Virginia. Some time after her death, he espoused, in second marriage, a young girl of noble family named De Pellepore, with whom he lived in conjugal felicity to the end of his career. The disparity of their ages was no bar to their happiness; and the lady is described, by those who knew her, as a model wife, and most careful guardian of his children.

St. Pierre died in the month of January, 1814, at the age of seventy-seven. His last years were filled with tranquillity, and were as happy as his youthful ones had been sad and restless. He was a beautiful old man in personal appearance; and his long silver hair, flowing carelessly over his well-knit shoulders, gave him prominence, as an individual, even in the crowded streets of Paris. The common people knew and loved his venerable form, and, as they passed, always saluted with reverence the author of "*Paul and Virginia*."

JULES GRÉVY,

THIRD PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

By JAMES PARTON.

THE first remark that occurs to one on seeing a photograph of President Grévy, is, that he does not look like a Frenchman.

A broad-shouldered, strong man, with an open, serene countenance, close-cut whiskers, and a marked expression of good temper, cheerfulness, and benevolence, he would pass anywhere for an English or American man of business. His forehead is broad and high, and the whole look of the man inspires confidence and respect.

It is an error, however, to suppose that every Frenchman is a slender, bowing, gesticulating person, with baggy trousers, and a ticket for a ball always in his pocket. France is inhabited by as many kinds of people as England is; and the French differ from one another as much as a Yorkshire man does from a man of Kent, or as either of these does from the people of Cornwall.

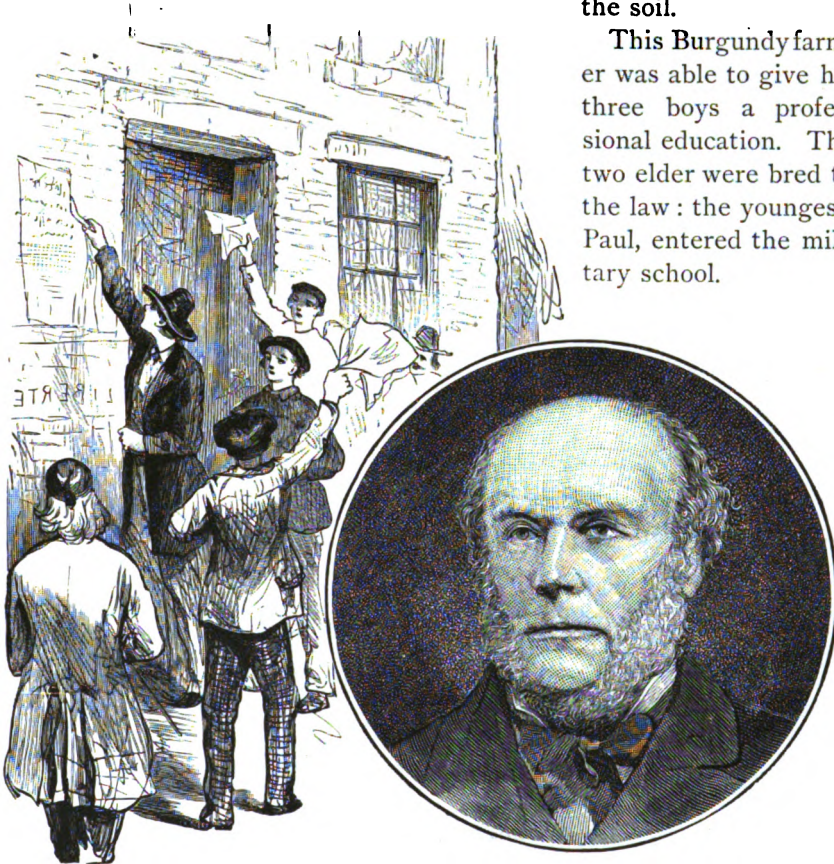
Jules Grévy is a native of the department of the Jura, which is traversed by the Alpine Mountains of that name. Between the ridges of the Jura Mountains, which are about as high as our White Mountains, are deep, extensive, and fertile valleys, which have been inhabited by many generations of a strong and peculiar race.

The men of the Jura, the tallest in France, are distinguished, as Monsieur Réclus informs us, by a short body, broad shoulders, long limbs, and a thoughtful, astute character. Without being cold and phlegmatic, they have always been noted for self-control; and hence they have excelled as diplomatists. They are not a talkative people, like the Frenchmen of the interior provinces.

The father of Jules Grévy was a true child of the French Revolution. When volunteers were called for, in 1792, to defend France

against the invading kings, the young farmer Grévy was one who shouldered the patriotic musket ; and his comrades elected him *chef-de-bataillon*, a rank nearly corresponding to our major. He fought for his country until peace was made. Then, like a true republican soldier, he returned to his farm, and spent the rest of his days in cultivating the soil.

This Burgundy farmer was able to give his three boys a professional education. The two elder were bred to the law : the youngest, Paul, entered the military school.



Jules Grévy.

Jules pursued his education at the College of Poligny, a few miles from his home. This was fortunate ; because it retained him in the family circle, under the influence of his liberal-minded father.

That father had an insight into the causes and the nature of the French Revolution, which came from his having lived through it, and offered his life for it. It has been frequently remarked of President Grévy, that he has a singularly clear and sympathetic comprehension

of the revolutionary period. He imbibed it, as Daniel Webster imbibed his love of the Constitution of the United States, from the conversations at his father's fireside.

Jules Grévy acquired at home that republican sense and insight which have made him the first ruler of his country who has at heart believed in the republic.

At the age of seventeen he was in Paris, pursuing his legal studies. This was the memorable year, 1830, when Charles X. was driven from the throne, and Louis Philippe took his uneasy seat upon it.

That revolution began with tearing down from the walls of Paris the king's posters, announcing that freedom of the press was at an end in France. A great multitude of girls, lads, and young men, encouraged by their elders, ran up and down the streets, removing and obliterating the offensive proclamations. One of the students who engaged in this exercise was Jules Grévy.

He was admitted to the bar in 1837, and began practice in Paris, with small chance of a successful career. He was on the right side in politics, which is often the wrong side for prompt success in a learned profession.

But, as Louis Philippe opposed more and more the will of the people, he created more business for opposition lawyers, among whom Jules Grévy early distinguished himself for his firm, moderate, and able defence of persons prosecuted by the government for political offences. In 1839, when he was but twenty-six years of age, and had been but two years an advocate, he won signal honor by defending, before the Court of Peers, two prisoners, Phillipet and Quignot, accused of an offence which the government called insurrection. The credit he won in this case brought him many similar ones, and prepared the way for all his subsequent career. He arrived at length at the highest rank among the lawyers of Paris.

His public life dates from the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848, the second king whom he had seen forced to make a hasty escape across the Channel from the indignation of the people of France. He was then thirty-five years of age, known chiefly as an able, strenuous, cheerful, plodding lawyer, with strong republican opinions. The provisional government sent him to his native Jura, clothed, for a time, with great, almost despotic, powers. These powers he exercised with his accustomed moderation, using his best endeavors, not to inflame the passions of the people, but to allay the prevailing excitement. When the crisis was at an end, he was elected one of the seven

members of the assembly to which his province was entitled, and his majority was the greatest of the seven.

Transferred to the national legislature, he was still the same man as at the bar,—laborious in investigation, strong and unpretending in speech. Without being extreme or impractical, he was a decided and uncompromising republican. He believed in the republic. He also felt that France was at heart so republican, that there never could be popular content and stable peace until the national longing for a republic, baffled as it had been for sixty years, should be gratified.

When Jules Grévy heard the tidings, on the morning of Dec. 2, 1851, of Louis Napoleon's treason, he went at once to meet his colleagues, to discuss with them what it became them to do. He advised armed resistance; but the usurper had taken his measures, and the member from Jura soon found himself a prisoner with the rest of the republican leaders. Resistance was manifestly impossible. Ere long Jules Grévy was at his old work in the Paris courts, defending, as best he could, men accused by the agents of the self-chosen ruler.

During the long period, nearly twenty years, of the imperial *régime*, Grévy was one of the select band of patriotic men who were called "Irreconcilables." He maintained a firm and prudent opposition to the measures of the government, particularly to the war with Germany, which was more nearly devoid of cause than any other war of modern times. Before a soldier had marched, he foretold publicly that the war would be "disastrous for France." The usurpation ended, he returned to the assembly, which elected him its president with a near approach to unanimity. He acquired an ascendancy over the unruly body, naturally resulting from the combined strength and serenity of his mind.

After serving as president for two stormy years, he resigned under circumstances which greatly increased his reputation and influence. He called to order the Duke de Grammont for applying the word "impertinent" to a remark by another member. The aristocratic party clamored against this act of discipline, and would not be appeased. The chairman addressed them thus:—

"Gentlemen, if I have not performed the duties of my place as you have the right to demand of me, it is necessary that I should know it. I neither asked for, nor sought, the place to which you elected me. "I have fulfilled my duty to the best of my ability, according to my sense of justice, and with impartiality. If I do not, in return, obtain from you, gentlemen, the justice to which I believe I have a right, I shall know what it becomes me to do."

The next day he resigned, and held to his resignation, although but twenty-one votes were cast against him.

On Jan. 30, 1879, he was elected president of the republic by a joint convention of the senate and assembly. In a body consisting of seven hundred and thirteen members, he received five hundred and sixty-three votes; and there is reason to believe that this vote fairly represented the state of parties in France.

As president, he has maintained his character of modesty, moderation, and simplicity. He has made no epigrams, committed no brilliancy, avoided pageants and "progresses," and kept close to the business of his office.

In his bearing, in the daily routine of his life, and in the arrangement of his house, he is like a president of the United States, but with this difference: he gives more time than our presidents usually do to rest and social pleasures.

He has a beautiful garden, in which he spends much time in summer, and where he often retires for quiet conversation with his ministers. He will have his game of chess every afternoon, and rarely misses his ride in the afternoon, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

An old friend relates that his favorite spot in his garden is a little lake wherein are some ducks, which the president is fond of feeding and watching. When he is puzzled what answer to make to an important question, he strolls down to his beloved duck-pond, and, while he feeds his favorites with crumbs of bread, thinks over the business in hand.

President Grévy is now seventy years of age. So far as we can judge from this distance, he enjoys the confidence of his countrymen in a high degree.

No ruler in Europe has a more difficult office to fill than he, and nothing saves him in it but sheer virtue. If he serves out successfully and happily the remaining three years of his term, and leaves his place unimpaired to a successor, it will be because of his sincerity, his firmness, his quiet, Washington-like way of using all his powers, with the single object of doing the best thing possible in the circumstances.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

I HAVE known few things in the world more delightful than to meet people who have conversed with Sir Walter Scott. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several persons who lived near the great man, and were on intimate terms with him for years. To hear them describe the traits in his character, imitate the tones of his sympathetic voice, and dwell upon his genius, was indeed something to delight in.

One of his old Edinburgh friends, the excellent Adam Black, told me, that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dogs, and raised his cheery voice of greeting, it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air, and Nature herself rejoiced to have him abroad amid her glories. Mr. Black declared him to be the best-humored man that ever lived, — a man whose sympathy was always ready, and whose kindness was enduring.

One of his contemporaries said it was impossible to decide whether he had the clearest head or the soundest heart in all Scotland. How they loved him on Tweed-side, we may gather from his son-in-law's beautiful anecdote of the poor music-master who offered Scott all his savings when the great novelist fell into pecuniary embarrassment.

It was a thing to be remembered, to hear Washington Irving discourse of Scott. To the end of his life, our own charming writer of "The Sketch-Book" could not speak of his friend without enthusiasm. How kind the author of "Waverley" was to the timid young American, when Scott received him, in 1817, at Abbotsford!

"The glorious old minstrel," said Irving, "came limping (for he was very lame) to the gate, took me by the hand, and we were friends in a moment. I cannot express to you my delight in his character and manners. He was a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of

the joyousness of youth ; and his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, the very dogs and cats, I can never forget. Every thing that came within his influence seemed to catch a beam of that sunshine which played around his heart. He entered into every passing scene and passing pleasure with the intent and simple enjoyment of a child. Nothing seemed too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit."

People who died prior to the 7th of July, 1814, were unfortunate in one respect, if no other ; for on that day was published the first of the "Waverley" romances. A world without Scott's novels in it must have been rather a lean place to live in, surely ; and we can never quite estimate the dulness and vacuity of a globe which existed before that immortal story-teller was born into it.

Mr. Rufus Choate told me he well remembered seeing, when a youth, a bookseller in Salem one morning hang up a show-bill outside his shop-door, on which was printed, in large letters, "This day published a New Novel, 'Waverley,' or 'Tis Sixty Years Since." And an old lady in Philadelphia once described the intense enthusiasm the coming out of those novels produced in that city. She said she remembered, when a child, seeing a woman rush into a shop, where, in those days, they sold every thing, and hearing her cry out, in an excited tone, "Give me 'Peveril of the Peak' and two candles as quick as possible !"

Sir Walter Scott's boyhood has been most pleasantly described by himself, and is full of interest. When only a year and a half old, a fever deprived him of the use of his right leg ; and he never wholly recovered from the lameness. They carried the little fellow into the country, and tried all sorts of prescribed remedies, hoping to cure the poor boy's malady.

Among other things, this one he remembered, and often laughed about it in after-life. Whenever a sheep was killed for the use of the family at the farm, little Walter was stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm from the animal's carcase. Then they laid him down on the parlor-floor, and tried to make him crawl about, in order to get strength into his damaged limb. His grandmother and grandfather were his playfellows in those early days, and used to tell their small grandson stories of Scottish heroes, grave and gay, and amuse him as best they could with old books and songs of the past. When the day was fine, they carried the child out into the air, and laid him down

beside an old shepherd among the crags and rocks where the sheep were feeding.

By degrees, the boy got strength to stand, then to walk, and then to run; but he never was wholly cured of his lameness. At Bath he lived a year for the benefit of the waters, and it was there he first learned to read at a dame's school. I think his lameness gave him many hours of leisure within doors which he might not have had if his limb had been sound. At any rate, he devoured books at a rapid rate, and early became on fire for deeds of chivalry. He read with avidity every thing he could lay his hands upon in the form of history and poetry; and, when some odd volumes of Shakspeare first fell in his way, he read the plays with a kind of rapture, sitting up half-dressed, and rapidly perusing them by the light of a midnight fire when the family had retired to bed.

As he grew older, a benevolent old man, who owned a library, recommended him to read "Ossian" and "Spenser;" and these books excited him to a wonderful degree. All this time he was a scholar in the High School of Edinburgh, getting into his head as much Latin and Greek as he had room for. Soon he became inspired by the beauties of the natural scenery on the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, and this early worship of the beautiful in God's world never deserted him.

After he left college, and his father had entered him a student at law, he began to compose legendary romances, and stirring ballads, which he repeated with much applause to a knot of cronies who were never tired of listening to Watty Scott, as they called the young man. Lamé as he was, he was a great walker in those days, and frequently accomplished thirty miles a day in visiting ruins and old battle-fields. Wandering over the field of Bannockburn gave him exquisite pleasure; and he explored many an old castle with James Ramsay, his fellow law-apprentice. Sir Walter lamented, all his life long, that he had not studied more thoroughly the essentials of a good education, and often said he had neglected his school advantages in early youth. But, during his pupilage, he certainly learned many things worth knowing.

When Walter was a boy of fifteen, Robert Burns, the bard of Scotland, came up to Edinburgh for a first visit to the capital. Young Scott would have given the world to speak with Burns, he so loved his poetry, and so honored the man; and, at last, his great desire was gratified. Burns came to Professor Ferguson's one day when Scott

and some half-dozen other youngsters were present. An engraving of a dead soldier in the snow, with his dog by his side, and his widow and child watching near, was handed about among the company. Under the picture were some lines descriptive of the sad scene.

Burns was so affected by the picture that he shed tears, and asked who was the author of the lines. Nobody remembered them but the boy, Walter Scott; and he whispered the author's name to a friend standing near, who informed Burns. The poet turned, and looked kindly at the knowing lad; and Scott remembered that look all his life.

Walter Scott is indeed a literature in himself. His genius throws a lustre on the art of story-telling, and renders fiction a boon to the human race. His imagination had a range of eight centuries to unfold itself in, and he roamed through them with a masterful power and beauty. No *good* reader ever outgrows Sir Walter. Once take him to your heart, and there is no parting company with him after that. In age he will be just as fresh as he was to you in childhood; and you will never tire of his delightful companionship, or have a misunderstanding with him.

Lockhart's description of Sir Walter's last hours, in the year 1832, once read can never be forgotten. He says,—

“As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last stage of feebleness. . . . ‘Lockhart,’ he said, ‘I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.’

“About half-past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IT is a long trip from London to Edinburgh; but, if you take the Flying Scotchman, you do it in ten hours. The Flying Scotchman is the fast express, which makes only three or four stops between the two cities, and goes, I believe, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It does, indeed, seem like flying. A bird on rapid wing must get much such glimpses of the world about him as we got, tearing on through the country that long day.

We reached Edinburgh in the evening. The friend we were to visit was glad of this; for he was an American of Scotch descent, and had enough of a Scotchman's pride in Edinburgh to want us first to see "The Castle" in all its morning glory. Everybody talks of the castle when you are in Edinburgh. You cannot forget it if you would; for it dominates every thing; and it is the heart of every thing.

I think no city in the world can possibly be more picturesque than Edinburgh. Its site and structure combine to make it unique. It is a city of hills and valleys. Castle Rock, as the site of the castle is called, is some seven hundred feet in circumference; and on three sides it is just bare rock, so precipitous that foot of man could hardly scale it. Accessible only on one side, a place more perfectly adapted for a fortress can scarcely be imagined.

The old gray castle itself is one of the most picturesque of buildings. Whether you see it at sunrise, at high noon, in the tender twilight time, or when the pale moon visits it, it is alike beautiful; but I think the view of it which will linger longest in my memory is that I had one afternoon when I sat on a green bank in the Princes' Street Gardens, and listened to the band of the Duchess of Sutherland's Own, as a favorite regiment of Highlanders is called. The sun sank lower and lower as the band discoursed its sweet, shrill music, until at

last the valley was in shadow, while all the sunset glow and glory rested on the gray old castle, making its windows flame like opals.

I seem to remember Edinburgh and the region round it in a series of pictures. Every thing about it is picturesque. The buildings are all of stone, — a fine-grained sandstone, which is quite equal in beauty to marble. It is susceptible of the utmost delicacy of carving; and it so well resists the effects of time and the weather, as to retain longer than almost any other stone its freshness of aspect.

Arthur's Seat seemed to me the most beautiful of the many hills



Edinburgh Castle.

around Edinburgh. The Queen climbed to the top of it in a former visit; and, if *she* could, why not we? So we left our carriage at the base of the hill, and struggled on and up. Arthur's Seat is a great rock at the very top of the hill, in which you can trace a sort of fantastic resemblance to a chair. I sat there on the jagged old rock, and looked forth with such a swelling at my heart as I cannot at all put into words. I have seldom, if ever, seen a

view at once so extended and so lovely. Edinburgh lay spread out there in all its stately beauty. Other more distant hills confronted you with their solemn peace. Off at one side was Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, and beyond it the sea, — blue, bright, illimitable. It was worth a much harder climb to look upon such a scene.

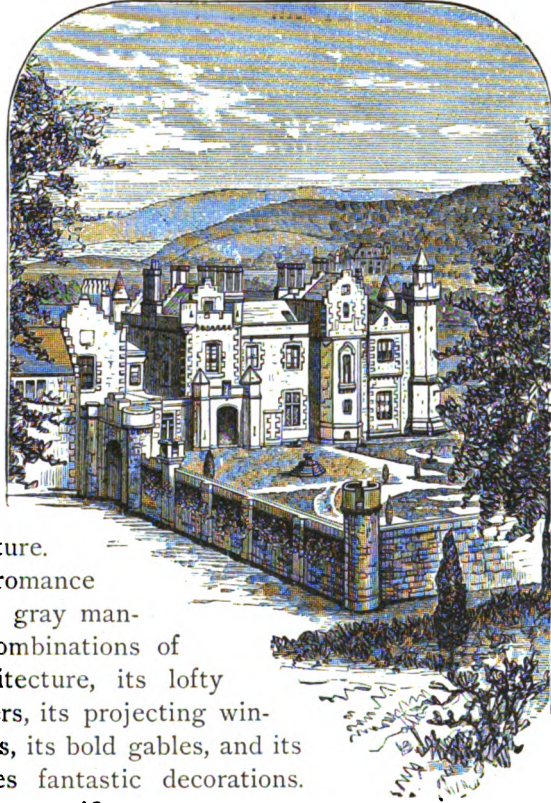
I suppose no pilgrim would go to Edinburgh without extending his pilgrimage to Abbotsford, and to Dryburgh, and Melrose Abbey. The house where Scott was born has been pointed out to you in Edinburgh. You have seen his monument there in the Princes' Street Gardens, where he is raised on a pedestal of triumph, surrounded by scenes and characters from his works. But these are nothing to com-

pare in interest to the house he himself built, and in which he passed the last and most brilliant years of his life.

We went from Edinburgh by train, stopped at Melrose Station, and then drove to Abbotsford. One wonders very much at the great novelist's choice of a location for his noble and stately mansion. It is by no means a commanding, or even a picturesque, site; but to Sir Walter, who was a passionate antiquary, the grounds were interesting as being a reputed haunt of Thomas the Rhymer, and containing various Caledonian antiquities; but to other people they must have seemed tame and bleak and uninviting enough, these grounds, until Sir Walter set his splendid house there, and made them one of the shrines of the world for all the English-speaking pilgrims of the future.

It has been called "a romance in stone and lime," this gray mansion, with its strange combinations of various styles of architecture, its lofty arched gateway, its towers, its projecting windows, and hanging turrets, its bold gables, and its numerous and sometimes fantastic decorations. The entrance-hall is a magnificent apartment, about forty feet in length. Its floor is a mosaic of black and white marble from the Hebrides. Its walls are panelled with richly carved oak, and tastefully hung with ancient armor. The dining-room has a wonderful black-oak roof and a fine collection of pictures, and it is the apartment in which Sir Walter died. The drawing-room is cased with cedar, and furnished with beautiful antique chairs of ebony, presented to Sir Walter by King George IV.

The most interesting room of all is the library. It is the largest



Home of Sir Walter Scott.

of all the rooms, measuring fifty feet by sixty. Its roof is of richly carved oak, modelled after Roslin and Melrose. Its books number at least twenty thousand volumes, many of them extremely rare and valuable. They are placed in carved oaken cases, under lock and key. How we did long to turn over some of their leaves! But it was no use longing. Among the adornments of the room are Chantrey's bust of Scott, a copy of the Stratford bust of Shakspeare, a silver urn presented by Lord Byron, an ebony writing-desk presented by a Royal George, and two beautifully carved arm-chairs presented by the Pope.

The tall Scotchman who conducted us about, told us not one thing in the library had been changed since Sir Walter left it. We felt that it was a time to be very enthusiastic; but how could we, when there were, perhaps, twenty visitors in all, crowding, and trying to look over each other's heads, and the "braw Hielandmon," in the midst of us, was shouting out his information at the top of his strained, high-pitched, monotonous voice?

There was much more room for emotion at Dryburgh Abbey, whither we drove immediately on leaving Abbotsford. At Dryburgh Abbey Sir Walter is buried, and I think there could be no lovelier resting-place in all this world. At Dryburgh our little party of three was quite alone. No guide persecuted us. We left our carriage, and crossed the little foot-bridge over the Tweed, and then walked through the long, leafy lanes to the old abbey. Oh, what a beautiful old place it is! The portions of the abbey which remain are of the rarest architectural perfection. There is a wonderful rose-window, round which the ivy had grown, till the window seems framed in the green leafage. St. Mary's aisle, where is the tomb of Sir Walter, is the most perfect portion remaining. But it seemed to me that the abbey, in its prime, must have been far less interesting than in its picturesque and pathetic decay.

Melrose Abbey was much more perfect, but for me had less charm. Dryburgh is remote from all the stir of life, in a sylvan solitude. Melrose is in a little town, near a rattling, noisy railway station; and commonplace houses crowd thickly around it. It is, however, a vision of architectural beauty. Do you remember how Sir Walter wrote of it in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"?

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray,

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair ! ”

No doubt, Sir Walter was right, and beautiful Melrose is far more impressive when the sounds of surrounding life are still, and the moon shadows and softens surrounding objects ; but, as it is, it is, even in its decay, a most exquisite specimen of Gothic architecture in its noblest and best conception.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

By E. P. WHIPPLE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY has been one of the Forces of the present generation. He literally pitched heart-foremost, if not head-foremost, into all the social, scientific, and political problems, thoughtfully discussed by the more careful thinkers of the time, as a kind of "free lance," committed from the start to a championship of the emotional side of every question which his calmer contemporaries were inclined to consider from its reasonable side.

If the difficulties which trouble all thinking-men in their endeavors to advance the human race could be overcome by gushes of philanthropic sentiment, Kingsley would have rapidly risen to be the first man of his time. In his early books, he opposed all the established principles of social and political economy, and made "good will to men" to consist in favoring those economical fallacies, which, in the end, produce "ill will to men."

The same vehement passions which urged him at first to violate those established laws which are the slow but sure conditions of the welfare of humanity, made him, at the end, a defender of what may be called retrogression as opposed to progress. He lived long enough to assail almost every intelligent practical measure intended to advance the cause he really cherished in his heart.

He became, owing to the absence of clear reason as a guide to his conduct, an earnest supporter of Eyre, the governor of the British Colony of Jamaica, on account of the "energy" he displayed in his senseless crusade of murder and massacre against the unoffending negroes of that island, on a mere pretence of their disloyalty; and he was one of those prominent Englishmen, especially loved and honored in the free States of America,—owing to the philanthropic element which inspired their many books,—who still took the Southern side

in our great war of the Rebellion. From youth to age his sensibilities and impulses predominated over his learning and intelligence; though, as his works plainly show, he had a large share, both of intelligence and learning. His life, edited by his widow, is one of the most popular biographies which have appeared during the past fifty years; but it contains hardly a single opinion which a trained economist or statesman would admit without large qualifications.

John Stuart Mill, for example, though a radical, could never, in his boyhood, have gone so far in radicalism as Kingsley did in his early manhood; but Mill was both a reasoner and a reasonable being: and Kingsley's strange and sudden deviations from the logical results of his early passionate convictions must have impressed Mill with a kind of compassionate contempt. Yet Mill would have never doubted that Kingsley was as honest in the freaks of feeling which made him a tory, as in the freaks of feeling which made him a socialist.

The real lesson taught by Charles Kingsley's life is this: that he was the most impulsive, the most inconsistent, the most passionate, and, at heart, the most conscientious, of human beings. It is this fact that makes the account of his school and college life so interesting. Young students will find in it much to inspire them with a desire to emulate his virtues; but his solid virtues were so bound up with his fascinating defects, that whoever emulates him must take care not to imitate in whole what is only valuable in part.

Kingsley never arrived at intellectual and moral manhood. He was a boy, — a grand, a glorious boy, when he first appeared as a dogmatic man, assuming to direct English thought; and a boy, a splendid boy, he remained to the last year of his life. All his vagaries of opinion and sentiment, all the strange inconsistencies of his career, all the sense and all the nonsense which alternately shocked or attracted his contemporaries, were properly to be referred to the plain fact that he never became a mature man. All the learning he acquired, all the experience of life he accumulated through long years, all his contacts and collisions with the minds of friends who represented the most advanced intellect of the age, never could cure him of the boyish defect of substituting impulse for intelligence, even in the consideration of those complicated problems in which intelligence should manifestly be the supreme guide and arbiter.

His father was an excellent clergyman of the old English stamp. He was what is called a "hunting-parson," a man of sound religious sentiments and principles, who did not think "following the hounds"

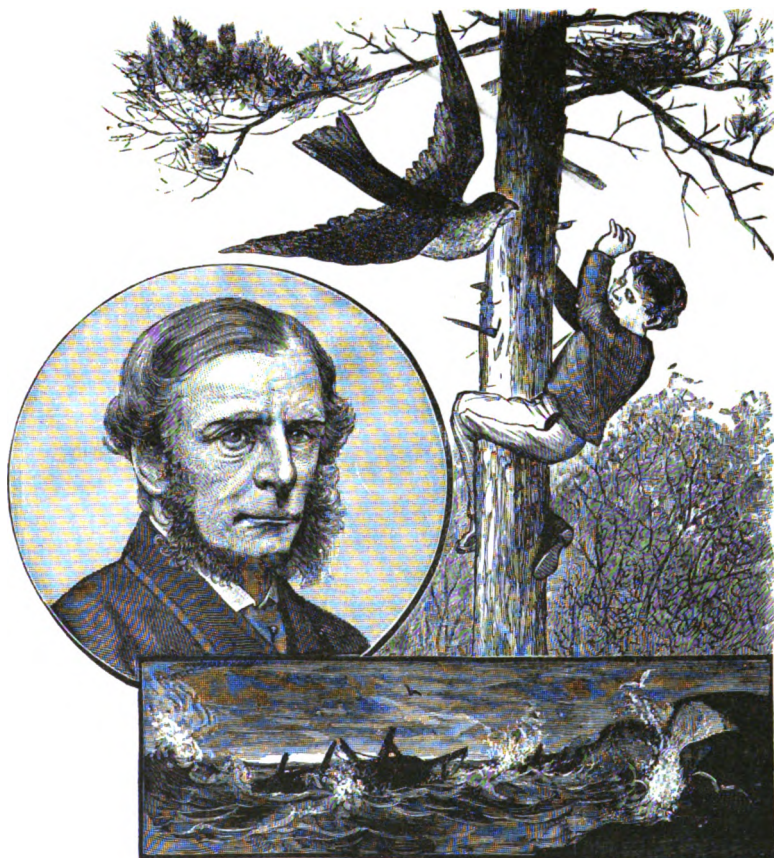
at all disqualified him to be a preacher and an example of righteousness and a consoler of death-beds. "Muscular Christianity" was palpably the atmosphere into which the young Kingsley was born. But a certain sense and impulse of right characterized the boy from his cradle, accompanied with that moral fastidiousness which feeds juvenile self-importance. He wrote sermons at an early age. Indeed, while his mind and character were in the process of formation, he had become infected with the moral disease of talking as if he loved everybody, and of acting as if he loved only a chosen few.

The slightest contrast of character in the boys with whom he played and studied, quickly roused his antipathies. A lover of the whole human race in the abstract, he still found hardly a companion with whom he could individually sympathize. He was a childish type of some of our modern philanthropists, whose comprehensive, benevolent feelings include all the inhabitants of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, but who practically belong to that class of conservative citizens who are most ready to call in the constable to kick a common beggar from their inhospitable doorsteps.

Shy in behavior toward his fellow-students, Kingsley, as a boy, still recognized them to a certain extent; that is, he condescended to assure them of his superiority to them all, because, while he was their equal in Latin and Greek, he had, before the age of eight, developed a taste for the poetical aspects of Nature, which they did not feel; and had acquired some knowledge of botany and geology, of which they knew nothing. This conceit would have been quickly knocked out of him had he gone to one of the public schools of England, but his private tutors unconsciously fostered it. They felt that they had to do with a boy of genius, but their management of him was not judicious. The Rev. R. C. Powles admits that Charles, while under his care, was not popular among his schoolmates. "He did not consciously snub those who knew him; but a good deal of unconscious snubbing went on, all the more resented, perhaps, because it was unconscious."

Up to the time he went to college, his instructors, without knowing it, educated him in self-will; and, when he entered Cambridge University, he was soon distinguished for the recklessness with which he doubted every thing which the orthodox professors believed, and the fierceness with which he threw himself into fishing, boating, hunting, driving, boxing, fencing, shooting, and field-sports generally. He still contrived that his wildest recreations should assist him in his studies

in natural history, and his quickness of apprehension enabled him to keep fairly up with his fellow-students in the classics and mathematics : but his mind, bright as it was, was in a state of anarchy during his whole university life ; and the anarchy of his mind was fairly represented in the anarchy of his character.



Charles Kingsley.

The only thing that saved him from ruin was the force and purity of his emotional nature. He loved his father and mother, his brother and sisters, dearly. He wished to do nothing which would bring sorrow to them by bringing disgrace on him. He therefore kept himself morally upright ; but of intellectual uprightness, of that fine mental conscientiousness which characterizes thinkers of the first class, and

which ranks a comforting sophism in the class of serious offences, he never appears to have formed an adequate idea.

It is pitiable to state that all his theological doubts were solved, not by patient thinking and investigation, not even by deep religious experience and earnest prayer, but by his early love for the young maiden who eventually became his wife. She states that there began, when he was at the age of twenty, "his doubts about the Trinity and other important doctrines. He revolted from what seemed to him the bigotry, cruelty, and quibbling of the Athanasian Creed,—that very creed which in after-years was his stronghold." We are left to surmise that all his doubts on the most awful questions which can exercise the faculties, and test the strength of a vigorous mind, were practically decided by a girl of eighteen, operating, by the magnetic power of love, on the affections of a rash and "green" youth of twenty, not yet even a graduate of the university, the very conditions of admission to which he had presumptuously disregarded.

Enough has been said of the doubtful side of Kingsley's character, and his career at school and college. It is pleasant to turn to its fascinating side. The boy had, first of all, courage. He never flinched from danger, he never showed any weak sensibility to pain. In the playground he never hesitated at attempting feats of skill and strength which involved the risk of broken bones. In his thirteenth year he climbed, three or four days in succession, a high tree, to take an egg from a hawk's nest. On the fifth day, it happened that the mother hawk was in her nest. She attacked Charles, both with beak and claws. He retained his self-possession, though cruelly punished for his intrusion. An ordinary boy, thus surprised, would have dropped at once from the tree, and perhaps broken his neck. Kingsley came down as coolly and steadily as he had gone up, though the blood was streaming from his lacerated hands as he descended.

On another occasion, when he was troubled with a sore finger, he remembered that somebody had told him it might be cured by cautery; and, becoming his own physician, he heated a poker red-hot by the schoolroom fire, and calmly applied it two or three times until the cure was effected.

In his earliest boyhood days his father was rector of a church in a fishing-town. This town (Clovelly) was something like Gloucester, in Massachusetts, as far as regards its tragedies of shipwreck. Delighting, as Charles did, in the wind and waves, he had early experience of the human woe which often accompanied the storms; and in after-

years he described some of the calamities he had witnessed as a boy, with a vividness of imaginative vision which shows how indelibly the incidents were stamped on his memory.

Thus he speaks of a vessel blown by a storm: "on a slab of rock, rising slowly on every surge, to drop again with a piteous crash as the wave fell back from the cliff, and dragged the roaring pebbles back with it under the coming wall of foam. You have heard of ships, at the last moment, crying aloud like living things in agony? I heard it then, as the stumps of her masts rocked and reeled in her, and every plank and joint strained and screamed with the dreadful tension."

And afterwards he described another scene: "when the gray columns of water-spouts came stalking across the waves before the northern gale, overwhelming the tiny herring-boats; and the beach beside the town was covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse was swept up at the feet of wives and children."

So frequent were such calamities, that Kingsley said, a few years after, that hardly one of the playmates of his boyhood survived. "One poor little fellow's face," he writes, "starts out of the depths of memory as fresh as ever, my especial pet and bird's-nesting companion as a boy, — a little, delicate, precocious, large-brained child, who might have written books some day if he had been a gentleman's son; but, when his father's ship was wrecked, they found him, left alone, of all the crew, just as he had been lashed to the rigging by loving and dying hands, but cold and stiff, the little soul beaten out of him by the cruel waves before it had time to show what growth there might have been in it."

Such early experiences as these must have awakened and deepened Kingsley's sympathy with his race. The intensity with which he describes them proves that they had originally impressed his imagination as well as his heart, and the imagination never forgets.

It is also to be said, in respect to his university life, that the same physical energy which made him neglect his studies for fishing and field-sports, was converted into mental and moral energy when he had reason to fear, that, at the end of his residence in Cambridge, his rank as a scholar would be very low. He condensed the results of studies which should have been spread over three years, into six months of continuous and desperate work. He came out, in the examination for honors, first class in classics, and "Senior opt" in mathematics; but he did all this at the expense of a strain, both on his mind and body,

which at the time threatened serious consequences to his health, and which would have driven an ordinary student, who did not possess his quickness of perception, into imbecility or insanity.

"My brains," he wrote at the time he was preparing for his examination, "are in such an overworked and be-Greeked state, that I cannot answer for always talking sense just now. . . . I read myself ill this week, and have been ordered to shut up every book till the examination; and, in fact, the last three weeks in which I had to make a rally from the *violent exertion* of the mathematical tripos, *have been spent in agonies of pain with leeches on my head*, just when I ought to have been straining every nerve."

"Violent exertion!" That is the impression which Kingsley's books and clerical work convey equally to the reader of his works, and to the reader of his biography. He had no repose in that life of his, — especially none of that repose which comes from continuous and comprehensive thought. He read the book of nature and the book of life by flashes of lightning, not by steady sunlight. One wonders, that after reaching what are called "the years of discretion," but which, with him, were always "years of indiscretion," some kind wife or friend had not always been ready to apply "leeches to his head" when his blood was palpably getting the mastery of his brain. His intellectual and moral life was a series of "violent exertions."

The young student, who may justly admire, and strive to emulate, his earnestness of spirit, and kindness of heart, should also be warned to be proof against all those outbursts of sensibility which Kingsley mistook for principles.

LORD COLERIDGE AND THE ENGLISH LAW COURTS.

By W. L. WOODROFFE.

A CHANGE has come over the position of bench and bar in England in the course of the last few years.

At Westminster, where questions of common law were tried, there used to be three different courts, — the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer; and each of these had five judges and a chief. The Queen's Bench chief was the Lord Chief Justice of England; the other two were, respectively, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chief Baron.

Such had been the constitution for many years, and thus we had three great judicial officers of almost an ordinate rank; though, as precedence had to be settled, the degrees were in the order in which they have been placed. Now, however, there is but one chief of the common-law division, and he has the title of Lord Chief Justice of England. The post is filled by Lord Coleridge, who certainly is not likely to let it suffer in dignity. As he was recently in the United States, some details of his life will be interesting. He is a grand-nephew of the poet, and is of the same Devonshire family, — tall, very bald, and with an inveterate habit of blushing. It would be an exaggeration to say of him that he is a popular man. He is too satirical, and he seems to lack heartiness. He is in politics a Liberal, and was peculiarly obnoxious to Mr. Disraeli when the latter was in office. No saying of Lord Beaconsfield's was more often quoted in England than one in which he described Sir John Coleridge's eloquence as "a stream of silvery mediocrity."

Never at fault for a word, he never selects a wrong one, and yet seldom selects a strong one. There is no successful lawyer at the

English bar who has said fewer good things in the way of wit, and yet he has said no silly things.

He was always a safe advocate, and sometimes a very successful one. In breach of promise of marriage cases he was peculiarly good. He had an insidious way of getting damaging admissions from a witness who had no idea that he was examining him from a hostile point of view. He had a beautiful, silvery voice: and his way of holding up a love-letter, and reading it, and then laughing at it, was quite an accomplishment; and he was never tired of repeating it with success.

He takes his seat at Westminster as president of the court, and wears over his scarlet and ermine the collar, which, from the days when Gascoigne, Lord Chief Justice, rebuked the Prince of Wales in the reign of Henry IV., has been one of the recognized badges of the Chief Justice of England. Amongst the other judges who sit beside him, one of the most prominent is Sir William Grove. He is one of the rare instances of a man who is great as a lawyer, and great also at something else. There have not been many such. Law is a very jealous mistress, and he who would win her favors must devote himself to her.

I think the only recent judge who had a reputation for any thing else than law was Talfourd, whose play of "Ion" still survives. Sir William Grove was eminent in the scientific world before he took his seat on the bench, and his "Treatise on the Formation of Forces" is a classic amongst scientific men. The questions that come before an English judge are so various, that it is well they should all be something else than mere lawyers. Old Baron Martin delighted in any thing connected with horses or horse-racing. His eye would brighten at the mention of terms which to other men meant very little. So now, whenever there is a scientific case, questions of patents or machinery, Sir William Grove delights to take what would puzzle many of his brothers.

The contrast between him and Lord Coleridge is very remarkable. The lord chief justice has a high opinion of his office, is always very dignified and very precise. Every hair in his wig is cared for, and he is as particular about his lace ruffles and cuffs as a young girl. Mr. Justice Grove is very untidy and unmethodical, always in a hurry, and generally late. One morning, while the judges were in their robing-room previous to opening court, Sir William had not yet come—as usual. A fresh appointment had just been made to the bench, and it was not a popular one. The new judge had the reputation of being a toady,

who lived in the perfume of aristocratic names, — a rather vulgar man with a great worship for a peer. In came Sir William, hot and angry, and muttering. He could not find some notes he had made; his wig was awkwardly on his head; he was angry, as all the others were, at the last appointment.



"What is the matter, Grove?" said Lord Coleridge.

Then Sir William began to fuss

and to fume, and to use rather strong language about the new judge. Lord Coleridge listened with a great deal of interest and sympathy; and, when the angriest sentences were finished, —

"Please repeat them all over again, Sir William," he said. "I never use strong language myself, but will you use it for me?"



Lord Coleridge.

Another of the judges who were on the same bench was Sir Henry Hawkins. He was one of the greatest advocates we have had in this generation, and perfectly matchless as a cross-examiner. No one could break down a witness as he could, or so adroitly handle a jury. It was amusing to see him pitted against Sergeant Ballantyne, who is a man of considerably more ability, but careless, lazy, and apathetic. These two men were always scoring off one another. Perhaps the best thing Ballantyne ever said was to Hawkins. The latter had

the reputation—at the bar, at all events—of being very fond of money. His fees were always large; and, in a certain class of cases, he could command any price he liked. Ballantyne met Hawkins one day hurrying across Westminster Hall from one court to another.”

“There you go, Hawkins, scraping the money together as usual, raking in the guineas by the thousand, giving yourself no time or peace or enjoyment. What is the use of it all? You can’t take the guineas away with you when you die; and, even if you did, *they’d melt!*”

We have but few sergeants now left at the bar, and Sergeant Ballantyne is certainly the most eminent of them. They are dying off one by one, and the order will soon disappear. You know them by a little black wafer on the tops of their wigs, and this is called the coif. The institution is very old and very singular. In the early days of English history, renegade clerks would practise in the secular courts as advocates or judges, though the canon prohibited them from doing so. This was, of course, at a time when learning was almost exclusively centred in the clergy. But then the tonsure was the inevitable badge of the clerk; and, if it were visible, his secret would be detected.

So the coif, or kerchief, was placed under the wig, just at the spot where the tonsure, if it existed, might occur. And this coif always remained the peculiar appendage of a sergeant; and it is laid down as one of his rights, that he may wear the coif in the presence of the sovereign, and even “when talking with the King’s Majesty.” The only rights at all resembling this of a sergeant are those claimed by the family of De Courcy, Barons of Hinsdale, to remain covered in the presence of the sovereign; and the singular privilege of the Duke of Medina Celi,—as hereditary defender of the Faith,—to *ride* into church with his *helmet* on.

But the sergeants are no longer needed, and “Billy Ballantyne” is one of the last of them. Few men have got bigger fees, or given better work for them. The sergeant knows scarcely any law,—that is, of course, as compared with his eminence; but he knows what is more important,—men and women; and, of all men, he best knows jury-men. Thus he often gets the jury round to his views, and readily puts them in good humor at the beginning of the case. But he does this at the expense of his witness, or, rather, of his adversary’s witness.

The wit is not always of a very high order, but it wins the verdict. A very pompous witness was in the box, with quite a florid order of

face, a hat with a brim as broad as a bishop's in his hand, a great bow-window of a waistcoat upholstered with a heavy cabling of watch-chain, — a most important and imposing looking witness, whose testimony seemed to carry the most undeniable weight.

"You're an auctioneer, I believe?" said the sergeant, looking at him rather fiercely.

"I ham," said the other, with great pomp.

"And a remarkably well-dressed ham you are," said Ballantyne. There was a roar through the court, and all the dignity of that poor auctioneer was crushed.

Ballantyne recently visited the United States; and those who saw his slight, spare figure, so young-looking, or heard his drawling voice, with so little fire or force in it, were at a loss to account for the size of the fees or his brief.

In his palmy days he has got five hundred pounds for cross-examining a few witnesses, and the money was well laid out. I have spoken to witnesses who have been badgered by him in the box; and they all tell the same story, — that, when he was angry, he was very terrible. He had a wolfish look out of his eye, and a way of balancing his first finger, and calculating the effect of it, that was much more fatal than the bullying cross-examination of other counsel.

These traits, of course, are not recognized on the platform, where the ease with which he tells a story, and the gleams of humor with which he enlivens it, are the most striking features of his style.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I WENT, on a pleasant English Sunday, to the morning service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to hear Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon.

I had previously written to Mr. Spurgeon, expressing my desire to be present, and had received from him sundry tickets of admission, each one in the form of a small, square envelope, with a picture of the Tabernacle on the outside, and the printed words, —

“ADMIT THE BEARER.

“The person using this Pass is respectfully asked for a contribution towards the work of the Lord, under the superintendence of Pastor C. H. SPURGEON.”

The Tabernacle is “over the river,” on what is called “the Surrey side” of London, — a situation far enough removed from fashionable London, but with plenty of life and interest of its own. As we drew near to the place, we perceived crowds on crowds of people, all proceeding in the same direction ; and we streamed with them into the great, wide-open gates of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

It is a vast building, of whitish-gray stone. The front has massive Corinthian pillars, and produces a semi-Grecian architectural effect ; but all attempt at ornament or beauty ends with the outside. The tabernacle has twice the seating-capacity of Exeter Hall, where so many vast spring-meetings are held. The whole object of its internal arrangement is to accommodate as many people as possible. Fifty-five hundred can be seated comfortably, while over six thousand can be somehow or other disposed of ; and often, on lecture evenings, over six thousand have paid their shilling apiece for admission.

The congregation of which we were part, on the 4th of July, 1880, must have numbered considerably over five thousand. I think every seat in the house must have been filled. I could see no vacant space

anywhere. To regard this vast sea of attentive faces was one of the sights of a lifetime.

It is the peculiar construction of this "preaching-house"—to use one of Mr. Spurgeon's expressions—which makes it possible to seat so many. It is a long hall, completely oval in shape, all around which run two immense galleries, supported on strong iron pillars, each with seven rows of seats, rising steeply above each other, like the seats in the gallery of a theatre, so that all can see. Below the lower of these galleries is a platform, with a slight railing around it, and a sofa at the back, where were seated the elders of the church.

At the front of the platform is a simple table, whereon were piled Mr. Spurgeon's Bible and hymn-books; and there were two chairs, one of them awaiting Mr. Spurgeon himself, and the other occupied by a man whose office it proved to be to lead the singing. The tabernacle has plain, boarded walls, the lower half painted a dull yellow, the upper half an equally dull green. There is no stained glass, no organ, not a single decoration of any sort. I never was in a place of worship which gave me such a sense of being devoted to the *work* of the Lord.

We looked with much interest around the vast congregation assembled. The house was densely filled some moments before it was time for Mr. Spurgeon to appear. It was a distinctively *unfashionable* audience,—people as different from those who wear Worth's dresses and the bonnets of Madame Louise, and drive in Hyde Park of a summer afternoon, as if they belonged to another world. But what earnest people these were, who had come together in the great preaching-house! How anxiously expectant were their faces! They showed by every look that they felt themselves to be attending to life's weightiest, most momentous, concern. They had left care and business, and all the uses of this world, behind them. Some of them were evidently well-to-do and prosperous; others as evidently worn and weary, and very poor; but all were alike in earnest.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Spurgeon appeared on the platform. He was born on the 19th of June, 1834: therefore he has recently passed his fiftieth birthday. If any one looks for any grandeur, any beauty, any air of command, in this man who has moved so many men, he will be disappointed. Mr. Spurgeon is short and stout, with hair that was dark, but is now iron-gray; with small, twinkling brown eyes; and with a cast of features distinctly heavy until some emotion kindles them. He has a strong, powerful head. He wears a full beard, and his short hair stands up from his rather low forehead. There was nothing in

his aspect in the least to indicate the man who has undoubtedly a larger following, and a larger personal influence, than any preacher in London, perhaps in the world.

"Let us pray," he said, as he walked to the front of the platform. Hearing the sound of his voice, one began to understand, in part, his power over the hearts of men. It is a sweet, rich, flexible voice, with a wonderful carrying capacity. His first prayer was brief and earnest, and extremely simple in phraseology. It gave one a sense of intimacy with God, in which was no irreverence. When the prayer was over, he gave out the forty-second psalm,—an old Scotch version, commencing, —

"Like as the hart for water brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray,
So pants my longing soul, O God!
That come to thee I may."

He read each verse of the psalm separately, before it was sung. There was something startling in the great, tumultuous outburst of voices. I think that nearly every voice in the congregation was uplifted. A great wave of praise seemed to rise up and fill the vast hall to its high-arched roof. Next followed the reading and expounding of the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The speaker dwelt on the tact and delicacy displayed by our Lord in his conversation with the woman of Samaria,—the tenderness which forbore to accuse her.

The preparatory services had occupied an hour. The sermon commenced at twelve m., and lasted three-quarters of an hour. I thought John Bunyan might have preached just such a discourse. Mr. Spurgeon's style is admirable,—strong, vigorous Saxon, short sentences, simple in structure, and full of earnestness. Any thing like the absorbed attention of the great audience I have never seen. Some old men were wiping their eyes, and some young women had tears upon their cheeks; but no one moved; and sound there was none, except the rich, earnest, far-reaching voice of the speaker. I said there was no sound. I should have excepted the slight, faint rustle, as the congregation turned the leaves of their Bibles, following thus all the references of the speaker.

It was such a sermon as suited the text,—full of invitation and of encouragement. Very vividly the speaker painted the tortures of thirst,—thirst in the desert, thirst amid far-reaching solitudes of salt sea-waves. He begged those who were athirst to drink. Not to question their *right* to the draught, not to think they were not thirsty

enough to claim it, but only to *drink*. His illustrations were the simplest, homeliest, and most telling that could be imagined. He held the breathless interest of his audience to the very end.

In his manner and gestures there is no pretence of elegance. Indeed, they are noticeably the reverse of elegant. Sometimes he rested one knee upon his chair, presenting the

sole of his boot to the inspection of the attentive elders behind him:

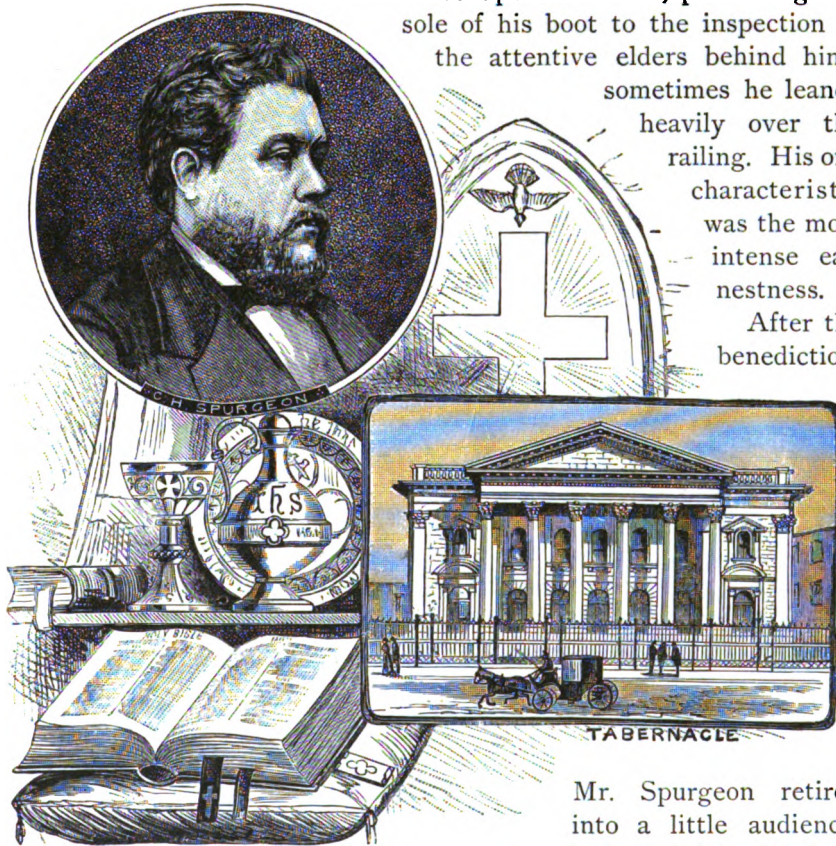
sometimes he leaned heavily over the

railing. His one

characteristic

was the most intense ear-

nestness. After the benediction,



Mr. Spurgeon retired into a little audience-room, whither his elders

conducted such persons as were favored with a few moments of private conversation with him. His manner was extremely simple and cordial; and one quite forgot the plainness of his features, seeing them lighted up with so much kindness and interest. His day was not yet half over. He was to administer the Lord's Supper in the afternoon, to such people from a distance as could not come in the evening; and, in the evening, he was to preach again, and celebrate again the Supper of the Lord.

At fifty Mr. Spurgeon is a very vigorous-looking man, from whom we may hope for many more years of active work. His grandfather, James Spurgeon, born in 1776, preached the gospel until the very end of his life, and died at the age of eighty-seven. His father is also a minister, and resigned in 1876 the pastorate of the nonconformist church in Islington. Mr. Charles Spurgeon himself has been one of the hardest-working men of whom I have ever heard. For more than twenty-two years he has had a new sermon printed every week, and he has often preached twelve times in a week.

Since 1865 he has been at the head of a monthly magazine, entitled, "The Sword and the Trowel," which has a circulation of some fifteen thousand copies monthly. In the preface to the third volume of this magazine, the editor says that its publication "led to the founding of the Orphanage, and was the foster parent of the College and the Colportage." From the college, of which Mr. Spurgeon is the head, nearly four hundred trained men have already gone forth to enter the ministry of the church.

In September, 1866, Mr. Spurgeon received a letter from a lady, offering to place at his command the sum of twenty thousand pounds (\$100,000) for the purpose of founding an orphanage for fatherless boys. This lady was Mrs. Hillyard, the widow of an English clergyman, who had left the Church of England, and joined the Baptists. From this generous beginning has grown the Stockwell Orphanage. Two hundred and fifty boys can be accommodated here; and they are received, I am happy to say, without reference to denominational claims. It is enough that they should be fatherless children, between the ages of six and ten.

An orphanage which will accommodate an equal number of girls is already commenced. It would be hardly possible to overrate the good which has been accomplished under Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. May he live long to carry out the noble plans which spring from his busy brain and helpful heart!

There was one, at least, of his thousands of hearers, on that 4th of July, 1880, who will carry into far-off scenes the memory of that mighty congregation of earnest souls, and the sound of that mellow, far-reaching voice, pleading with sinful men to drink of the Fountain of Living Waters, and be athirst no more.

WILLIAM MACREADY,

TRAGEDIAN.

BY JAMES PARTON.

ONE hundred years ago, before the invention of railroads had lessened the importance of provincial towns, almost every place in England of a few thousand inhabitants had its own little theatre. And very little it usually was, with a pit that would hold fifty persons, boxes into which one hundred could be squeezed, and a gallery from which fifty noisy men and boys could get a sight of the stage. Several of these theatres were usually let to one manager, who would take his company from one to another, and, by occasionally running two at once, would manage to keep his actors employed the year round, with some profit to himself. As a good theatre is an extremely expensive institution, it was only in this way that a city of ten thousand inhabitants could ever enjoy theatrical entertainments of respectable quality.

The lessee and manager of a circuit of theatres in the North of England, at the close of the last century, was William Macready, father of the distinguished tragedian, whose name is familiar to most readers, and whose performances are fresh in the recollection of many. His father was an actor of the old school, very stagey, a slave to tradition, — one of those positive old gentlemen who look back with veneration upon the actors of their youth, and speak slightly of those of to-day. As a man, he was passionate, obstinate, and tyrannical, having inherited from his Irish ancestors much of their fiery spirit; but, at the same time, he was a person of good principles and excellent intentions, who did his best in his vocation, paid his debts, and kept his word. The mother of the tragedian was one of the kindest, gentlest, and tenderest of women, who loved her children devotedly, and preserved for them a home to which they ever returned with gladness.

The boy who became the tragedian, Macready, inherited the qualities of both his parents. Like his father, he was passionate, obstinate, and self-willed; like his mother, he was affectionate, generous, and sympathetic; and the union of these traits, when time had given him some degree of self-control, made a character that was, upon the whole, highly estimable.

How abominably children were treated seventy-five years ago! As soon as this boy was three or four years old, he was *carried* to school to be "got out of the way," and thus was thrown among a crowd of unruly children older than himself, and wholly unsuited to be the companions of an innocent baby. When he was an old man, he used to reflect, as he said, "with sorrow deep and stern," upon the evil influences to which he was then subjected; and he was filled with "penitential gratitude" for his escape from the depravity of which, as a mere child, he was the daily witness. At the boarding-schools, too, which he afterward attended, the food was not merely inferior, but disgusting. The only pleasing recollections of his childhood were of the holidays, when his mother welcomed him home with tears of joy. People then seemed to think that to treat children in that harsh and cruel manner was the best way to prepare them for the troubles of their future life. His father, who had probably himself been treated worse in his own childhood, was, no doubt, fully of this opinion, and appears never to have given a thought to the circumstances which made bitter the days of his offspring.

From Rugby school, where he received the important part of his education, he was summoned, at the age of sixteen, to assist his father, who had fallen into pecuniary difficulties. He never liked the profession of an actor, even in the day of his brilliant success; but, finding it necessary to go upon the stage, he made a very successful first appearance at one of his father's theatres in the character of Romeo. Even his father was satisfied with his performance, and, though he avoided giving him much positive encouragement, had high hopes of his future distinction. The young man, however, was not so sanguine; and he devoted himself to the study of his calling with a resolute assiduity, which knew no relaxation during the forty years of his professional life.

Secret of success? The grand secret is, that the successful man takes *one hundred times the trouble* that men generally do. Mark the case of Macready. His having been born and brought up on the stage was equal of itself to five years' practice; and, besides that, he pos-

sessed great talent, and uncommon physical powers. Being the manager's son, he could have his choice of parts ; and, from the first, he was a favorite with his public, who rewarded his juvenile efforts with indulgent applause. Yet, how he worked ! Besides taking infinite pains with his daily and nightly tasks, he used to seek opportunities of laborious private practice.

"I used," he says, "to get the key of the theatre, lock myself in, and pace the stage in every direction, to give myself ease, and become familiar in my deportment with exits and entrances, and with every variety of gesture and attitude. My characters were all acted over and over, and speeches recited, till, tired out, I was glad to breathe the fresh air again. This was for several years a custom with me."

Spending his summer vacation by the seaside, he used to ramble along the shore, meditating on the characters he had acted, and declaiming, like Demosthenes, amid the roar of the waves. He did not need any encouragement to do this ; but he received a strong admonition on the point after performing with the great Mrs. Siddons, whose words he never forgot.

"Study, study, study," said she ; "and do not marry till you are thirty. I remember what it was to be obliged to study at nearly your age with a young family about me. Beware of that. Keep your mind on your art. Do not remit your study, and you are certain to succeed."

He never ceased to act in the spirit of this advice ; and he made it a point to do his very best every time he performed, whether the house was crowded or empty. Indeed, he took particular pains to make profit out of a bad house ; and, if there were but fifty people present, he would use the opportunity as a lesson in acting, or a dress rehearsal. He used to call it "acting to himself," regarding the audience merely in the light of a green-room looking-glass. Perhaps there is no art practised among civilized men which demands such constant, laborious, *heroic* practice as that of the actor.

"The player," he remarks in his diary, "by dint of repeated efforts, must perfect himself in tones, attitudes, looks, of which he can only learn the effect under the nervous excitement of experimenting their power on the uncertain sympathies of an heterogeneous assembly."

He believed, with Talma, that there is only "one best way" of doing a thing, and that the business of an artist is to discover that one way. Without having read the well-known advice of Goethe on the subject, he adopted the plan of fully and earnestly acting his part at

rehearsal; and he used to require the same of the young actors whom he trained. This was exceedingly difficult, for nothing is so embarrassing as to act when there is no audience present. A young actor would say to him, —

“Sir, I never can act at rehearsal, but I will do it at night.”

To this, Macready would reply, —

“Sir, if you cannot do it in the morning, you cannot do it at night.”

Nor did he confine his studies to the walls of the theatre. Though one of the most sensitive of men to the sight of suffering, and especially to mental suffering, he braced up his nerves to visit a lunatic-asylum, and succeeded in going through two of the wards; but, as the superintendent was about to open the third, his resolution gave way, and he was obliged to retire. As long as he remained on the stage, he never ceased to derive profit from that day's painful experience. He was an actor of renown, and in middle life, when he undertook the part of Coriolanus; but he did not disdain to take lessons of a sculptor in antique attitudes, as well as in wearing the toga, and acquiring the stately walk supposed to be necessary to the delineation of the patrician general of imperial Rome.

Notwithstanding these efforts, he made no great bounds in his profession, but only steady progress from the beginning to the end. Every step was gained by hard work, and a great deal of it.

With similar determination he endeavored to conquer the violent temper which he had inherited from his father, though in this his success was by no means triumphant; and all his life he was liable to an occasional outbreak, invariably followed by the deepest contrition. The manager, Bunn, once required him to omit the last two acts of *Richard III.*, — a marked slight to an actor of rank, according to the usages of the stage. He went through the performance as well as he could; but, unfortunately, as he passed the door of the manager's room, he opened it, and saw the offending potentate. He could not contain himself.

“You scoundrel!” he cried, “how dare you use me in this manner?”

Upon saying this, he struck the manager a back-handed slap across the face, which he followed by some wild blows with his fist. Bunn got one of Macready's fingers into his mouth, and bit it, but let go in order to cry “Murder!” People came running in, and separated the combatants. Macready, though he had endured humiliation upon

humiliation from the manager for six years, was plunged into the very depths of remorse at losing his self-command at last. He wrote in his diary, —

“Words cannot express the contrition I feel, the shame I endure. . . . I have committed a great error. God Almighty forgive me my forgetfulness of the principles I have laid down for myself. . . . It makes me sick to think of it. . . . Shall I ever know peace of heart again? . . . I close my eyes with the hated idea, and it awakens with me in the earliest morning.”

A few nights after, when he appeared at another theatre, although the audience received him with acclamations, showing the most lively sympathy with him in the quarrel, he publicly confessed his error, and declared he should never cease to feel the most poignant self-reproach and regret. When Bunn brought a suit for damages, he instructed his lawyer to make no defence; and he promptly paid the costs and damages awarded, — one hundred and fifty pounds.

Twice in his life he visited the United States, a country for which he cherished a fond admiration from youth to old age. He always remembered the 4th of July, and sometimes wrote something about it in his diary. As long ago as 1836, he made this entry, which well illustrates the spirit of the man: —

“July the 4th. To-day is the anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence. I, as one of the great family of mankind that have profited by that event, thank God for it. How much has the great cause of liberty and improvement been advanced by it!”

At the age of fifty-eight he retired from the stage with a modest competence most nobly earned, and spent the long evening of his days as a benevolent country gentleman, maintaining, for many years, a large evening-school for laborers and their children, in which he taught personally until the infirmities of old age prevented. He died in 1873, aged eighty.

ANECDOTES OF JENNY LIND.

—•—
ANONYMOUS.

MANY years ago, there lived in the Swedish city of Stockholm a worthy couple by the name of Lind. The husband was a teacher of languages, and the wife kept a small day-school for children. On the 6th of October, 1821, a daughter was born to them, whom they named Jenny. As she developed into girlhood, she was neither healthy nor pretty, but possessed a marvellous voice, which was her only attraction.

It is said that she would wander about the streets of Stockholm, singing to herself, quite heedless of the many passers-by, who paused a moment to send after the small singer a look of pleased surprise. She could imitate the notes of the birds, the sound of the rising and falling tide, and the tinkling ripple of the water in the fountains. At length the pure, silvery tones of the little songstress found their way to the heart of a benevolent woman, who took the timid, shrinking Jenny to the greatest music-master of Stockholm. The old man, upon hearing her sing, was enraptured ; and she was at once admitted to the school of the opera for study. Now followed many months of weary training ; but the child was always patient, always willing, and labored day and night to become a great singer.

She sang at the Opera of Stockholm until she was eighteen, and was the favorite of the Swedish public. But stories reached her of the great music-masters of Paris, and she grew restless ; and her one desire was to become a pupil of the famous Garcia, who had trained so many celebrated singers. So, for this large, strange, glittering city, the young girl set out alone, with a will to conquer all things ; and success came to her after four years of persistent labor, clouded by months of discouragement, hours of bitter tears, loneliness, and sorrow. Her voice had gained great strength. Her notes were clear,

beautiful, and fresh. She had become mistress of her art, and the people of Stockholm again received her rapturously.

And now her fame went abroad, and other lands were waiting to listen. So out into the great world she went, visiting and singing in all the great cities, — Dresden, Vienna, Berlin, and London. Her



Jenny Lind.

name became a household word. Palace-doors were thrown open to her. Kings, queens, and princesses took her by the hand.

Then came the welcome news that the Swedish nightingale was coming to America. We had heard of her sweet, beautiful life, of her many deeds of charity, of her tenderness toward all humanity ; and there is no key that unlocks the way to all hearts so surely as a noble life. How well I remember the day of her arrival in New York ! It

was a beautiful Sunday morning in the early part of September. After church I strolled down to the dock at the foot of Canal Street, where thousands of excited people — men, women, and children — were waiting for the steamer to approach that was to bring the songstress to our shores. The rigging and the masts of vessels lying at the dock swarmed with eager watchers. A superb bower of green trees, over which waved the American flag, was placed upon the wharf. About one o'clock the vessel came to her moorings; and, amid the shouts and cheers, Miss Lind stepped ashore, and was driven through the crowded streets to her hotel, — the Irving House.

I happened to be stopping at this hotel at the time, and had many opportunities of seeing the fair singer as she came in and went out, or slowly paced the halls and corridors with some friend, telling, in her happy, childish way, of some pleasant adventure; or talking of her art, — which was always to her a sacred thing, — her face beaming, and brightening with earnestness as she referred to it.

The reception of Jenny Lind at Castle Garden, on the night of her first appearance, has probably never been equalled by the reception of any other singer. The entire audience arose to their feet as the fair girl, dressed simply in white, stepped timidly forth, and stood before the largest gathering of people that had ever welcomed her in any land. A moment's pause, a slight fluttering in the first notes, and then full, clear, deliciously sweet, came the "Casta Diva" from Rosini's famous opera. The vast audience sat silent and breathless until the end. Then came a very thunder of applause, that sent an echo far out into the night, and across the dark waters of the harbor.

It was a golden harvest for Jenny Lind. The sum of ten thousand dollars was placed in her hand as her part of the proceeds from the first concert given in America. She immediately resolved to give every dollar of it to charity; and, sending for the mayor of New York, she advised with him in selecting the various institutions among which she wished the amount distributed.

Her reputation for generosity became so well known, that everywhere her doors were beset by people seeking relief. Few ever went away empty-handed, and no one knows the extent of her benevolence. One night, while Jenny Lind was singing in Boston, a shabbily dressed sewing-girl approached the box-office, saying, as she laid down three dollars for a ticket, —

"Here goes half a month's earnings, but I want so much to hear Jenny Lind!"

The singer's secretary happened to overhear the remark, and a few moments afterwards he laughingly related it to her.

"Would you know that girl again?" she asked. He assured her that he would; and she placed a twenty-dollar gold-piece in his hand, saying, "Poor girl! give her that with my best wishes."

She would leave her hotel, drawn away to visit some family who had appealed to her benevolence, and pass down some dark, uncleanly street to the wretched tenement in which the family dwelt. When cautioned lest people should take undue advantage of her bounty, she would reply, —

"Never mind. If I relieve ten, and one is worthy, I am satisfied."

I remember a hundred pleasant stories told about her at the time. During her ten days' stay in Charleston, S.C., being greatly worn with excitement, she declined seeing visitors; and this, of course, disappointed many persons who wished to see her. One romantic young lady, the daughter of a very wealthy planter, was so determined to see her in private, that she paid one of the servants to let her put on a cap and white apron, and carry in the tray with Miss Lind's tea. When the singer heard of this, and was urged to receive one who had so great an admiration for her, she replied, —

"It is not admiration: it is only *curiosity*, and I will not encourage such folly."

While in Havana, she became interested in a poor little Italian boy, called Vivalla. He was in great distress, having lost, by paralysis, the use of his limbs on one side of his body, and he was thus unable to earn a living; although he kept a performing-dog, which turned a spinning-wheel, and did other curious tricks. Hearing his story, she expressed great sympathy, and said that something must be given him from the "benefit" which she was about to receive. Accordingly five hundred dollars were appropriated for his use, and arrangements were made for his return to friends in Italy. A few days afterwards, he called at her house, during her absence, with a basket of fruit.

"God bless her, I am so happy! She is such a good lady!" he kept repeating to the friend who admitted him. "I should so much like to have her see my dog turn a wheel. He can do it very well. He can spin too. Would she care to see it, do you think?"

He was told that Miss Lind had little time to give to strangers, and that she never received thanks for her gifts.

Upon her return, the fruit was handed to her, and his request to

show her how his dog could turn a spinning-wheel was laughingly repeated.

"Poor boy! do let him come. It is all the kind creature can do for me. Certainly, we will have him here with his dog. It will make us both happy," exclaimed the tender-hearted singer, with eyes full of tears.

So Vivalla was told that Jenny Lind would like to see his dog perform the very next day at four o'clock precisely. Full half an hour before the time appointed, she took her seat at the window to watch for the Italian and his dog; and, when she saw him coming punctual to the minute, she ran down-stairs like a child, and opened the door for him herself. Motioning the servant away, she took the little wheel in her arms, saying, —

"It is very good of you to come with your dog. Follow me. I will carry the wheel."

In her beautiful parlors the tender woman, sought by the wealthy and the great, devoted herself to the delighted Italian, getting down upon her knees to pet his dog, playing and singing to him, asking after his friends in Italy, and finally carrying his wheel again to the door when the lad departed.

It does the heart good to hear of such acts. It gives us new faith that the world cannot spoil, with all its flattery and temptation, a truly noble life. Great as an artist, Jenny Lind was still greater in her pure, human character.

It is said that there is as good music in the world to-day as was ever heard; that as sweet songs are sung by other singers as any that my Swedish nightingale poured out to her myriads of spell-bound listeners more than thirty years ago. It may be so, but I do not hear them. To me her wonderful voice seems in memory more like the music that makes the harmonies of a brighter and better world than the music that enchants the world to-day.

A GRANDSON OF ROBERT BURNS.

By WILL CARLETON.

ON a soft summer afternoon, **some** years ago, I arrived at the famous town of Dumfries, in **Scotland**. The day was leisurely coming to a close, and quiet had settled upon **the** quaint old city. Peace was everywhere, — in the tranquil, droning **streets**, in the distant, dreamy hills, in the languid blue sky. There was a poetic **calm** upon every thing, which corresponded well with the object of my visit.

I had come to Dumfries because it was for some time the home of Robert Burns, because here he had found his death-bed, and here lay buried. I had been at Ayr, and stood in the small cottage where the baby-poet was tossed up and down, like an ordinary child, by his thrifty, loving mother, who little dreamed that this tiny, nervous, weird-eyed creature was to make her name remembered as long as mothers exist.

I had wandered by the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;" had stood upon the bridge where Tam O'Shanter's mare, Meg, lost her famous gray tail; had plucked some ivy from "Kirk Alloway," whose wonderful witch-dance played havoc with me when a boy; had mused again and again over the localities where was first kindled this flame of human fire, so appropriately named "Burns." Now I wanted to see where he lived his later manhood years, where he died, and was buried.

After visiting the dreary house from which his great soul took flight, I went to the Dumfries cemetery, and found his tomb, with its quaint monument and quainter surroundings. As I was coming away, the keeper of the gates — a broad-faced, cheery Scotch girl, with an expression of countenance as if she felt that the whole cemetery was a most capital joke — accosted me civilly, but with a degree of freedom, and seemed inclined for a bit of gossip.

"I ken you will be an American," she exclaimed, with a shrewd glance.

"I *am* an American *now*, my dear," I replied. "Always have been, and always shall be."

"Oh! I mean, of course, that you are now," she replied, laughing. "When we Scotch say 'you will be,' or 'you maun be,' we mean 'you probably are.' And no Yank—excuse me, sir, no *American*—that ever comes this way, can see enough or hear enough aboot Robert Burns. But not many of them ken that in yon building across the way is his ain living grandson, who looks as mickle like he did as ane gooseberry to anither."

"Yon building across the way" proved to be a hospital,—in fact, a kind of more genteel poorhouse,—established by some wealthy men of the town. To this institution poor people were admitted, who by birth, talents, or other cause, were considered too good for the common work-house. And here I found him,—a grandson of Robert Burns, a man of the same given name, a man whose father was of the same given name, and, in truth, resembling wonderfully the best pictures of the poet.

He was a stout, soldierly-looking old man, with a considerable appearance of neatness peeping out through all his poverty. His face was cleanly shaven, except that he wore closely trimmed side-whiskers: his eyes were large and bright, and his manners and language those of a gentleman. Throughout the interview, he maintained what might be called a nervous, restless sort of dignity, although evidently feeling the awkwardness of his position; for few really sensitive and proud people like to be exhibited as some distinguished person's descendant, unless they themselves have done something to add to the family renown.

"I am glad to see you," he exclaimed, cordially shaking my hand, "but sorry that you find me here. You visit me, I know, not for myself, but for my illustrious grandfather. It is no credit of mine that I am his descendant. I could not help it; although, if I had known beforehand that it was intended to be so, I should probably have blundered myself out of the honor. I have none of the talent of my distinguished ancestor. But I have some of his faults, and I am sorry to say that I like a dram as well as he ever did. That is why I am here.

"My father, Robert Burns, jun., had a good position connected with the government in London, and gave me all the money I wanted

to spend. He was too good to me. I had an over-easy time through my boyhood. I was a fast young man, and came to be a very wild one. I steadied down in some degree after coming to be a matured man, but the old habits clung to me. I could not shake them off, and they rode me into ruin. For a time I tried teaching a select school. This went very well at first, but the old habits would have their way. The pupils left one by one, my wife died, my son Robert went to England, and — I am here."

A shadow, as if formed by some hidden tear, dimmed the brightness of the old man's eyes for a moment, as he spoke of the death of his wife and of his son; but he brushed the tear away, even before it became visible, and went on, —

"But, of course, you want me to talk of my grandfather, rather than myself. Well, I will tell you all I know about him. My father himself was only eleven years old when the poet died; but I know much concerning him, and will tell you all I can."

After which he gave several interesting incidents connected with the poet's life, most of which are in the printed books. He told his stories well, had a good command of language, and that magnetism of manner which makes friends the world over. But, considering that I had read most of these things he was saying, the conversation was not so interesting as the man himself. It was a privilege to watch the kindling of his eye; to mark his quick and fiery gestures; to reflect that here was a genuine Robert Burns, in whom flowed some of the great poet's own blood, and who, perhaps, inherited a part of his manner and tone, as he certainly did his face.

I could almost fancy that the poetic hero of my boy-days had come back for an hour into this old town of Dumfries, had met me in some rude inn, and was modestly telling his own trials and triumphs as those of another person. But, at last, the old man came to speak of the squalor and wretchedness that marked the last months of the poet's life, — a state of which his own must often have reminded him. It was then that he burst forth in a torrent of eloquence that showed him to be possessed of some of the talent, and much of the fire, of his immortal ancestor.

"What makes my blood to boil," he exclaimed in a fierce tone, rising nervously, and stalking to the window, "is to look out across the road, and see pilgrims from all parts of the world come to that grave, and then to reflect that the man whose genius they are worshipping died in a little mean den in yonder crooked street, in mortal terror of

being hauled out of bed, and dragged away to prison, for a paltry debt of five pounds."

As I parted with this interesting acquaintance of an hour, there came a pang of hopeless pity for this poor man, who, with the warning before him of his grandfather's misery and early death, had all his days followed the same broad, misery-seeking road.

But, throughout the interview, — in the midst of all his poverty and wretchedness, — there was a spirit of independence which would occasionally gleam forth, and remind one that "a man's a man." There was something very refreshing and exhilarating in his manner to an American wanderer, — something that made him think of home.

When saying good-by, I hesitated whether to offer a parting gift, not knowing if he would take it as a respectfully meant favor, or as a deadly insult. When, at last, I insinuated it as delicately as possible into his broad Scotch palm, he paused a moment, looked at me with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, gradually appropriated the coin, and whispered, —

"As a loan, my boy, as a loan. I'll pay you the next time you come over."

Alas! I had reason afterwards to fear that my "loan" went, before morning, into the till of the same "Globe" tavern, which did so much to hasten the death of the great Robert Burns.

On a dreary, rain-drenched morning, I left the old town of Dumfries. The storm was dismally sweeping through the streets. Now and then a gust of wind made that wailing sound which reminds one of the vanished dead. The sky was blotted with clouds, as if it never were to be clear again: the distant hills were all weeping. As I gazed from the railway carriage, my eyes tried to take notes of the sullen scenery; but my heart would think of nothing but the dead man in the cemetery, and the living one across the way. Not very long were they to be separated by this life-traversed street; for, ere many months, the news was to come westward across the Atlantic that the grandson of Robert Burns was dead.

MR. GLADSTONE.

By JAMES PARTON.

WE must take care to say "*Mr.* Gladstone," in speaking of the premier. To this day, elderly Englishmen talk of "Mr. Canning," "Mr. Pitt," and even "Mr. Fox;" although the statesman last named is more fondly styled "Charles Fox" by men of his own party. When Englishmen call a personage "Mr.," it is a way of intimating that he stands above other titles, and that, like the first "Mr. Pitt," he would have to *descend* to a lordship. Titles, in fact, are not of much account in the higher circles of Europe. For example: Let there be, in the same English county, an untitled squire with a long pedigree, and a duke with a short one. The squire will hold his head higher, and enjoy greater *prestige*, than the duke. But "Mr. Gladstone" would overtop them both.

It is interesting to note how rapidly and peacefully the old feudal distinctions die out,—how Bismarck eclipses "William;" how Gortchakoff looms up above Alexander; how Thiers, Simon, Gambetta, stand for France; how much more is made of plain Mr. Gladstone than of the Prince of Wales. Ten lines a week in the London "*Times*" dispose of the Royal Family, but ten columns are sometimes insufficient to appease the curiosity of the British public with regard to William Ewart Gladstone. Nevertheless, those royalties still have their use; for, in all those old countries, there are vast numbers of people who can be influenced only through their imaginations.

Speaking of designations, he was not born to the name of Gladstone. Sir Robert Peel, in a speech of 1819, spoke of a "Mr. Gladstones, the great Liverpool merchant," meaning the father of the statesman. But it seems the merchant did not enjoy the final letter of his name, and caused it to be legally cut off. Later in life he was

made a baronet, and had, ever after, the sweet privilege of writing on his cards, "Sir John Gladstone."

In a speech delivered in 1872 to the boys of a Liverpool school, Mr. Gladstone said he saw no reason why commerce should not have its old families, giving able business men to their country generation after generation. It seemed to him a thing to be regretted, and even to be ashamed of, that families, who had acquired wealth and importance through commerce, should turn their backs upon it, as though it were something discreditable.

"It certainly is not so," he added, "with my brother, or with me. His sons are treading in his steps; and one of my sons, I rejoice to say, is treading in the steps of my father and my brother."

And he might have gone back farther; for he comes of a line of business men, dealers in the same article, grain. Mr. Gladstone, though born in Liverpool, is of Scotch parentage, both on his father's and his mother's side, his father's ancestors having lived for unknown generations in the valley of the Clyde. His great-great-grandfather was a maltster there; and his great-grandfather carried on the same occupation in the same place, — the latter a man of energy and local distinction, who gained some property, and became an elder in the Scottish Church.

This Elder Gladstone imparted his energy to his numerous family of five sons and six daughters. One of the sons, Thomas, became a corn-merchant at Leith, the seaport to Edinburgh; and he, too, though he had sixteen children to support, and twelve to establish in life, accumulated property, and continued the development of his family.

John Gladstone, the eldest son of this prolific corn-merchant, entered his father's business, and, soon after reaching his twenty-first birthday, struck into the path that has led to eminence. His father sent him to Liverpool to sell a cargo of grain which had arrived there; and, while he was transacting that business, he made such a favorable impression upon one of the principal grain-merchants of the city, that he was offered a place in the house, which he accepted. From clerk he soon became partner; and, while still a young man, he saved his firm from ruin.

About the year 1795, there was a great scarcity of grain in Europe; and this firm of grain-dealers sent the junior partner, John Gladstone, to New York to buy the article, chartering twenty-four vessels to sail after him, and convey grain to Europe. On reaching New York, the young merchant discovered that the crops had extensively failed in

America also, and that no grain could be had. The situation was alarming, for the charter of so many vessels would have swallowed up a great part of the capital of the house. John Gladstone looked about him to find other produce; and he bestirred himself with such effect, that he contrived to send all the ships home with a cargo, upon which the loss was only trifling. An exploit like this is, in the business world, what a dashing attack is in battle, which, at a critical moment, turns defeat into victory.

In the course of twenty years, John Gladstone became one of the principal merchants of Liverpool. He invested a considerable portion of his capital in sugar-plantations in the West Indies, a circumstance that was often thrown in the face of his son in the earlier part of his public life. John Gladstone was an ardent politician on the Conservative side; his ideal statesman being George Canning, whose election to Parliament from Liverpool he promoted with all his influence. All through the childhood of the present Premier of England, the name which he heard pronounced at home with the warmest approval was that of Canning, a man formed to excite the enthusiastic admiration of those who agreed with him. He was of noble and commanding appearance, with a voice as sonorous and powerful as Mr. Gladstone's own; and he had a vein of pleasantry which made his speeches as delightful as they were strong and convincing. In his politics he blended the conservative with the reforming spirit, as Mr. Gladstone himself does.

The present premier was three years of age when, at the close of an exciting election in Liverpool, Mr. Canning, who had won the day, addressed the people from the balcony of John Gladstone's house; and to this day, it is said, the name of Canning has a kind of fascination for the premier. For his services in promoting the prosperity of Liverpool, John Gladstone was presented by his townsmen with a service of plate. Mr. Canning procured for him a seat in Parliament, and he continued a member of that body for nine years. He was a member of the House when his son entered it, and had the pleasure of witnessing some of his early successes in that body. In 1845 the Peel ministry made John Gladstone a baronet, a title still enjoyed by his eldest son, Sir Thomas Gladstone.

In England the sons of rich people are brought up very much alike, going early from home to one of the great public schools, where they remain seven or eight years, and thence to one of the universities for three years. A period of foreign travel succeeds; after which the

young favorite of fortune, if he is a fool, settles down to the agreeable waste of his existence; and, if he is worthy, to the service of his country. Mr. Gladstone went this course,—graduating from Oxford with its highest honors, and greatly distinguishing himself there as a debater. He went to Oxford a Tory, and came home a Tory. In an address two years ago, he told his hearers what he did *not* learn at Oxford.

“I trace,” said he, “in the education of Oxford of my own time, one great defect. Perhaps it was my own fault, but I must admit that I did not learn when at Oxford that which I have learned since; namely, to set a due value on the imperishable and the inestimable principles of human liberty.”

He went on to say that the Tory principle is “jealousy of liberty and of the people only qualified by fear;” while the policy of the Liberal party is, “trust in the people only qualified by prudence.” We notice the same difference in the founders and early politicians of this country. Hamilton and the Federalists were afraid of the people, and thought them incompetent to govern themselves. Jefferson and the Republicans trusted the people, and believed that they could govern themselves a good deal better than they had ever *been* governed.

Mr. Gladstone was twenty-two years of age when he hurried home from Italy in response to an invitation to enter Parliament as the representative of the English city of Newark. Who invited him? Not the people of Newark, for they did not know there was such a man as William E. Gladstone. Among the friends of the young man was the Earl of Lincoln, the eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, who was the chief owner of property in Newark, and in the region round about. As things then were, it was of little avail for any one to oppose a candidate whom this duke supported; and it was he who summoned the traveller from abroad to contest the town.

A portrait of him, as he then appeared, has recently been published,—a portrait much disfigured by the high, stiff stock and tremendous coat-collar of the period. No one would recognize it as the likeness of William E. Gladstone, with its round cheeks and coal-black hair. It was an open, engaging countenance, retaining a great deal of that expression which we observe in young men who have been so unspeakably fortunate as to preserve their innocence. This quality of innocence did not commend him to the electors of Newark. They resented him as the duke’s candidate, received his speeches with howls and derision, and asked him disagreeable questions. He was described,

after the election, by the anti-ducal newspaper of the town, as "the son of Gladstone of Liverpool, who has made his gold from the blood of black slaves."

"Respecting the youth himself," continued the editor, "a person fresh from college, and whose mind is as much like a sheet of white foolscap as possible, he is utterly unknown. He comes recommended by no claim in the world, *except the will of the duke*. The duke nodded unto Newark; and Newark sent back the man, or rather the boy, of his choice. What! Are sixteen hundred men still to bow down to a wooden-headed lord, as the people of Egypt used to do to their beasts, to their reptiles, and their ropes of onions?"

This was only too true. The young man's opponent was a distinguished lawyer, highly popular, who was greeted with cheers whenever he was seen; while the young man from Liverpool was hooted and reviled. But, when it came to voting for the favorite, the people were reported to have said, "We can not, we dare not. We have lost half our business, and shall lose the rest if we go against the duke."

Mr. Gladstone was therefore elected, and continued to represent the city for nearly fourteen years, always kept in his place by the Duke of Newcastle. Another curious circumstance is, that the maiden speech of the new member, delivered in May, 1833, was a kind of apology for West-India slavery, in which he defended his father from the charge of inhumanity to his slaves, and declared, that, if the slaves were set free without previous preparation, liberty would be a curse to them instead of a blessing. Very soon, however, he entered upon topics more congenial, and obtained standing in the House as a promising debater.

It thus appears that one of the leading champions of liberal principles owed his admission into public life to a flagrant abuse of power on the part of a rich man, who, in this instance, rendered a great and lasting service to his country. On the other hand, where the people are free to choose, they have sometimes made the worst possible choice. A long list of the great lights of the English Parliament owed their first election to the mere power of wealth, and it is doubtful if one young man of first-rate ability has ever been the *spontaneous* choice of any community. In truth, *the art of electing public men has still to be created*.

On coming out of college, the student had taken about the course which the son of a thriving American usually follows. But at this point the paths diverge. The American young man as little thinks of

entering the Legislature, or preparing himself for public life, as if no such employments existed. And suppose he should have such an ambition, where is there a constituency that would discover his promise of merit, and elect him to a seat in the State House? I do not say that any constituency *ought* to do so. It would be against the theory of the government, as well as contrary to the practice of the people. Our people want their representatives to *represent* them; and it could not be said that a young Astor, or a young Vanderbilt, or a young Grinnell, just out of Columbia College, could represent any New-York constituency.

But a student who passes through Eton and Oxford with distinction, becomes known, in some degree, to the whole ruling class of Great Britain; and there are powerful men in both parties who are on the lookout for promising young men to strengthen their side in Parliament. Thus, Macaulay wrote a review article or two which tickled extremely the Marquis of Lansdowne, who forthwith sent the young man a polite letter, offering him a seat in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, in early life, was as strongly inclined to the Tory aspect of things as Macaulay was to the Whig. Over his fine and susceptible organization the exquisite city of Oxford had cast its magic spell; as well it might, for it is the most winningly venerable of cities. The Duke of Newcastle offered him also a place in Parliament, which he accepted, and continued to hold by favor of the same duke for fourteen years.

Now, in many cases, this system works ill, putting into Parliament men without knowledge, or public spirit; but occasionally it works magnificently well. In the instance of Mr. Gladstone, it gave to Great Britain a statesman who has rendered to his country rare and great services, some of which are out of the line of ordinary politics, and will stand out in history as turning-points. He entered Parliament a pronounced Conservative; and one of the first of his public acts was to publish an elaborate work upon church and state, in which he maintained that one of the principal ends and duties of a government is to teach religion. Nor did he limit this statement to Christian governments, but applied it to Mohammedan as well.

"If," said he, "a Mohammedan conscientiously believes his religion to come from God, and to teach divine truth, he must believe that truth to be beneficial, beyond all other things, to the soul of man; and he ought therefore to desire its extension, and to use for its extension all proper and legitimate means; and, if such Mohammedan be a prince, he ought to count among those means the application of what-

ever influence or funds he may lawfully have at his disposal for such purposes."

This is rather vague; but it would seem to justify much of the intolerance, and even persecution, of early times. Macaulay flew at this book in the exuberance of his youthful strength, and tore it to shreds. He asserted that this passage justified the Emperor Julian in employing his power to destroy Christianity; and justified the Sultan of Turkey in excluding from office, in his Christian dominions, all persons who were not Mohammedans! Mr. Gladstone, however, is a man capable of learning from contact with men and affairs. This great statesman, who began life as the champion of such opinions as these, crowned his career by disestablishing the Episcopal Church in Ireland. He entered Parliament a Protectionist, and he lent powerful help to Sir Robert Peel in repealing the corn-laws. Not too friendly to the United States at the beginning of the civil war, he submitted the claim of the United States to international arbitration, and thus took the first step towards the suppression of war, and its costly armaments.

English statesmen generally enjoy an advantage, not always possessed by those of our own land, in having country estates to which they can retire when out of office, and occasionally while in office. No one can attain to the full measure of harmonious manhood who is totally severed from the soil, the common source of health and wealth; and surely, if any man should have an advantageous lot, it is those who administer public affairs.

Mr. Gladstone's country home is at Hawarden, a beautiful parish in the county of Flint, within sight and sound of the Irish sea. Flint, or Flintshire, is the smallest county in Wales, but not the least attractive. One-third of its extent is owned by thirteen proprietors, of whom the premier ranks second in the number of his acres. Lord Hanmer has seventy-three hundred and eighteen, and Mr. Gladstone sixty-nine hundred and eight, acres. Except a well-wooded park, this estate is divided into farms, which are let to tenants upon long leases, at a rent of something like ten dollars an acre. This rent, however, has of late years been subject to serious reductions, owing to an extraordinary series of bad harvests. Such an estate would usually yield the proprietor about forty thousand dollars a year.

The house in which Mr. Gladstone lives is called Hawarden Castle. American visitors, who naturally think that all castles must be like those described in Sir Walter Scott's poems and novels, are disappointed in finding this one an imitation castle, built only fifty or sixty

years ago, — a plain, roomy house, with sham battlements, such as a retired merchant of the last generation might have built. Indeed, we believe it was built by Mrs. Gladstone's grandfather, who was an alderman of Liverpool. The æsthetic visitor is consoled by a sight of the real Hawarden Castle, — an ivy-mantled ruin, which lifts its green and venerable front in full view of the inhabited mansion, which has nothing to recommend it, except that it is convenient and comfortable.

It may be said, perhaps, that these two edifices well represent their present proprietor, who is himself a nineteenth-century man, yet cherishes a wise regard for the fourteenth. We say a wise regard. He values the ivy-mantled ruin, without forgetting that it *is* a ruin, and lives in the ugly house which has the modern improvements.

Mr. Thoreau would not approve the interior of Mr. Gladstone's abode. Thoreau was of opinion that we moderns have too many "things." He was never tired of laughing at the man, who, when he was advised to go South for the cure of his consumption, cried out, in a pitiful tone, —

"But what shall I do with my furniture?"

From the picture published some time ago of Mr. Gladstone's library, we should conclude it useless for any friend or admirer to give him a bust, a statuette, an easy-chair, or a book. He is full.

The charm of Hawarden, as of every other noted European house, is its park. For many centuries, the English people have had a particular taste for rural beauty, owing to the fact that the homes of powerful families have always been in the country. If you were to go through the whole of Burke's Peerage, and ask every person mentioned in it, "Where do you live, my lord?" not one of them would answer, "London." They have "houses" in London, but their homes are where the birds sing. Hence, age after age, the taste of the nation has exhausted itself in developing and displaying the loveliness of the country, until an English park is the most exquisite thing to be seen in the world. Mr. Gladstone delights chiefly in his trees, and he likes them too well to let them fall into decay. When a tree has reached its perfect growth, he rejoices to cut it down with his own hands and a good American axe. He has a choice collection of thirty axes, many of which have been sent to him by persons sympathizing with his love of the woodsman's craft. For his own chopping, however, he will have no axe but the instrument made in New England, and developed to perfection by two centuries of battle with the primeval forest.

A very pretty story was published some time ago in the English

papers about Mr. Gladstone and his son cutting down a tree in the presence of a great number of spectators. Access to the park is freely granted to the inhabitants of the adjacent country : and, on this particular occasion, a liberal club, numbering fourteen hundred persons, passed a day there with the permission of the owner ; and they sent him a request that he would come out and address them. This he declined to do ; but he told the committee that he and his son were going into the park in the afternoon to fell a tree, and he would then respond to any vote of thanks which the company might give him.

About four in the afternoon, the two gentlemen came forth, — the father sixty-seven, the son twenty-eight, — both dressed in rough clothes and soft hats, with axes in their hands ; and they were followed to the tree by the whole crowd, who arranged themselves in a great circle around it. It was a tree of immense size, five feet in diameter ; but the two gentlemen took off their coats, hats, and cravats, until their costume was reduced to trousers and checked shirts, and soon began to make the chips fly in a lively manner, the more zealous of the excursionists picking them up as mementos of the occasion. A Glee Club struck up a song, the whole crowd joining in the chorus, with axe accompaniment ; and, when the choppers paused to wipe the perspiration from their faces, the crowd drew near to shake hands with Mr. Gladstone, who, however, refused this privilege to all but the ladies of the company. Finally, a vote of thanks was passed ; and the statesman spoke a few friendly words in reply, thanking them for their music, and expressing the pleasure he felt in their presence on his domain.

This is a delightful picture. It is thus that the people and their servants ought to feel toward one another, and it is thus they *will* feel when both parties deserve it.

I have never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Gladstone speak, though I have been in the House of Commons when he was present. I will borrow a description of his oratory from Mr. G. W. Smalley, the English correspondent of "The New-York Tribune," who accompanied the premier to Mid-Lothian in 1884 : —

"The first note of his voice was listened for with something like anxiety. Is it possible, that, after five years, that marvellous organ should be still in its full perfection of flexible strength ? The curious in such details may note that a bottle of yellow fluid, from which a tumbler has been half filled, stands on the table. The yellow fluid is egg-flip, a beverage, which, on this occasion, may be described as purely medicinal in character and purpose, and is compounded of the yolk of two or three eggs, and two glasses of sherry. This is to keep throat and voice in order ;

and, before the orator has made an end, he has sipped a tumblerful. But the first note of the voice, and the first half-dozen sentences of the first day, were re-assuring. There is no longer any fear that Mr. Gladstone may be overtaxing his energies. I heard one of his friends say that he himself could take an accurate measure of his capacities, and of the precise demands a particular hall and audience would make upon them. He feels, as the rest of us feel, that the voice is all right. Yet he does not once try its full compass. The speech is didactic, expository, argumentative, any thing you like but passionate or pathetic; and you never know the full resources of this all but unequalled voice till you have heard it used in anger, in pity, in ridicule (for which he keeps one or two very subtle semi-notes),—above all, in one of those appeals to principle, and to what I must call religious conviction, which so often and so nobly close some of his greatest speeches.

“I can well imagine that a stranger, hearing Mr. Gladstone on Saturday for the first and only time, should go away with a certain sense of incompleteness in his experience. He would have heard a speech which nobody else could have made, but he would by no means have heard the orator at his best. What I have said about the little call he made on his voice may be applied to the speech itself. He has not asked himself to do all he can. It is a speech with a definite purpose; and he has deliberately sacrificed every thing to the one great end of impressing on the country the supreme importance of the Franchise Bill, and on the lords the supreme advisability of yielding, without force, to the will of the people. But let the stranger come again on Monday. The place is the same, the scene is the same, the same orator stands on the same platform. But he is no longer in the same mood of sweet reasonableness, and nothing else. The very face has changed. On Saturday it wore a look of resolute placidity. On Monday the features are allowed their natural play; and, if you sit near enough to look into those onyx-hued eyes, you will vainly try to sound their luminous depths. Anybody who has seen Mr. Gladstone often, will discover at once, that, for this second address, he feels himself—to use again his own memorable expression—unmuzzled. There is no longer the dread of rousing popular passion against an institution, which, in his heart of hearts, the prime minister is more anxious to support than to assail. The inexorable necessity of caution weighs him down no longer. He approaches this new task with a buoyant delight in the easy triumph he is about to win. The five years have rolled off his brow. Erect, elastic, exultant, he can hardly wait till the five thousand in front have done cheering,—indeed, but for his obvious impatience to begin, they might be cheering till now. In the first sentence on Monday, you really hear his voice for the first time. No trace of fatigue from the prolonged effort of Saturday. None of the hardness of tone which was to be heard then. Compass, range, and quality are all enlarged and bettered.

“His task now is, to retort upon his opponents the charges they have been heaping up against him. For five years the Tories have gone about insisting, with vague but emphatic assertion and re-assertion, that the prime minister had falsified the pledges which Mr. Gladstone had given in the first Mid-Lothian speeches. Three-fourths of his speech on Monday are one triumphant cry, ‘Prove it!’ or, rather, ‘You have tried to prove it. You have had the text, you have piled accusation upon accusation, you have had years to get up your case. I challenge you to put your finger on one count of this long indictment which you have supported by one syllable of evi-

dence.' He goes over the record. He reviews the situation. He passes from topic to topic, perhaps too rapidly; perhaps with a too comprehensive ambition, and with too much eagerness to survey, in one single statement, the whole course of his administration, and to condense into this hour and a half a complete epitome of all he said in a week in 1879, and all that his enemies have said in five years since; and to set in a halo of light all the glaring contradictions, the baseless inventions, of his critics, and the perfect and absolute harmony between his own pledges and the accomplished facts of his subsequent career. But what a scope such a programme gives him! How he revels in it! How he heaps irony upon sarcasm! and how his defence rises to white-heat, and the steel you thought he was shaping into a shield suddenly flashes before you a two-edged sword, and cleaves asunder, in one blinding stroke, the unhappy foe!

"Oh, yes! this indeed is oratory; and in the two hours, less ten minutes, during which it lasts, you may find examples of nearly every charm which it is possible for an orator to work upon his hearers. The effect he produces does not owe much to gesture. There is gesture, but it often lacks expressiveness. The arms are used pretty constantly; but the same movement of the same muscles is made to signify, or meant to signify, very different things. It wants what on the French stage is called largeness or amplitude; and it is sometimes violent, sometimes deficient in the grace and suavity which the admirable smoothness of voice leads you to expect. The shoulders rise and fall with what I am afraid must at times be described as jerkiness. Indeed, at such moments, the voice itself sometimes loses its purity, and harsh notes are heard. The rather frequent passage of the right forefinger across the lips, and the curious touch of the thumb on a particular spot at the summit of the broad arch of the forehead, are peculiarities which I mention only for the sake of fidelity, and with every apology to the orator for taking note of such specks upon the general splendor of his delivery. So of the quick bending and straightening of the knees. The impression one gets from these exceptional things is but momentary. They are incidents due to the overmastering intensity of thought and aim,—nature, in her cruder moods, getting the better of the consummate art which is the prevailing, and all but continuous, condition with the orator. If there be any deficiencies of this sort, you will hardly observe them unless after long familiarity with the speaker. It is the face which will rivet your gaze,—the play of features, alike delicate and powerful, and the ever-restless, far-searching glance. Never was such a tell-tale countenance. Expression after expression sweeps across it, the thought pictures itself to you almost before it is uttered; and, if your eyes by chance meet his, it is a blaze of sunlight which dazzles you. Nor do the little blemishes really matter. What masters, what impresses, you, and what you will carry away with you as a permanent and precious memory, is, above all other things, the nobleness of presence, the beautiful dignity, the stateliness of bearing, the immense sincerity, which are visible to the eyes of the most careless spectator, and which fill the hall with their influence, and place the great multitude wholly at the mercy of the one fellow-being who stands before them."

MR. GLADSTONE IN THE HOUSE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IT is not the easiest thing in the world for a lady to gain admittance to the House of Commons. She must either know a member, or be acquainted with some one who does; since one is admitted only upon a member's order.

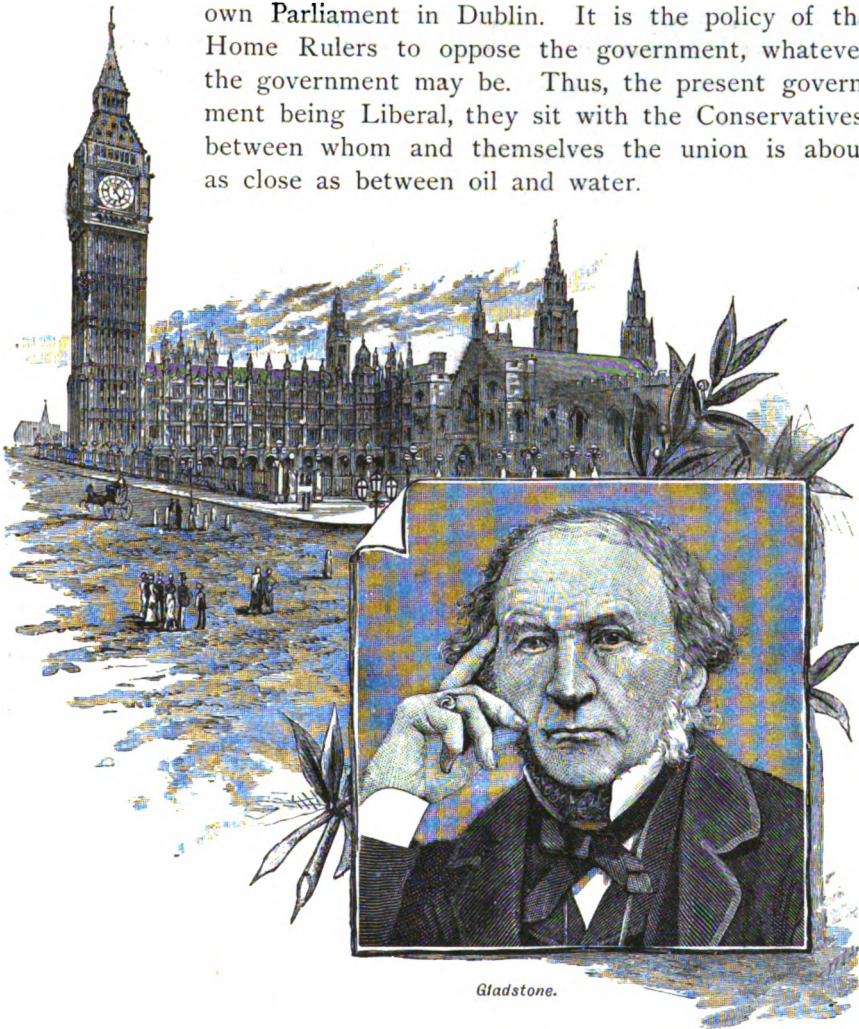
There are six hundred and fifty-six members of the House; and the Ladies' Gallery will not hold comfortably more than sixty persons, — **will not, indeed, hold more than thirty who can have the slightest chance of seeing and hearing.** Admissions so difficult of attainment are eagerly sought; and as each member can introduce only two ladies, when his infrequent turn comes, one has often to wait for some time before being present at a session of what Walter Bagehot, in one of his clever essays, called "a nocturnal and oratorical club, where you met the best people who could not speak, as well as a few of the worst who *would*."

May 16, 1881, was rather a Field Day in the House; as the attendance was very full, and Gladstone made one of his bravest and best speeches.

Your first impression of the House is, that it is a somewhat small and simple hall of assembly for the representatives of so great a nation as Great Britain. It is seventy feet long, forty-five broad, and forty-five high. The Ladies' Gallery is at the north end, and underneath it the Reporters' Gallery, below which is the Speaker's desk. On the right of the Speaker's desk are the Liberal Benches. The Treasury Bench, where sit Gladstone and the members of the government, is the one nearest the Speaker; and back of it, occupying all that side of the hall, are Gladstone's supporters, — the Liberal members.

On the left of the Speaker's desk are the benches of the Opposition, the upper half of them being occupied by the Conservatives;

while below the gangway, on the same side with the Conservatives, sit the Home Rulers, — the Irish members, who desire for Ireland her own Parliament in Dublin. It is the policy of the Home Rulers to oppose the government, whatever the government may be. Thus, the present government being Liberal, they sit with the Conservatives, between whom and themselves the union is about as close as between oil and water.



These rows of benches, three on each side, are not nearly enough to accommodate all the members, if, on any rare occasion, they should turn out in full force; so there are two upper galleries, on each side, for them to overflow into. At the end of the members' benches is the bar, merely a sort of threshold or foot-line across the floor, but full of significance. Below the bar are some benches occupied by friends of the speakers, and people who have some kind of connection with the

House ; and it is on one of these benches that Bradlaugh, the troublesome, had been wont to sit, making his frequent advances to the bar, until his entrance into the House was forbidden.

At the lower end of the hall, opposite the Ladies' Gallery, are three more galleries,—the Peers' Gallery, the Ambassadors' Gallery, and the Strangers' Gallery. All these various galleries are hospitably open to the light, and well adapted for hearing the speakers, with the sole exception of the Ladies' Gallery, which is shut off from the rest of the House by a grating similar to those with which we protect our area-windows from cats or burglars.

It is a little dark box of a place ; and, shut in there, the beauty of old England looks through little holes in the grating, some three or four inches square, down on the oratorical tournament of England's chivalry below. It is impossible to see much of the House, unless you get a front seat in the gallery ; and it is yet more impossible to hear, yet even the farthest back seats are taken. I asked a member why the ladies were thus hidden, and was told that they were "supposed not to be there at all." This little box behind the grating is a concession to the natural desire of the English feminine heart to see how its lords disport themselves, but the weakness is hid by the grating.

I had an excellent view of Gladstone as he sat on the Treasury Bench. He looked old and worn ; but seventy-two years is, at least, not youth, though in England they hardly call it old age. On this particular occasion, the prime minister seemed weary, and was very pale.

The first two hours were occupied with the putting of questions, many of them coming from the benches of the Home Rulers. Among the latter sat Justin MacCarthy, the novelist, and the author of that pleasant and taking history of our own times which every one has been reading. Not far off was the famous Irish agitator, Parnell. He has a scholarly, intellectual face, and he comported himself very quietly. In the front row of the Home Rulers was a young member named O'Donnell, who was the most perfect Jack-in-the-box, scarcely sitting down before he was on his feet again.

He had, evidently, a pleasant conviction that he was good-looking, and wanted to appear at his best. You would see him furtively running his fingers through his hair, twirling the corners of his mustache, patting his necktie affectionately, and then he would spring to his feet, and talk with all an Irishman's swift enthusiasm. He was evidently the most troublesome of the Obstructives. For him to begin

to speak was the signal for a general disturbance. Cries of "No, no!" and "Order, order!" from the ministerial benches, were responded to by vociferous and encouraging shouts of "Hear, hear!" from his own friends. Once or twice the disturbance was too much for him, and he subsided into his seat with a protest. At such times, the clamor was not unlike that of a bear-garden; and you came to the conclusion, that it was as noisy an affair to govern the great English nation as to manage a menagerie.

The members usually kept their hats on, except when they rose to speak; though the prime minister and the other members of the government were all the time decorously uncovered. I looked directly down upon the strong, bald head of Mr. Gladstone, with his keen, aquiline profile, and his steadfast lips; and a sense of his power grew on me. He rose, now and then, in answer to some question, and spoke for a few minutes; but his voice was weak, and I was unable to catch many of his words. I began to think that his oratorical days must be over, but I was to find out my mistake later on.

Mrs. Gladstone came once or twice into the Ladies' Gallery, and looked anxiously down on him; and I heard her say that he was very ill, and she was troubled lest he might not be able to speak on the Land Bill, as was expected.

From half-past five to half-past six, one group of ladies after another went out to the tea-room, leaving fan or reticule or book in their seats by way of token that they meant presently to return and reclaim them. The tea-room is very pleasant and comfortable, and its rest and refreshment were most welcome. You get chops, sandwiches, bread and cheese, delicious tea or coffee, or any slight refreshment you may fancy; and then you make your way back to the little den behind the railing.

At about a quarter to seven, the questions having been disposed of for the night, Mr. Gladstone rose to discuss the Irish Land Bill. He apologized for speaking earlier than had been expected, on the ground of indisposition which would prevent him from remaining through the evening.

At first his voice was low and weak, as when he had spoken to the questions; but it gathered strength and volume as he went on. He has one gesture only; and that is, to bring down his right hand with a sort of sledge-hammer force on the table in front of him, where lie his voluminous papers, to which he seldom, however, refers. His speech was strong, telling, noble. He had just a touch of playfulness

sometimes, as when he said, concerning one of his opponents, "My noble friend delivered his speech with such good humor, and was himself so obviously pleased with it, that his delight was almost infectious. I myself was not insensible to the charm of it."

There was something almost touching in the tribute he paid to his lifelong antagonist, Lord Beaconsfield, of whose insight and far-seeing wisdom he spoke very warmly.

"I have had," he said, "a long experience of Lord Beaconsfield; and you do not remain wholly ignorant of a man with whom, on a thousand questions, you are obliged, however unequally, to measure swords."

There was the ring of a brave, proud manliness in the tone in which he said, —

"This question will never be settled by a measure smaller than the Bill before the House. If you overthrow it, and with it the government which attaches to it its fortunes, and if you take their places, you will pass, not a smaller, but a larger, measure."

In the whole speech, there was a breadth of toleration, a fair-minded willingness to listen to whatever of helpful or modifying suggestion might come from the other side, that was beyond praise. As he went on, his voice grew constantly deeper and richer. His words were chosen with the utmost precision and felicity; yet they flowed from his lips without hesitation, and without effort.

I have heard men who gave one a greater sense of passionate and persuasive oratorical power, but no man, anywhere, who has spoken to one's intellect more simply, strongly, and commandingly than this old man eloquent.

For an hour and a half he spoke, without the slightest symptom of flagging, holding the rapt attention of his audience. When he sat down, at last, one could see that the inevitable physical re-action had come upon him. His head fell back wearily. His face grew very pale again; and, at a quarter-past eight o'clock, he went out of the House with slow and weary steps.

The debate continued, after he left, until two o'clock in the morning. But the lion had gone; and one felt that the rest, bright and forcible as many of their speeches were, were not worthy of comparison with him.

COLLEGE LIFE OF RUFUS CHOATE.

By E. P. WHIPPLE.

THE early days of one of the greatest advocates, lawyers, and orators of our country possess special interest to the young student who has fixed upon law as his profession. Law, in the United States, has always been more or less connected with politics. Rufus Choate was a great lawyer, who was drawn into politics against his will. The wish of his heart was to devote to literature, and to literary production, all the leisure which the exacting requirements of his profession would allow him to obtain. He was a statesman and a patriot, but he was not a politician.

In the early life of this remarkable man, we detect in germ the traits of mind and character which distinguished his manhood. He belonged to one of the "noble families" of New England; that is, of farmers who worked on their own land, and by their frugality, integrity, and intelligence established modest homes, in which all the domestic virtues flourished. The "Choates" date from the year 1667. They had a farm in that part of the town of Ipswich, Mass., now called Essex. The farm was on an island, separated from the main land by an arm of the sea. Here Rufus Choate was born, on Oct. 1, 1799.

His father, like all the Choates of whom anybody has ever heard, was a man who would have obtained prominence in any locality where he resided. He had all the solid qualities of character which invite and justify public trust in tested honesty and ability. Rufus was the second son, but he ranked as the fourth of six children. From his birth he showed peculiar qualities of mind and character. There was something in him which made him, not only different from his brothers, but different from New-England boys generally. He not only possessed genius, but genius of a rare and peculiar kind. Years afterwards, in a speech in the Senate of the United States, he hints of the

feelings and meditations which occupied no small portion of his own childhood and youth. In speaking of the advantages of a protective tariff, he lays special emphasis on its promoting diversity of occupations. He then sketches the history of a family of five sons, four of whom find the employment which best fits the taste and talent of each. But what for the fifth son? "In the flashing eye, beneath the pale and beaming brow of that other one, you detect the solitary first thoughts of genius. There are the seashore of storm or calm, the waning moon, the stripes of summer-evening cloud, traditions, and all *the food of the soul* for him." Here we have Choate the boy described by Choate the man.

He had the poet's power of infusing individual life into inanimate things. When, as a boy, he drove home his father's cow, he would sometimes, after throwing away the switch, go back, pick it up, and place it under the tree from which he had cut it. "Perhaps," he said, "there is, after all, some yearning of nature between them still." Even Wordsworth, eminently the poet of Nature, did not have, at so early an age, a sympathy with nature so refined as this.

It is to be supposed that such a boy would, to use his own expression, throw himself on books "like a famished host on miraculous bread." The books that he could obtain were few in number; but those he devoured, not only *remembering* all they contained, but *realizing* to his imagination all they suggested. The words, as they passed into his mind, instantly became things. From the page on which his eyes rested, there started up glowing pictures, and fascinating persons. He read the "Pilgrim's Progress" when he was six years old; and he not only got it by heart, but eloquently expounded it to his companions, dramatically reproducing the scenes, incidents, and characters of that wonderful allegory, so that the little people he addressed were made to see in it what he saw. Another book in which he delighted, was a life of Marshal Saxe, — an eminent leader of the armies of France about the middle of the eighteenth century. All that general's battles were fought over again in the boy's imagination; and he caught also, as by infection, the marshal's military ardor. But sea-fights had even more attraction for him than land-fights. He was thirteen years old when the war of 1812, between the United States and England, broke out. From the shore, he often caught sight of English and American cruisers in Ipswich Bay. He eagerly read all accounts he could obtain of naval engagements, especially between English and American ships-of-war. Nothing pleased him more than to give to those around him

as vivid an idea of a sea-fight as glowed in his own mind. His brother records that he would act over certain parts of such a contest with other boys, "he telling them what to do, how to load, at what to aim, not how to *strike* a flag (that never seemed to come in the category), but how to nail one to the mast, with orders to let it wave while he lived."

And, again, while he and his younger brother were waiting "for the family to breakfast, dine, or sup (that was the way the children were then taught to do), one would have the dog, and the other the cat, each holding it fast, and, at the signal, bringing them suddenly together, in imitation of two hostile ships or armies; Rufus, in the meanwhile, repeating the story of an actual, or imagined, fight with as much volubility as he ever afterwards used in court, and with such an arrangement of the plan of the fight as made all seem wonderfully real."

His passion for the sea, at this time, was intense. The height of his ambition was to be a captain of a man-of-war. The thorough-going patriotism which blazes and burns in many an imperfectly reported oration of his manhood was doubtless intensified by the fact, that during the most impressible years of his life, from thirteen to sixteen, his country was at war with England. On our side the glory of that war was specially naval. The exclamation of the American heroic sailor, "Don't give up the ship!" was always one of his favorite quotations; and, as it came from his lips, it caught much of the glow and inspiration which originally prompted its utterance.

But the boy was a hardy stripling, good for practical every-day labor on the farm, as well as good for flights of genius, which soared above all his surroundings, and all the people with whom he was associated. He not only could tire out most of his companions on the playground, but he was an excellent hand at field-work, and engaged with alacrity, even in the monotonous work of digging and hauling stone, and constructing stone walls. Indeed, the master-workman in the latter department declared that it was a pity a lad so strong and active should be sent to college, — it being, some sixty years ago, a prevalent feeling among New-England farmers, that only the weakling of the family, fit for no useful labor, should receive a collegiate education; but the lad gayly replied to this regret of the sturdy fence-builder, "Mr. N——, if ever I'm a lawyer, I'll plead all your cases for nothing." Still, he always carried, into the roughest physical work, a certain poetic elation of mind, and a kind of poetic elasticity of body, — something which the laborers about him called *springy*.

His handling of a crowbar, his jumping to hook or unhook a chain, or to stop or start a team, had a grace and swiftness of movement which commanded admiration; and, at every lucky hit in his work, he gave a cry of joyous exultation, such as we might suppose a lyrical poet would give as a fine epithet or a new image flashed upon his fancy. Indeed, it may be truly said of him, in regard to all these matters, that —

“Rustic life and poverty
Grew beautiful beneath his touch.”

He can hardly be said to have had any regular “schooling.” What he had was intermittent. He learned much at the district school, but more from the occasional instruction of elderly friends and relatives of his family, who gladly volunteered to teach a pupil so promising. His quickness of apprehension, and his ready memory of what he apprehended, would have been insufficient to qualify him to enter college at the age of sixteen, had he not, in the course of his miscellaneous and interrupted studies, prematurely developed some of the higher faculties of the mind, — those faculties which arrange bits of information, obtained here and there, into some logical order, and which so combine disunited parts of knowledge loosely floating in the memory, that they lead up to the principles on which they depend, and give meaning and coherence to much “scattering and unsure observance.”

Choate's real preparation for college seems to have been about six months, which he passed at Hampton Academy. In the summer of 1815, he entered Dartmouth College, at the age of sixteen. Here, as in all his previous experiences of school-life, he was soon recognized as a person of exceptional genius and character. His merely physical advantages were in his favor, for Dartmouth had never before received a freshman who equalled him in classic beauty of form and face. Indeed, he continued to be what New-Englanders call “a very handsome man,” until strenuous labors, in the court-room, and in the Senate of the United States, had eventually reduced his ruddy complexion almost to the color of saffron, and had broken up his once smooth countenance into a thousand wrinkles, the records left by severe and exhausting thought. But, when he entered Dartmouth, he was the model of what a college student should be. During the first year of his college-course, his modesty kept him in the background: but it was soon apparent that he was the first man in his class; and it is a signal proof of the essential geniality of his nature, that his fellow-collegians

cordially ratified the decision of the professors. He was not only recognized as the first man in his class, but all felt that there was a wide gulf between him and the *second* man in it.

His progress, in every study, was so rapid, that one of his classmates afterwards declared that he never knew a student in the college, who attempted to study a subject with Choate, who did not abandon the companionship in despair, because he felt himself "a clog and an encumbrance on the



swift mind that leaped to results at which his own intellect painfully crawled."

The superiority of Choate is proved, as I have said, by the readiness with which it was acknowledged by his fellow-students. Envy and rivalry might be active in his class, but could never be directed against him; for envy, the meanest of passions, was overcome by

Choate's willingness to aid his companions in every attempt they made to surpass himself; and his ingenuous modesty made his evident superiority a fact which was accepted without a murmur. All who knew Mr. Choate, when his fame was fully established, must have noted how unobtrusive he was in conversation. When he quoted from an author, he began by saying to his companion for the time, "As you must remember;" and, when he stated a novel fact or opinion, it was commonly introduced with the remark, "As you very well know."

There was always manifested in his mind, character, and behavior, in youth as well as in manhood, a certain magical charm. A student of Dartmouth, entering the recitation-room for the first time, has recorded his impressions of the scene presented to him.

"I watched," he says, "each successive voice with the keen curiosity of a new-comer, when Choate got up, and in those clear, musical tones, put Livy's Latin into such exquisitely fit and sweet English as I had not dreamed of, and in comparison with which all the other construing of that morning seemed the roughest of unlicked babble."

He graduated in 1819, with the highest honors. At Commencement he delivered the valedictory oration. His health had broken down towards the close of his last year in college, and his six weeks of vacation were to him weeks of enfeebling sickness. Still, his valedictory was so excellent, that it remains one of the choicest traditions now proudly referred to by the students and graduates of Dartmouth. He did not occupy ten minutes in his address; but in that short space of time was concentrated more thought and emotion, more elevated and touching eloquence, than in any similar speech of which the Commencements of our American colleges preserve a record. We are told by old men, who heard it when they were boys, that it gave promise of every thing which Choate afterwards achieved. Though "pale, wasted by fever, with hardly strength enough to stand on the platform," the spirit of what he said was so noble, and the "tones of his voice so surpassingly tender and affectionate," that the whole audience, young and old, were entirely overcome and swept away by his eloquence; and prominent in the audience was no less a man than Daniel Webster.

After graduating, Choate spent a year in the college, filling the office of tutor. There never was a better teacher; for he not only *informed*, but *inspired*, the students submitted to his guidance. His own enthusiasm for learning and literature became contagious. Some tutors only impart knowledge; but he not only imparted knowledge,

but inflamed his pupils with a passionate *love* of knowledge. Those he taught soon became his friends, and master and scholar joyously worked together. There was no insubordination in his classes.

A solid farmer, once attending a political meeting where one of the speakers was violently hissed, declared to a friend near by, "The people here have no respect for that talkative fellow, because there is no respect *in* him." Choate had that quality *in* him which ever commanded respect. But the great peculiarity of his teaching was this: that, in communicating knowledge, he communicated with it his own ardent and powerful nature; that is, he communicated himself. Any one of the students, whose mind came into vital contact with his, might have exclaimed, with the poet, —

"He was like the sun, giving me *light*,
Pouring into the caves of my young brain
Knowledge from his bright fountains."

REMINISCENCES OF

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

AS I count it the greatest honor and happiness of my life to have known Mr. Emerson, I gladly accede to a request for such recollections as may be of interest. My first remembrance is of the morning when I was sent to inquire for little Waldo, then lying very ill. His father came to me so worn with watching, and changed by sorrow, that I was startled, and could only stammer out my message.

“Child, he is dead,” was his answer.

Then the door closed, and I ran home to tell the sad tidings. I was only eight years old, and that was my first glimpse of a great grief; but I never have forgotten the anguish that made a familiar face so tragical, and gave those few words more pathos than the sweet lamentation of the “Threnody.”

Later, when we went to school with the little Emersons in their father’s barn, I remember many happy times when the illustrious papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay-cart, he took us to berry, bathe, or picnic at Walden, making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved, the wood-people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wild-flowers whose hidden homes he had discovered. So that when years afterward we read of “the sweet Rhodora in the wood,” and “the burly, dozing humblebee,” or laughed over “The Mountain and the Squirrel,” we recognized old friends, and thanked him for the delicate truth and beauty which made them immortal for us and others.

When the book-mania fell upon me at fifteen, I used to venture into Mr. Emerson’s library, and ask what I should read, never conscious of the audacity of my demand, so genial was my welcome. His

kind hand opened to me the riches of Shakspeare, Dante, Goethe, and Carlyle; and I gratefully recall the sweet patience with which he led me round the book-lined room till "the new and very interesting book" was found, or the indulgent smile he wore when I proposed something far above my comprehension.

"Wait a little for that," he said. "Meantime try this; and, if you like it, come again."

For many of these wise books I am waiting still, very patiently; because in his own I have found the truest delight, the best inspiration of my life. When these same precious volumes were tumbled out of the window, while his house was burning some years ago, as I stood guarding the scorched, wet pile, Mr. Emerson passed by, and, surveying the devastation with philosophic calmness, only said, in answer to my lamentations, —

"I see my library under a new aspect. Could you tell me where my good neighbors have flung my boots?"

In the tribulations of later life, this faithful house-friend was an earthly Providence, conferring favors so beautifully that they were no burden, and giving such sympathy, in joy and sorrow, that very tender ties were knit between this beneficent nature and the grateful hearts he made his own. Acquaintance with such a man is an education in itself, for "the essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough;" and, living what he wrote, his influence purified and brightened like sunshine.

Many a thoughtful young man and woman owe to Emerson the spark that kindled their highest aspirations, and showed them how to make the conduct of life a helpful lesson, not a blind struggle.

"For simple maids and noble youth
Are welcome to the man of truth:
Most welcome they who need him most;
They feed the spring which they exhaust,
For greater need
Draws better deed."

He was, in truth, like his own Saadi, — a cheerer of men's hearts."

"Friendship," "Love," "Self-Reliance," "Heroism," and "Compensation," among the essays, have become to many readers as precious as Christian's scroll; and certain poems live in the memory as sacred as hymns, so helpful and inspiring are they. No better books for earnest young people can be found. The truest words are often

the simplest; and, when wisdom and virtue go hand in hand, none need fear to listen, learn, and love.

The marble walk that leads to his hospitable door has been trodden by the feet of many pilgrims from all parts of the world, drawn thither by their love and reverence for him. In that famous study, his townspeople have had the privilege of seeing many of the great and good men and women of our time, and learning of their gracious host the finest lessons of true courtesy. I have often seen him turn from distinguished guests, to say a wise or kindly word to some humble worshipper sitting modestly in a corner, content merely to look and listen, and who went away to cherish that memorable moment long and gratefully.

Here, too, in the pleasant room, with the green hills opposite, and the pines murmuring musically before the windows, Emerson wrote essays more helpful than most sermons; lectures which created the lyceum; poems full of power and sweetness; and, better than song or sermon, has lived a life so noble, true, and beautiful, that its wide-spreading influence is felt on both sides of the sea.

In all reforms he was among the foremost on the side of justice and progress. When Faneuil Hall used to be a scene of riot and danger in anti-slavery days, I remember sitting up aloft, an excited girl, among the loyal women who never failed to be there; and how they always looked for that serene face on the platform, and found fresh courage in the mere sight of the wisest man in America, standing shoulder to shoulder with the bravest. When woman's suffrage was most unpopular, his voice and pen spoke for the just cause, undaunted by the fear of ridicule which silences so many.

His own simple, abstemious habits were his best testimony in favor of temperance in all things; while, in religion, he believed that each soul must choose its own aids, and prove the vitality of its faith by high thinking and holy living.

When travelling in various countries, I found his fame had gone before; and people were eager to hear something of the Concord poet, seer, and philosopher. In a little town upon the Rhine, where our party paused for a night, unexpectedly delayed, two young Germans, reading the word Boston on the labels of our trunks as they stood in the yard of the inn, begged to come in and see the Americans; and their first question was, —

“Tell us about Emerson.”

We gladly told them what they asked; and they listened as

eagerly as we did to any thing we could hear concerning their great countryman, Goethe.

A letter once came to me from the Far West, in which a girl asked what she should read to build up a noble character. It was a remarkable letter; and, when I inquired what books she most desired, she answered, "All of Emerson's: he helps me most."

A prisoner just from Concord jail came to see me on his release, and proved to be an intelligent, book-loving young man, who had been led into crime by his first fit of intoxication. In talking with him, he said Emerson's books were a comfort to him, and he had spent some of the money earned in prison to buy certain volumes to take with him as guides and safeguards for the future.

In England his honored name opened many doors to us, and we felt as proud of our acquaintance with him as Englishmen feel of the medals with which their Queen decorates them; so widely was he known, so helpful was his influence, so ennobling the mere reflection of his virtue and his genius. Longfellow was beloved by children; and of Emerson it might be said, as of Plato, "He walks with his head among the stars, yet carries a blessing in his heart for every little child."

When he returned from his second visit to Europe, after his house was burned, he was welcomed by the school-children, who lined his passage from the cars to the carriage, where a nosegay of blooming grandchildren awaited him; and escorted by a smiling troop of neighbors, old and young, he was conducted under green arches to his house. Here they sang "Sweet Home," gave welcoming cheers, and marched away to come again soon after to a grand house-warming in the old mansion which had been so well restored that nothing seemed changed.

Many a gay revel has been held under the pines, whole schools taking possession of the poet's premises; and many a child will gladly recall hereafter the paternal face that smiled on them, full of interest in their gambols, and of welcome for the poorest. Mrs. Emerson, from her overflowing garden, planted flowers along the roadside, and in the plot of ground before the nearest schoolhouse, to beautify the children's daily life. Sweeter and more imperishable than these will be the recollections of many kindnesses bestowed by one, who, in the truest sense of the word, was a friend to all.

As he lay dying, children stopped to ask if he were better; and all the sunshine faded out of the little faces when the sad answer

came. Very willing feet roamed the woods for green garlands to decorate the old church where he would come for the last time; busy hands worked till midnight, that every house should bear some token of mourning; Spring gave him her few early flowers and budding boughs from the haunts that will know him no more; and old and young forgot, for a little while, their pride in the illustrious man, to sorrow for the beloved friend and neighbor.

Life did not sadden his cheerful philosophy; success could not spoil his exquisite simplicity; age could not dismay him, and he met death with sweet serenity.

He wrote, "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles." And this well-earned peace transfigured the beautiful dead face so many eyes beheld with tender reverence, seeming to assure us that our august friend and master had passed into the larger life, for which he was ready, still to continue, —

"Without hasting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

A LITTLE more than sixty-eight years ago, in the city of Portland, Me., — which, by the way, was not a city then, — an important literary event took place ; though surely nobody was aware of its importance at the time, — with the exception, perhaps, of one small boy, — and the world has not rung with it since. The said small boy, aged ten, stole out of his father's house one evening, with an agitating secret in his breast, and something precious in his breast-pocket. That something was a copy of verses, — a little, a very little, poem, — which he had written by stealth, and which he was now going to drop into the letter-box of the newspaper-office on the corner.

More than once he walked by the door, fearing to be seen doing so audacious a deed. But hope inspired him ; and running to the editor's box, when nobody was near to observe him, he stood on his toes, and, reaching up, dropped the poem in. He hurried home with a fluttering heart. But the next evening he walked by the office again, and, from the opposite side of the street, looked up at the printers at their work. It was summer-time, and the windows were open ; and seeing the compositors in their shirt-sleeves, each with a shaded lamp over his case, making a little halo of hope and romance to the boy's eyes, he said to himself, " Maybe they are printing my poem ! "

When the family newspaper came, and he carried it to a secret corner, and opened it with hope and fear, — sure enough, heading the poet's corner, and looking strange, but, oh ! so beautiful in print, there were his precious verses !

Many years after, he told me the story of this first literary venture much as I have told it here. That earliest poem had been followed by works which had become as familiar as household words in the mouths of English-speaking people all over the world. Honor and

fame were his in full measure. But he said, with a smile, "I don't think any other literary success in my life had made me quite so happy since."

The poet Longfellow came of a good family of English stock. His great-grandfather was a blacksmith. Perhaps he had this sturdy ancestor in mind when he wrote his poem on "The Village Blacksmith" so long afterwards, — though the scene of it was Cambridge, — and drew this moral : —

" Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close :
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

.

Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

The Portland blacksmith sent one of his ten children to Harvard College, and thus in the grandfather began that liberal culture which was to flower and bear fruit in the author of "Evangeline." The father was also a graduate of Harvard, and was, in his day, a leading citizen and lawyer of Portland and a member of Congress.

The poet's mother was a descendant of John Alden of "Mayflower" and Pilgrim fame, whose wooing of the "damsel Priscilla" for his friend, "the famous Captain of Plymouth," forms the subject of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." John himself, it will be remembered, was in love with Priscilla.

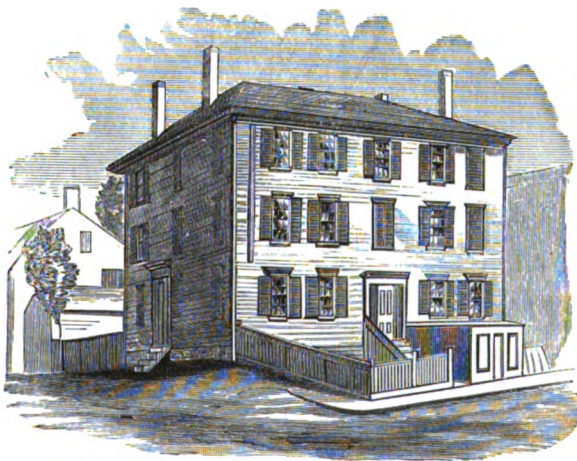
" But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The poet was born in Portland, on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1807. He was a happy, healthy, studious child, fond of boyish sports, but fonder still of books, especially books of poetry and classic prose. He entered Bowdoin College in his fourteenth year, and graduated at eighteen, the second in rank in his class. The college afterwards bore the highest testimony to his fine literary scholarship, by creating a chair of modern languages and literature, expressly that he might be invited to fill it. He had, at first, thought of the law ; but

this call from his *Alma Mater* opened to him a far more congenial career. He joyfully accepted it, but, before assuming his new duties, visited Europe, where he spent four years, chiefly in Germany, Italy, France, and Spain, studying the languages and literatures of those countries, and preparing for his university-work.

He was also preparing for other and far higher work, — storing his mind with beautiful thoughts and images, and perfecting that simple ease of expression which was to form so lovely a characteristic of his style.

The independent literary career, which enables so many nowadays to win bread, and perhaps fortune, by the pen, was then hardly known in America. There were no great magazines and newspapers of large circulation to pay liberal prices for articles; and, in order to get money while he was earning fame, the man of letters must edit a newspaper, like Bryant; have a clerkship, like Halleck; a place in the Custom House, like Hawthorne; or a professorship in a college, like Longfellow.



Birthplace of Longfellow.

He became a contributor to the best periodicals of those days. But the pay he received was ridiculously small. In later years, when editors were glad to get a contribution from him on any terms, he once spoke of having just received for a poem a price which seemed to him very large. I replied that it did not seem to me excessive, considering the name and fame that went with it.

"Ah!" said he, "you young fellows" (to be called by him a *young fellow* was delightfully flattering to my gray hairs) "have had the luck to come along at a time when good prices prevail. You would think differently if you had written as many poems for five dollars apiece as I have."

He continued his connection with Bowdoin until his growing fame

as an author and translator, quite as much as his reputation as a teacher, excellent as that was, procured his appointment as professor of modern languages in Harvard University, which honorable position he retained from 1835 until 1854. After another year of travel and study abroad, he settled down to his varied pursuits in Cambridge, which remained his home ever afterwards. In his first year there, he boarded in the old Craigie House,—a colonial mansion which had known vicissitudes of war and fortune, famous as having once been the headquarters of Washington, but destined to be more famous still, in later years, as the home of the poet. The spaciousness of this old house, its beautiful situation overlooking the broad valley where —

“The flooded Charles . . .
Writes the last letter of his name,”

and, more than all, perhaps, its historical associations, charmed the young professor's fancy; and, after the death of the landlady, he purchased it. There he lived an almost ideal life, amidst objects of beauty and curiosity by which he had gradually surrounded himself, the centre of a group of friends, many of whom were illustrious, enjoying a charming domestic life, and producing the works which delighted the world.

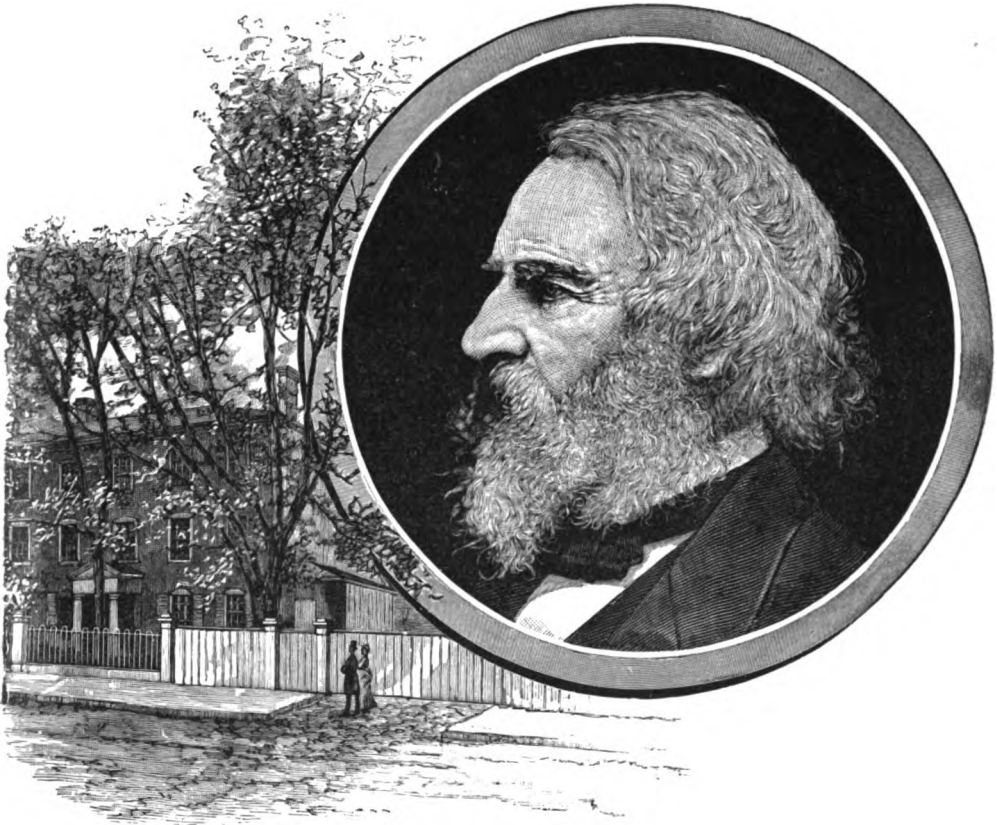
This happiness was interrupted by the tragical death of his wife, — a noble and beautiful woman, and the mother of his five children. A drop of flaming wax, which she was melting at a candle to amuse two of them, fell upon her dress. What a sorrow her loss must have been to him, nobody knew from any thing he ever said or ever wrote. He did not send forth a wail of woe in his works, as is the way with feebler poets who suffer, or imagine they suffer. His affliction revealed itself only in words of deeper faith and consolation, breathed forth in mellower verse.

He was sought by all sorts of people in his Cambridge home. They came literally from all over the world. When the Emperor of Brazil visited this country in the centennial year, his first question, on landing in New York, was, “Where is Longfellow?” Of course, many came from frivolous motives; and he used to tell an amusing story of some English visitors, who said to him, with rather astounding frankness, —

“As there are no ruins in this country, we thought we would come and see *you*.”

He was of medium height, with strong, symmetrical features, mild

blue eyes under fine brows, and hair and beard of patriarchal whiteness in his later years. Charles Kingsley said of him, in 1868, "Longfellow is far handsomer and nobler than his portraits make him. I do not think I ever saw a finer human face." This might have been truly said of him to the last.



Longfellow's Early Home.

The same gentle and humane spirit which characterized his writings showed itself also in the manners of the man. He had the simplicity which belongs to strong and true natures. He never remembered, and his affability made you forget, that you were in the presence of one of the most eminent of living men. His fine sympathy prompted him to meet people on their own ground of thought and interest, and to anticipate their wishes. His ways with children were delightful. I well remember his setting the musical clock in his

hall to playing its tunes for a little girl while he was occupied with her elders, because he could not bear that she should not also be entertained. On another occasion, when the same little girl and her younger sister, in their own home, approached with bashful pleasure as he held out his arms to them, he broke down all barriers at once by saying, —

“Where are your dolls? I want you to show me your dolls. Not the fine ones, which you keep for company, but those you love best, and play with every day.”

Before the mother could interfere, they had taken him at his word, and brought the shabby little favorites with battered noses, and were eagerly telling Mr. Longfellow their names and histories, while he questioned them with an interest which wholly won their childish hearts.

It was some time before this that he brought a friend to the house; and our W——, then a boy of thirteen, took us out on the lake in his boat. The friend, who was in feeble health, wished to pull one oar. W——, full of health and spirits, pulled the other, and pulled too hard for him. He continued to do so, in spite of my remonstrance, when Mr. Longfellow said, —

“Let him row in his own way. He enjoys it, and we mustn’t interfere with a boy’s happiness. It makes no difference to us whether we go forward, or only around and around.”

He seemed to consider the happiness of the young as something sacred.

He was hospitable and helpful to other and younger writers. How many are indebted to him for words of encouragement and cheer! The last letter I ever received from him was written during his illness in the winter, when he took the trouble to send me an exceedingly kind word regarding something of mine he had just seen in a magazine, and which had chanced to please him. He was tolerant to the last degree of other people’s faults. I never heard him speak with any thing like impatience of anybody, except a certain class of critics who injure reputations by sitting in judgment upon works they have not the heart to feel, or the sense to understand.

Some kind friend once sent me a review in which a poor little volume of my own verses was scalped and tomahawked with savage glee. Turning the leaf, I was consoled to see a volume of Longfellow’s treated in the same slashing style. For I reflected, “The critic who strikes at him blunts the weapon with which he would wound

others." Meeting him in a day or two, I found that some equally kind friend had sent a copy of the review to him. Seeing that he was annoyed by it, I said, —

"I may well be disturbed when they try to blow out my small lantern, but why should you care when they puff away at your star?"

He replied, "The ill-will of anybody hurts me. Besides, there are some people who will believe what this man says. If he cannot speak



Longfellow's Home in Cambridge.

well of a book, why speak of it at all? The best criticism of an unworthy book is silence."

He had suffered from abundant foolish and unjust criticism in earlier days; but his wise, calm spirit was never more than temporarily ruffled by it. No meritorious work was ever more severely judged than "Hiawatha" when it first appeared. But the sales were large. It quickly became the most popular of all his works, and the reviewers who had censured it joined in the later chorus of its praise. "Evangeline" had also been criticised, though less severely; fault being found particularly with the hexameters, which were declared to be un-

suited for English verse. Nevertheless, the easy and flowing hexameters, which relate that exquisitely beautiful story, continue to be read, alike by the learned and the unlearned, with perennial delight.

From that evening so long ago, when the school-boy timidly dropped his little copy of verses into the editor's box, to the 27th of February, when school-children all over the land were celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday, and the evening so soon after, when the voices of those reciting his praises, and singing his songs, gave place to the tolling of bells in cities and towns,—between that far-off time and this, what a life of beauty and beneficence was lived! what noble, happy, and enduring work was done!

THE COLLEGE LIFE OF PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

A SATIRICAL medical writer, in giving directions to children as to the means of preserving their health, began with this ironical declaration: "Look out that your father and mother, and your grandfather and grandmother, had no transmissible disease, such as consumption, gout, or scrofula." As if the poor boys and girls could "look out" to evade causes of sickness existing long before they were born!

It may, however, be said of William H. Prescott, that, if he had possessed the privilege of selecting his ancestors, he could not have hit upon a better family than that from which he was descended. The first of the Prescotts who emigrated from England to Massachusetts, was a sturdy Puritan soldier by the name of John Prescott, who settled in Lancaster, Mass., between 1640 and 1650, and acquired a considerable amount of property in land, which he bravely defended from the incursions of the Indians, who were his near neighbors. His sons and grandsons seem to have had a similar strength of character, and a similar soundness of body and mind. Into whatever they undertook, they threw the whole energy of their natures; and there is no record that any one of them ever did any thing mean, base, or vicious.

The grandfather of the historian, a farmer in Pepperell, Mass., was the Col. Prescott who threw up the redoubt at Bunker Hill, defended it stoutly against the repeated attacks of the veteran English infantry, and when compelled, by lack of ammunition, to retire from his position, was the last person of his command to leave the spot he had so skilfully and intrepidly defended. This Revolutionary hero had, for his son, William Prescott, who, in his chosen profession of the law,

gradually rose to be a counsellor of the first rank, who was universally respected for his integrity, as well as for his learning and intelligence. William Prescott was reckoned to have no superior at a bar where Sullivan, Parsons, Dexter, Otis, and Webster were his competitors; and on retiring from his profession, after forty years of practice, he was considered by such a judge as Daniel Webster to have stood "at the head of the bar of Massachusetts for legal learning and attainments."

William Hickling Prescott, the son of this distinguished lawyer, was born in Salem, Mass., on May 4, 1796.

The Prescotts seem ever to have been as fortunate in their mothers as in their fathers, and William was singularly blessed in this respect. His mother was the embodiment of energy, good sense, and beneficence. It is the universal testimony of all who knew her, that her life seemed to be passed in doing good to others, and that *self* never was prominent in any thing she thought, said, or did. She found her happiness in promoting the happiness of her family and friends. Her benevolence was instinctive, and she never appeared to think that there was any virtue in the sacrifices she made of her own selfish comfort in her unstinted devotion to the comfort and welfare of her husband and children. Much more than this, she was, through life, the friend of the friendless, the consoler of the sorrowful, the almoner of the poor, the comforter of the sick and the wretched.

In Catholic countries she might have been elevated to the rank of a saint; but, though her conduct was regulated by deep religious convictions, she always expressed her religion in acts, not in words, and seemed intent on saving her own soul by strenuous endeavors to save others. And then, she differed from most popular notions of saints in this, that she was as cheerful and joyous as she was benignant, and had double the mere animal spirits of those women who never think of any thing but the gratification of their own selfish desires.

The son of this large-brained father and great-hearted mother was a pet from the moment of his birth. Indeed, his parents, whom he loved almost as dearly as they loved him, allowed the boy a more than ordinary degree of freedom. They did this that they might thus learn what were his real qualities of mind and disposition, and obtain an accurate knowledge of all the tendencies of his nature, so that they could restrain what was bad, and stimulate what was good, in him.

This is a dangerous experiment in education; but it has, at least, the advantage of rendering needless the mean vice of lying, into

which many a boy falls from the fear that his faults will not be tenderly dealt with by his parents. As such a boy lies from cowardice, his character is corrupted at the start; and he goes on lying throughout his life, believing that as he has escaped a number of wholesome whippings in his childhood and youth by a glib denial of the little offences he may have committed; so, in his manhood, he relies on hypocrisy and falsehood to cover up his graver violations of the laws of morality and religion.

But William Prescott, from the moment he left his cradle, was of an open nature, concealing nothing, fearing nothing, and trained according to the rules of that method of education, which, though it may not make a pupil a great scholar, tends to make him sincere, honest, and brave.

His mother was, of course, his first and last instructor. But, at an early age, he was sent to a day-school, kept by Miss Higginson, one of the "gentlewomen" of Salem, descended from that Francis Higginson who came to the town in 1629, and who still enjoys the reputation of being the founder of the churches of New England. In the education of the young persons intrusted to her care, she disdained the name of school-mistress, adopting that of school-mother; and, in the opinion of all the best people of Salem, she richly deserved the title.

In 1803, at the age of seven, he was placed in the select private school of the town, the teacher of which was a gentleman and scholar, who seems to have anticipated many of the more modern and liberal ideas which now guide the education of the young. This worthy teacher was long affectionately remembered by several distinguished men, who, as boys, had profited by his instruction, as *the* "Master Knapp," who had not only imparted to them the rudiments of knowledge, but had inspired them with the disinterested love of knowledge. At this school William did not shine among Master Knapp's pupils. From his cradle he loved books; and stories which stirred his sensibilities, and stimulated his imagination, affected him like realities of his own experience. As a child, he would sometimes be so strongly impressed by some grotesque fiction of ghosts, fairies, goblins, and giants, that he would catch hold of his mother's gown, and follow her, as her household duties led her to pass from one room to another, in the fear of being left alone with the queer people that dwelt in his brain, and which might, for all he knew, start out into actual existence, unless he were protected from them by his mother's presence.

But the love of reading what interests the mind, and the love of study, which tasks it, are two different things ; and the systematic work which a school-boy is called upon to perform did not agree with his easy and somewhat indolent temperament.

In after-life, nothing in his character seemed more admirable to his friends than his constant cheerfulness in circumstances which make most men irritable, sulky, and morose ; and this cheerfulness was the chastened survival of the riotous, frolicsome, animal spirits of his babyhood and boyhood. At any rate, the dear boy could be made to learn only what he desired to learn. His father must oftentimes have been troubled in spirit in witnessing the lazy good-nature with which his bright son evaded exact studies, and resented attempts to make him a systematic scholar.

Indeed, as a lad, William overflowed in nothing so much as in fun and mischief. He even delighted in practical jokes, the most offensive form of juvenile jocularly, and which, if such jokes do not originally spring from a malicious disposition, are apt, by indulgence in them, to create it. He once brought down upon himself the severe condemnation of his father by frightening a servant girl in the family "half to death" by jumping out suddenly upon her from behind a door.

It is plain that such freaks of hilarity have their source in a disregard of the rights and feelings of others. Begun in boyhood in mere thoughtlessness, they tend — if the spirit that prompts them continues into manhood — to make those who practise them find an odious and ignoble delight in whatever inflicts mortification and pain on their associates. But Prescott had sensitiveness of conscience as well as hilarity of spirits. Once, before he was in his "teens," when his mother was grieved at some fault which had probably sprung from his love of fun, she directed him to read to her Dr. Channing's "Sermon to Children." As he went on in his reading, says Professor Ticknor, "his lips began to quiver, and his voice to choke. He stopped, and, with tears, said, —

"Mother, if I am ever a bad boy again, won't you set me to reading that sermon?"

In 1808 his father removed to Boston ; and William was sent, at the age of twelve, to the private school of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, one of the best classical scholars at that time in New England, and one of the most genial of teachers. By Dr. Gardiner he was prepared for college. Professor Ticknor was William's fellow-pupil ; and he tells

us, in his delightful biography of Prescott, that the future historian easily learned what was necessary to qualify him for admission to Harvard College, but learned little else. He was, however, an assiduous and enthusiastic reader of miscellaneous literature. Southey's trans-



William H. Prescott.

lation of the old romance of "Amadis de Gaula" took a specially strong hold of his imagination.

He was unconsciously drawn by the bent of his genius to works, the distinguishing merit of which was narrative. He thus insensibly imbibed an idea of the style best suited to a narrator,—a style which eventually made his own narratives of historical events as fascinating as most romances. In the intervals, however, of this miscellaneous reading and classical study, he and a fellow-pupil indulged in a great

variety of boyish pranks. After going to a circus, for example, they would attempt to imitate what had called forth their admiration; and a family cat, which they were training to go through some of the circus exercises, became dreadfully scorched in the operation. Then they would devise games of battle, stimulated by newspaper accounts of the European wars of the time. But, above all, they gloried in inventing stories, each trying to excel the other in the novelty and wildness of the persons and incidents they volubly poured forth from their fertile imaginations.

In August, 1811, William was admitted to the sophomore class in Harvard College. After his preliminary examination was over, he wrote an account of it to his father.

"When we were first ushered into their [the examiners'] presence, they looked like so many judges of the Inquisition. We were ordered down into the parlor, almost frightened out of our wits, to be examined by each separately; but we soon found them quite a pleasant sort of chaps."

After the examination was over, and he was assured by Tutor Frisbie that he had done himself a great deal of credit, he adds, —

"I feel myself twenty pounds lighter than I did yesterday."

Though entering Harvard College so easily, Prescott did not show any disposition to excel in scholarship. He did his tasks, and nothing more. The rest of his time he devoted to amusements. In Greek and Latin he had been so thoroughly trained by Dr. Gardiner, that he readily excelled the great majority of his fellow-students in his acquaintance with those languages. In metaphysics, for which he had a distaste, he still, by hard study, qualified himself to pass a respectable examination; but in mathematics he could "make no show at all." Incapable of understanding the elements of the science, he at first resorted to the dangerous "dodge" of committing his mathematical lessons to memory, without apprehending any meaning in the words and signs he glibly recited; but he soon was disgusted with this appearance of knowing what he did not know, and he frankly confided to his professor his hopeless ignorance of the very elements of mathematics.

His professor, thus advised of his incompetency, graciously relieved him from the task of pretending to understand what he was incapable of understanding.

There is nothing more ruinous to the mind of the student than to commit to memory mathematical demonstrations, of which he does

not comprehend the principles on which they rest. Some students, able in every other branch of study, though deficient in mathematical perception, have been driven into insanity by following, through the long years of their college life, the practice, at first adopted by Prescott, of memorizing problems in the science, which he soon prudently abandoned.

It is curious, that, throughout his college life, Prescott was continually making resolutions as to his conduct and studies. He recorded these resolutions on paper, and showed them to his intimate friends. By these, he said, his course in college was to be rigidly conformed. When he violated them, which he often did, he formed new resolutions. These had the same fate as their predecessors, though they were as confidently intrusted to his associates as his first determinations. At last, in despair, he told his friend Gardiner that he had come to one resolution that he would never violate; and this was, that hereafter he would form no resolution at all.

Thus gay, bright, joyous, with a governing sentiment of duty which he did not consistently follow out in conduct, William glided on through the first eighteen months of his college career. He knew, that, without strenuous work, he was sure to have the means of supporting himself in a life of intellectual idleness; because his indulgent father had made a fortune in a hard, vexatious, and continuous life of intellectual labor.

William's career as an historian might have utterly failed, were it not for a calamity which at first seemed to make him a hopeless invalid for life.

The students of Harvard appear to have been a rough set in 1813. The officers of the college had left the dinner-hall on one momentous day; and the students, before departing, indulged in some eccentric freaks. Prescott was not engaged in the disturbance; but, as he was going out of the hall, he turned his head to see what was going on, when a large, hard piece of bread, hurled by a student without any reference to a mark, struck his left *open* eye, and he fell senseless. The missile not only destroyed the sight of the eye, but produced a concussion of the brain. For weeks Prescott was confined to his bed. His full, ruddy face became pale and shrunk, his whole system was reduced to a pitiable state of weakness; but his mind remained clear, and his innate cheerfulness of disposition bore him triumphantly through all the trials of his illness.

When he recovered, he returned to Harvard, and, with the one eye

left to him, prosecuted his studies with the simple resolution to graduate respectably. He succeeded in establishing his rank as a Greek and Latin scholar, and as a proficient in English literature. He was chosen by his class a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, then a special title of honor; and, when he graduated, he was selected to be one of the "orators" at Commencement, and recited, with great applause, a Latin poem on Hope, of his own composition. His parents, who idolized their son, spread a great tent on the college-grounds, and feasted therein five hundred guests, all gathered to congratulate the successful graduate, and to show their respect for the Prescott family, which eminently deserved to be respected.

Up to this time, William Prescott had exhibited a certain levity of character which was considered fatal to his success in life. The student who carelessly threw the bit of hard bread which embittered the whole of Prescott's life, never showed the least compunction for his heedless act. During Prescott's severe illness, he expressed no sympathy for his victim. He thought that Prescott did not know his assailant. But Prescott *did* know him. He concealed this information from his most intimate friends; and it was only afterwards, when he was suffering from the worst results of the blow, in partial blindness and acute rheumatic pains, that he had an opportunity to indulge in a truly Christian revenge.

The man who had made Prescott's life uncomfortable was in need of his recommendation to make himself comfortable for life. Prescott gave it cordially, without any thought of the injury he had sustained from the culprit, who never had the decency to express the slightest sympathy for the sufferings of his benefactor. The name of this person has been charitably suppressed; but the act of Prescott, in thus making the fortune of the man who had so cruelly injured him, deserves to be remembered as a signal instance of Christian virtue.

The wonder of Prescott's career as an historian, shown in his victory over obstacles which are commonly considered insurmountable, attracted the sympathy of all men of intellect and learning in the leading countries of Europe,—Germany, France, and Great Britain. His own character became more vigorous as he cheerfully submitted to the self-imposed drudgery of research into historical documents, in obtaining which he lavished money as liberally as he lavished time, in reducing them to order. His histories now rank among the classics of American literature.

And it may be said, in conclusion, that those favored friends and

acquaintances who knew him personally will never forget the beautiful simplicity of his character, the modesty with which his hard-earned laurels were worn, and the charming courtesy of manner, springing from the instinctive kindness of his heart, and overflowing on rich and poor alike, which justly entitled him to be considered one of the finest gentlemen of his time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

By JAMES' PARTON.

IN an old Boston newspaper, published during the early, anxious months of the war of 1812, this advertisement may still be read:—

"New Printing-Office. Nathaniel Willis, having returned to this his native town, and purchased an entire new assortment of printing materials, respectfully solicits a share of the patronage at his office, Exchange Building, Devonshire Street. Printing in its various branches will be executed with neatness, accuracy, and despatch. In the press, and shortly will be published, 'Redemption,' a poem in eight books, by Joseph Swain of Walworth, England. Also will soon be published a 'Guide to Christ,' composed for the use of young Ministers and Enquirers on their Way to Zion. By the Rev. Solomon Stoddard of North Hampton. Wanted, an apprentice to the printing business."

His son, Nathaniel P., born in Portland in 1806, was then six years of age,—a pretty, captivating child, with an abundance of auburn curls, such as mothers dote upon.

The business and the boy grew together for some years, when an event occurred of very great importance, which I know not how properly to relate in a few words. In the house of Nathaniel Willis the great subject of thought and conversation was religion, and religion of the old-fashioned Orthodox type. The family attended Park-street Church, which saucy Unitarian boys of the period called Brimstone Corner. The Park-street boys, on their part, were not over respectful to sons of Unitarians. Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of these; and, in later years, our poet had no recollection of him, except that he was "one of the boys whose fathers were Unitarians."

When this boy was about twelve years of age, there was a famous revival at Park-street Church, the meetings of which he attended. His susceptible nature was powerfully wrought upon, and he joined the church.

As he grew toward maturity, his personal attractions became more remarkable. With an uncommonly tall, symmetrical form, he had a blooming countenance, and a certain style in his bearing and demeanor which is sometimes called "aristocratic," but which is, in fact, more often seen in the offspring of workingmen than of lords. It results from physical conditions, which the ordinary industrial life of man favors quite as much as the life of ease and luxury.

He began now to frequent the literary and elegant circles of Boston, where he was much admired and caressed. Doubtless the persons composing those circles were virtuous and honorable, but the restraints of Park Street were not known among them; and we can all easily understand how his agreeable associates gradually gave him a relish for social pleasures, particularly for the drama and the dance. Without dwelling on this change, I will merely say that his new tastes gained the ascendancy, and estranged him from his early principles.

Meanwhile, it began to be whispered about that this elegant student at the Latin School was a poet also. Scraps of verse, in his neat and careful hand, were found; and one day, when he was about sixteen, he sent his mother a little poem, addressed to herself, which was, at least, very affectionate in tone, and harmonious to the ear. . To the end of his long life of nearly ninety years, his father preserved, in an old scrap-book, the first prose composition of the lad that was ever printed. It was in the form of a contribution to his father's paper, "The Boston Recorder," and was entitled, "A Hint to the Ladies." He wrote in the character of an old gentleman, who was in the habit of giving up his seat to ladies in church and lecture-rooms. This practice, it seems, led to an inconvenience; for, when it came time to take the collection, the seats would be occupied by ladies who had no money with them, and hence the politeness of the gentlemen robbed the contribution-box. The imaginary old gentleman proposed a remedy.

"Let every lady, who comes to a meeting for charity, come prepared to give *something*, and thus make some remuneration for the loss occasioned to the society by the acquisition of her seat. Let it not be given any more as a reason for a small contribution, that *the house was filled with ladies*."

This idea was humorously expanded in an article of considerable length, which shows gleams of the future journalist. It was just the kind of communication that an editor of the period was glad to get.

At an early age he went from the Boston Latin School to Yale College; and there it was that he became famous. I do not think that

he was ever a laborious student, nor even a great reader. He had little taste for the acquisition of knowledge, and little curiosity even to know what poets and authors had done in the days before him. In fact, men who produce literature are not apt to care very much for the literature of other men and times. But he was always scribbling; and one day he sent off to his father's paper in Boston, a poem on the "Sacrifice of Abraham," to which he appended the signature of Roy. It began thus: —

"Morn breaketh in the East. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And Nature, from the wavy forest leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps."

It was certainly an extraordinary production for a youth of twenty years; though it is not in the Oriental manner, and still less in the spirit of the story as related in the Bible. It attracted immediate and general attention. It was copied everywhere, and praised by almost every one. A long series of poems, in a similar strain, and with the same signature, followed this production, each of which appeared to increase the reputation of the young poet. There was a poem on "The Leper," on "Absalom," on "David's Grief for his Child," on "The Baptism of Christ," on "The Widow of Nain," and others, many of which soon got into the school-books, and became familiar to two generations of young lovers of poetry.

In college, too, he won a prize of fifty dollars offered for the best poem by the publisher of a gift-book; and no sooner had he graduated, than he found publishers desirous to employ his pen. Peter Parley engaged him to edit periodicals; and he attempted himself to found a magazine, "The American Monthly," which, however, did not succeed.

Sixty years ago, when N. P. Willis came upon the stage of life, literature offered no safe and good career; and far better would it have been, perhaps, if this gifted young man had chosen another profession to live by, and looked to literature for relief and recreation. Lured on by the dazzling popularity of his youthful productions, he made his way to New York, where he formed a connection with George P. Morris, editor of a literary weekly, called "The Mirror," which was then struggling for life.

Like all other Americans, especially young Americans, and, above

all, Americans addicted to literature, he longed for Europe. It also occurred to his practical and prudent partner, that this young man could write from Europe extremely taking letters for "The Mirror." The grand difficulty was to raise the money to get him across the ocean, and to keep him going while he was there. I have often heard



Nathaniel Parker Willis.

the editor of "The Mirror" relate, in his hearty, jovial way, the manifold troubles they had in raising the five hundred dollars which was deemed the smallest sum that would answer for a beginning. This amount was the capital upon which the young poet set up in the business of a traveller, and his editor agreed to send him ten dollars each for his letters.

Thus provided, he set sail in October, 1832, being then twenty-six years of age, in a packet-ship bound for Havre. He began to earn his ten dollars a week on board as soon as he had recovered from his

seasickness ; and soon his letters appeared in "The Mirror," under the very happy title of "Pencillings by the Way." The very first letter proved the wisdom of the editor in sending him to the other side of the ocean ; for such a paper as "The Mirror," which aimed and professed to give only the pleasing and prosperous aspects of life, no letters could be better than these most graphic and elaborate "Pencillings."

At this day they have something of the interest of a histrionic performance, which is highly comic to one who has been behind the scenes. Here was a young American, rubbing along through Europe on the slenderest resources, eking out his weekly revenue by an occasional poem or story, but always in mortal fear of coming to the bottom of his purse ; and all the time he wrote in the tone and style of a young prince, conveying the impression that castles and palaces, chariots and horses, and all the splendors of aristocratic life, were just as familiar to him as the air he breathed.

He spent four or five years abroad, during which he saw, as Goethe says, "what his eye took with it the means of seeing." He saw the outside of its gay and splendid life, and this he described in his "Pencillings" with a vividness and grace which have rarely been equalled. I can hardly conceive of any thing better of its kind than the letters in which he describes his visit to the castle of the Duke of Gordon in Scotland. If they give but the brilliant aspect, it was because the writer was completely bewitched with that sumptuous and elegant existence. He was under a spell which blinded him to the true nature of what he looked upon, and caused him to give a report of it which has misled, in some degree, the American people ever since. The "Pencillings," however, were delicious to the readers of that time ; and they have by no means yet lost their charm.

His connection with George P. Morris lasted to the end of his days. For many years they conducted, with considerable success, the "Home Journal," which aimed to report and describe the graceful and pleasing side of civilization, particularly what is called "Society." It was a legitimate field of enterprise. It is interesting to the toiling, anxious sons of men to be told what a pretty and interesting thing life is to people who have nothing to do but to make it pretty and interesting. I think if I were a cobbler in an open-air stall, or kept a peanut-stand in the streets, I should like to be informed, once a week, that there are people in the world to whom life is pleasing, graceful, clean, abundant, and full of charm. If only one family in the world were able to live in a lofty and beautiful manner, free from corroding cares

and narrowing frugalities, I should like to be able, through the magic of literature, to enjoy the spectacle of their happiness.

So I think the aim of the "Home Journal" was legitimate; and there will always be room for such a periodical in a civilized country, if it is conducted in a humane, manly, and democratic spirit.

During the last fifteen years of the life of this literary artist, his powers were much impaired by an incurable malady, which brought him to a premature grave in 1867, when he was but sixty-one years of age.

In the library catalogues we find a long list of works attributed to his pen. Most of these are volumes made up from his ceaseless contributions to magazines and to his own journal. Of these, the "Pencilings by the Way" have still an interest for us; and they may, perhaps, be read by posterity. The volume of his poems, and that alone, enjoys considerable popularity.

For the benefit of young writers, I may add that Mr. Willis never slighted his work, but bestowed upon every thing he did, even upon slight and transient paragraphs, the most careful labor, making endless erasures and emendations. On an average, he erased one line out of every three that he wrote; and, on one page of his editorial writing, there were but three lines left unaltered. He wrote very legibly, too, and gave no printer cause to complain of him. Even his erasures were made with a certain wavy elegance, and done so effectually that no one could make out what had been written.

I said to him once that he had been "born on the wrong side of the Atlantic." He seemed better adapted to a more picturesque civilization than ours, and had little relish for the plain and strenuous life of his countrymen.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S COLLEGE DAYS.

By G. P. LATHROP.

IN the month of October, 1820, a tall boy of sixteen, with a handsome, sensitive face, long locks, and clear, lustrous gray eyes, was at work at a desk in the office of a great line of stage-coaches in the ancient town of Salem, Mass. The office was that of William Manning. The young book-keeper was his nephew, Nathaniel Hawthorne, destined to win fame as the greatest and most original American writer of romance, — a fame which has spread into many countries, carried by translations or reprints of "The Scarlet Letter," the "Twice-Told Tales," "The Marble Faun," and others of his books. Of the other books, perhaps the reader is most familiar with the "True Stories," from New-England history; the "Wonder-Book," and "Tanglewood Tales."

At the time when he was thus writing for his uncle William, he had been "fitting" for college about seven months. Getting ready for an entrance examination, at that time, was rather a different business from the complicated process of going through a preparatory school for Harvard or Yale nowadays. For some reason, when Hawthorne began his ante-collegiate studies, he left school, and received instruction from one of the lawyers of Salem. I suppose going to college was such a momentous thing then, that a busy lawyer felt it to be more or less his duty to superintend the young man's studies; and so the future novelist used to get his lessons at home, and recite to Mr. Oliver at seven o'clock in the morning. They were not afraid of getting up early! Afterwards, at certain times of the day, the student had his work to do in the office; and, apparently not satisfied with these employments, he amused himself by printing with the pen

a little mimic newspaper, called "The Spectator," which he issued once a week. It was certainly one of the cheapest papers ever published, costing only half a cent a copy; but its list of subscribers evidently was not large enough to encourage such generosity, for only a few numbers were produced.

The editor, moreover, had a way of poking fun at himself, very unlike the grandeur and seriousness of editors on a large scale; and perhaps this was a disadvantage to him. In the first number, he predicted its fate in these words: "It may pine in obscurity, neglected and forgotten by those with whose assistance it might become the Pride and Ornament of our Country." How little did the boy who wrote that sentence foresee that his works of fiction would one day become what he jestingly hinted that his newspaper might grow to be! Nevertheless, he already had a pretty clear idea what he wanted to do in life. He had written to his mother that he did not want to be a doctor, to live by men's diseases; nor a minister, to live by their sins; nor a lawyer, to live by their quarrels. "So, I don't see that there is any thing left for me but to be an author," he concluded. And then he asked the prophetic question, "How would you like some day, to see a whole shelf-ful of books written by your son, with 'Hathorne's' Works' printed on the back of them?"

He had written verse too; for, in a letter to one of his sisters, he says, "I have almost given up writing poetry. No man can be a poet and a book-keeper at the same time." A very sensible remark this; and when you hear Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, and our own Halleck, cited as instances to the contrary, remember that we shall never know how much they *failed* to do in literature, owing to the energy spent by them in business.

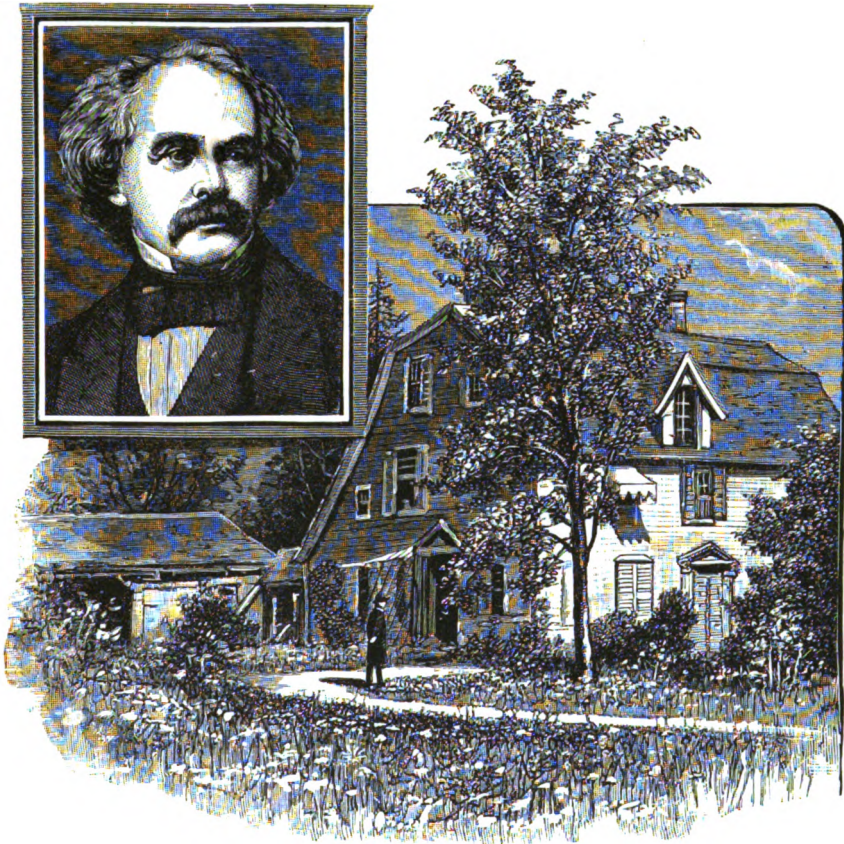
Hawthorne had been a great reader for his age. His chief favorite among books was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" and he had taken great interest in Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, and Rousseau. A year before he went to college, he had read all of Scott's novels, except "The Abbot," and wished he had them to read again. Next to these, he liked Godwin's "Caleb Williams." It may be noticed that all these books are of the imaginative order, and he was very frank in expressing his distaste for a book when he thought it dry. Even Hume's "History of England" he pronounced "so abominably dull," during his freshman year, that he gave it up. Here let

¹ The family name was then spelled Hathorne.

me say that he probably began at the beginning, in which case his judgment of its dulness was correct; but he missed some fine passages by not looking farther. Yet although he was so fond of fiction, and wished to be a writer, he had some hesitation about going to college. Nathaniel Hawthorne's father had died when his son was only four years old, and the boy's uncles had been very kind to his mother and sisters and himself. His uncle, Robert Manning, was going to defray his expenses at Bowdoin College; and, at times, it troubled the young man to think that he must continue to depend on others for his support four years longer. This was a feeling which we must all respect, and yet it will be agreed that he acted wisely in finally accepting his uncle's offer.

In that month of October, 1821, with which I began this narrative, he wrote to his sister, "I do not think I shall ever go to college." Perhaps, when he penned that sentence, he was longing to return to the beautiful region of Raymond, Me., where he had lately spent a twelvemonth, and where his widowed mother was then living with her two daughters. But, in a year from that time, he underwent the mysterious transformation from a boy to a collegian, and took up his quarters at Bowdoin, in the little village of Brunswick, situated on the Penobscot River, only about thirty miles from Raymond. He entered the class which was to graduate in 1825, of which the poet Longfellow, and the famous preacher Cheever, and John S. C. Abbott, the popular author of books for young people, were also members. This class has since been recognized as the most illustrious one ever graduated at Bowdoin; and whoever has not read Longfellow's poem, "*Morituri Salutamus*," read at the fiftieth re-union of its surviving members, should lose no time before making acquaintance with that interesting composition. Franklin Pierce, who became President of the United States in 1852, was in the next class above Hawthorne, but became one of his two most intimate friends. The other was Horatio Bridge, whose father was a large land-owner in Maine. Hawthorne saw very little of the other students, except in recitations, and in his college society; or, perhaps it would be more proper to say, they saw very little of *him*. For I think he must even then have been observing people with that keenness for studying human nature which he afterwards used to such good purpose; and, in fact, only three years after graduating, he published his first novel, "*Fanshawe*," in which it is easy to see that the college-scenes had been arranging themselves in his mind as material for romance.

He was, at this time, a tall, strong, athletic young man, fond of outdoor sports, but exceedingly shy. He entered the Athenæan Society, — a literary body, composed of students, in which he took an active part ; and there still exists a Latin essay of some merit which he read there in his junior year. His classmate, Longfellow, entered



Hawthorne and his Home.

the rival literary society, between which and the Athenæan there was a lively competition and a severe separation ; so that the two youths who were to bring the most renown to the class in after-years, saw little of each other. But Longfellow used to recall how Hawthorne would rise in the recitation-room, standing slightly sidewise, — an attitude due to his constitutional shyness, — and read from the Roman classics translations which had a peculiar elegance and charm. He

was evidently not content with a bald rendering of the original, but threw into his version of the Latin peculiar beauties of English style.

Hawthorne boarded, with several others, at a house in the village which used to have the peculiarity of a staircase going up to the second story on the outside of the building. There is not much to tell about his way of life there; because the Bowdoin students—even the most sociable of them—passed very quiet days, quite free from the excitements of modern colleges, and with few peculiar customs,—unless the “rope-pull” and the “hold-in” were in vogue at that time. The rope-pull is a rough but thorough method of testing the strength of the freshman and sophomore classes. Both parties take hold of the ends of a long rope, and tug away at them as hard as they can. The sophomores generally win: but, if this experiment was tried with the class of 1825, I think they must have found Hawthorne a hard man to conquer; for he was physically strong, and his resolution is shown in the persistence with which he followed the literary profession for eighteen years before he gained recognition.

The hold-in was another Bowdoin custom of the same sort. When the students held meetings in one of the college-buildings, the sophomores would form around the door *en échelon* (as military men would say), and try to prevent the freshmen from getting out.

In his studies, Hawthorne soon gained a reputation for English composition. One of the professors who taught him, writes, more than fifty years afterwards, “His themes were written in the sustained, finished style that gives to his mature productions an inimitable charm.” Professor Newman, who had charge of this branch, was often so struck with the beauty of these compositions, that he would read them to his family in the evening. But the youthful author himself was very diffident about them. Professor Packard says, “The recollection is very distinct of Hawthorne’s reluctant step and averted look when he presented himself at the professor’s study, and submitted a composition which no man in his class could equal.”

It has been well remarked, that genius in literature gives men a strong feminine element; and what I have just quoted reminds me that Longfellow says it was like talking to a woman to converse with Hawthorne, so great was his delicacy of mind and gentle sensitiveness. Yet it must be well understood that this gentleness was united with firm, manly qualities, and even a certain amount of wildness. But the wildness, after all, was very innocent. He used to spend some of the study-hours in picking blueberries with his friend Bridge under

the pine-trees which still stand in a grove behind the college-buildings, and was fond of trout-fishing, shooting, and "watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin." Those log-jams, by the way, occur nowadays, too, and are very exciting things; and the French-Canadians, employed in factories at Brunswick, go out into the river to try to save some of the logs, for which they get fifty cents each. Every year several lives are lost in this dangerous work.

The village of Brunswick stands on high ground above the river, which is crossed by a covered bridge that goes zigzag from bank to bank, resting on rocky ledges that rise out of the water, and making a very picturesque object in the scene. Salmon are caught from the river: and, in old days, they used to be so plenty, that apprentices in Brunswick would make it a condition with their masters that they were not to have salmon more than three times a week; for otherwise they would have been fed with that delectable fish the whole time, which would have been too much of a good thing.

The village itself is on two sides of a broad street running at right angles with the river, and having a broad mall in the centre, which, in Hawthorne's time, was a sort of swamp. Here, too, stood the tall church-spire, from which highways and railroads all around here have been laid out, so prominent was it; but this was blown down in a heavy storm a year or two ago. The broad street, in those days, continued in a bee-line down to Casco Bay, which is only a few miles distant, and was called "sixteen-rod road," from its being sixteen rods broad all the way. I have no doubt Hawthorne frequently walked down it; for his father and other ancestors had been seafaring men, and he was extremely fond of the ocean.

While he was in college, his friend Pierce got up a military company, which he joined (military drill is now a regular part of the course at Bowdoin); and the future general of the Mexican war, and President of the States, put the dreamy, embryo novelist through the tactics with great vigor. But his friend Bridge insisted upon it that Hawthorne was to be a writer of fiction, and the world knows now that he was right.

It is not known that he made any serious efforts to produce stories while in college, though Longfellow wrote some of his first published poems at that time. Minds, like flowers, blossom at different seasons; and Hawthorne did not mature so early as Longfellow. But he did write some poems during his college course; and a few verses of his, on "Moonlight," have been preserved.

A story is told about a practical joke which he perpetrated on his uncle Robert, who was much interested in fruit-raising. A new kind of insect, injurious to pear-trees, had been heard of; and Hawthorne exercised his fancy in writing an account of this creature, which, of course, he had never seen. The article was published in a paper to which he sent it, and Mr. Manning was entirely taken in by it.

Hawthorne must, at times, have been very much pre-occupied; for it is known that he had the habit of whittling at his furniture while he studied or read, and that, in this way, he had cut an entire table into shavings before he graduated. I have in my possession now a wooden rocking-chair which he used in college; and the two arms are gone, possibly having suffered the same fate with the vanished table. It is a plain, much-worn old chair, with a curved back; but to sit in it, somehow brings on an imaginative mood.

One reason why Hawthorne did not get credit for scholarship was, that he was too shy to assert himself. In spite of his hidden ambition, he did not expect much of the future. In his senior year he wrote, "I have come to the conclusion that I shall never make a distinguished figure in the world;" and, at another time, he was much annoyed because a visitor at Brunswick had praised him to the friends at home. His rank for scholarship entitled him to a "part" at Commencement; but, because he had neglected declamation, the rules of the faculty prevented his speaking on that occasion, at which he was greatly relieved, because he did not want to appear in public. Retiring, steadfast in his few attachments, caring little for popularity and the crowd, or for the *appearance* of brilliant attainment, so long as he knew that the reality was his, — thus he was at Bowdoin, and thus he remained.

Lord Bacon says, "A man's nature runs either to herbs or to weeds: therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other." It cannot be doubted that Hawthorne watered the herbs in youth, since they flowered so beautifully afterwards. But he chose his own way of doing it. If he now and then neglected the regular studies, he did so, not because he was idle, but because he had an earnest purpose with regard to the development of his mind, and knew best what would suit this purpose.

THE HOME OF J. G. WHITTIER.

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE old county of Essex, Mass., is fertile in suggestions of poetry. It is dotted with sunny villages, shady farms, landscapes diversified with pure, clear rivers, and landslopes before which rolls the broad, open sea. Every old farmhouse has a legend, and every town its quaint bit of colonial history. The Merrimack, that industrious river, goes dimpling through it to the sea, shaded in summer by wooded hills, and reflecting in autumn the leafy rubies of newly cut timber-lands, or the grand forms of old trees.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed President Washington, in his journey to Haverhill in 1789, as his eye fell on the sparkling waters of the Merrimack. "Haverhill is the pleasantest village I ever passed through."

In this pleasant old New-England town, there was born, in 1808, a poet, with whose ballads, we doubt not, our readers are acquainted. He is a descendant of an old Quaker family, which settled along the banks of the Merrimack when Haverhill was a frontier settlement, and the Indians burned its houses, and carried unhappy Hannah Duston into a long captivity. The colonial Whittiers, refusing the protection of the garrison in these perilous times, relied upon just and kind treatment of the Indians for defence. They found their peace-principles, and their habit of dealing justly with all men, a more sure defence than muskets or stockades. The family used to hear the Indians at the windows on the still winter nights, and occasionally would see a red face and fierce eyes at the window-pane. But though their neighbors were murdered, and their property destroyed, the Quakers were never molested.

The poet's early home was an ample old farmhouse in East Haverhill. As you may read about it in "Snow-Bound," it need not be described here. In recent years it has fallen somewhat into decay,

though its grand old trees and primitive expression have been partially preserved.

The poet, when quite young, was sent to school to a queer old pedagogue, who received pupils in a room in his own house. The teacher did not succeed in governing his wife, however well he may have governed his scholars. Like Oliver Goldsmith, who gave his pupils gingerbread, and told them stories, this easy-going man adopted the persuasive method of preserving order, and imparting instruction.

“Through the cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle-rock and squall,
And the goodman's voice at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife,
Luring us by stories old,
With a comic unction told,
More than by the eloquence
Of terse birchen arguments.”

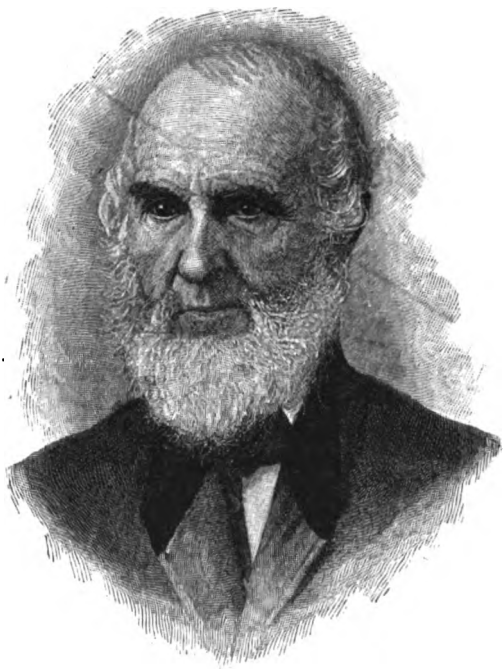
The young scholar had few books of poetry in his early years, but Nature was to him a continual poem. The warm grasp of friendship, the blue sky of spring, and the changing splendors of all, — these were to him sources of poetic inspiration. He was a mere boy when he began to express the glowing feelings of his soul in verse. One day he ventured to send a poem, which he had copied in blue ink on some coarse paper, to an anti-slavery journal, called the “Free Press,” published in Newburyport. The editor of the paper, William Lloyd Garrison, found the poem on the floor of his office, it having been tucked under the door by the postman. His first impulse was to throw the manuscript into the waste-basket; but, being a conscientious man, he gave it a reading. He had not read far before he discovered in the lines evidence that they were written by a true poet. The poem appeared in “The Free Press.” Other poems from the same writer came to the office, and they impressed Mr. Garrison so favorably that he made inquiries of the postman whence they came. He was told that they probably had been sent by a farmer's son in East Haverhill.

Mr. Garrison, thinking that he ought to encourage so promising a writer, rode over to East Haverhill to call on his new contributor. He found him at work with his father on the farm. The young man acknowledged the authorship of the poems. The visit of the editor must have been a happy surprise to him, for appreciation is never more stimulating than in youth.

Mr. Whittier began life as a teacher. He came to Boston when

about twenty-one years of age, where he was employed editorially on "The New-England Weekly." Returning to Haverhill, he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, and afterwards went to Philadelphia as editor of "The Freeman." But his love of a quiet life led him again to the Merrimack; and he settled in the rural town of Amesbury, where the moral, political, and pastoral poems, by which he is best known to the world, were mostly written. His home is a plain, neat house, in the most quiet part of the town. At a little distance the open country stretches in front of its windows. Near it stands a Quaker meeting-house, on the border of a growth of birch and pine, around which a shady road goes winding through the light, sandy soil. Not far behind it rolls the Merrimack through hill-slopes variegated with glossy birches, billowy oaks, and dark clusters of laurels and pines.

For the last few years he has spent most of his time at Oak Knoll in Danvers, Mass., the attractive country-home of relatives. The poet's home was, for many years, in charge of his maiden sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, a woman of lovely character, who fully sympathized with her brother in his literary work. It is said that he was accustomed to submit to her criticism the first copies of whatever he wrote. The old Quaker preachers, anti-slavery reformers, and many eminent writers, used to visit the Whittiers at this time, and enjoy the cosy hospitality of the sunny rooms. A well-tilled garden blossomed without, household pets added to the charming simplicity within; and the wooded hills, which enclosed the homestead like a park, rolled away in the distance to the busy river that ran to the sea.



John G. Whittier.

The associations of Whittier's poetry are almost everywhere to be found in the county in which he lives. The Merrimack, which clasps many historic towns in its arm, on its bending way to the sea, is his river of song. Marblehead, perhaps the quaintest town in America, with its sea-worn rocks, and its lighthouses flaming at evening above the silvery lagoons of the ocean, is the scene of Skipper Ireson's punishment. Newburyport, where Whitefield's coffin may still be seen, —

"Under the church on Federal Street,"

is the scene of "The Preacher." The curving beaches that sweep away



Mr. Whittier's Birthplace.

from the old coast-towns of Gloucester, Ipswich, and Marblehead, are accurately described in "The Tent on the Beach," and in other poems. "The Shoemakers," "The Huskers," "The Drovers," and "The Fishermen," are subjects of poems that but picture familiar scenes in Amesbury, and in the neighboring towns.

Most of his historical ballads are associated with places which the old inhabitants point out to the stranger who visits Essex County, and the incidents of many of them were told at the farmers' firesides a

hundred years ago. Like the brothers Grimm in Germany, the poet has collected these old tales, and given them enduring fame by clothing them in the choicest language.

Mr. Whittier wears the silver crown of seventy-eight years. His poems are among the æsthetic treasures of every intelligent family, as far as the English language is spoken. They are recited in every school, and quoted from many a platform and pulpit. Their influences



Oak Knoll, Danvers.

range widely, and always for good. It is indeed a blessed life that multiplies such influences among mankind! "His poetry," says one of his old friends, "burst from the heart with the fire and energy of the ancient prophet; but his noble simplicity of character is the delight of us all."

THE CZAR, ALEXANDER II., IN THE FIELD, 1877.

By ARCHIBALD FORBES.

THE Romanoffs have always been fighting-men. Peter the Great was at the siege of Narva, Alexander I. marched across Europe to participate in the overthrow of Napoleon, Nicholas burned to confront the enemies of Russia in the Crimea, and the late Emperor crossed the Danube with the march of invasion of Turkey that ended only at the gates of Constantinople.

But the position of Alexander II. in the field was somewhat peculiar. He was not the commander-in-chief of the great hosts which were drawn from the enthusiastic masses of his devoted subjects. That position he had assigned to his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas. The Emperor, in a military sense, made the campaign simply as an intensely interested spectator.

His life on campaign was a life of strange simplicity, of great seclusion, always of deep concern, and mostly of great anguish. He was not strictly in the field until he had crossed the Danube; but for more than a fortnight he lived a campaigning-life in a little country-house overhanging the great river, a few rods to the westward of the miserable Roumanian village of Simnizza. He himself had accommodation here under a roof; but most of his numerous *entourage* dwelt in tents among the trees, and in the paddocks adjoining. Under this canvas roof, members of the imperial family, and the nobles and generals, their friends, made very merry. They fiddled when Rome was burning; but the Emperor himself was scarcely seen outside the gates of his own habitation, save to visit the hospitals, or to drive to a point commanding some long stretch of the great river. He always travelled on wheels. I do not remember to have seen him oftener than twice on horseback during the whole campaign.

The Russians, indeed, are not an equestrian people ; that is, they do not ride for the mere love of riding. It was nothing uncommon for a general to lead his division in the march snugly ensconced in a comfortable *birja*.

The day after Gen. Dragomiroff had carried the passage of the Danube opposite Simnitza, the Emperor crossed the river for the pur-



Alexander II.

pose of visiting Sistova, the Bulgarian town confronting Simnitza, and of thanking, in person, the gallant division which had so valiantly fought its way across the great river, and carried the heights on the other side. There was no formal review. The troops were too widely dispersed to be brought together for that. Yolchine's brigade, the one that had crossed first, had got under arms as the Emperor came up from the river-side ; and Gens. Dragomiroff and Yolchine stood in

front of it, along with the young Gen. Skobelev, who had shown his wonted valor, and all his rare powers of leadership, in the action of the day before.

The troops replied to the Emperor's greeting in accents which were eloquent, moved by an impulse of absolute adoration. The simple private men gazed on their Czar with entranced eyes of childlike love and awe.

The Emperor's aspect on that day, when as yet anxiety and ill-health had not broken him down, was singularly imposing. A man of nearly sixty, he looked remarkably young for his age; for the long dark mustache hardly showed a tinge of gray, and the majestic figure was as straight as a pine. He looked a very king of men, as, with soldierly gait, he strode up to Dragomiroff, shook him by the hand, and arrested his attempt at obeisance by clasping him in a hearty embrace.

Yolchine was similarly honored; but the Czar turned away from young Skobelev with a frown, for that brilliant officer had been recalled from Central Asia under a cloud, — a cloud of baseless accusation; and the opportunity of self-vindication had not yet offered. Six weeks later the Emperor gave, at his own table, the toast of "Skobelev, the hero of Loftcha!"

Gourko dashed across the Balkans on that gallant but abortive raid of his; and the advance-guard of the army, to the command of which the Czarewitch was appointed, pushed eastward till it came within sight of the earthworks which the Turks had thrown up around the fortress of Rustchuk.

The Emperor and his *suite* crossed the Danube, and took up quarters in a farmyard near the village of Paolo, — a position which was fairly central for receiving intelligence from both lines of advance, and yet within easy distance of the bridge across the river at Simnitsa. At this time the Archduke Nicholas had his headquarters at Tirnova, up at the foot of the Balkans.

Some ten days later the imperial headquarters moved farther eastward, into the little town of Biela, in the direct rear of the army of the Czarewitch. At Biela the headquarters were fixed for several weeks in the enclosed yard of a dismantled Turkish house, which the Bulgarians had gutted when its occupants fled. A high, wattled fence surrounded this yard, in which stood a few willow-trees that afforded some shade.

The *bureaux* were in the Turkish house. The Emperor lived in

two simple officers' tents, communicating with each other, up in a corner of the yard, under the willow-trees. In the centre of the yard was the large dining *marquee*, where the Emperor took his meals along with the officers of his *suite*, and such of the foreign military *attachés* as were not with the headquarters of the commander-in-chief.

He was wont to breakfast alone in his own tent, where he worked all the morning with Milutin, the minister of war; Ignatieff, the diplomat; Adlerberg, the chamberlain of the palace, and the Emperor's foster-brother; and other high officials who solicited interviews. It must be remembered, that from this camp, far away in Bulgaria, the Emperor was administering the affairs of a huge empire, whose capital was several thousand miles away.

At noon, luncheon was served in the great *marquee*; and all the *suite* was wont to gather in the yard for conversation a short time in advance. The Emperor came out from his tent, shaking hands with the nearest members of his *suite* as he passed into the *marquee*. His place was in the middle of the right-hand side of the table, with Gen. Suwaroff on one side, and Gen. Milutin, the war minister, on the other; the foreign *attachés* opposite.

The greatest simplicity prevailed in the fare served at the imperial table, and champagne was used only on great occasions. When the time of coffee came, the Emperor gave the signal for smoking; and immediately the *marquee* was filled by a cloud of cigarette-smoke. He was wont to talk freely at table, directing much of his conversation to the foreign officers opposite to him; and occasionally, especially when addressing Col. Wellesley, the British representative, his tone was that of grave *badinage*.

No elaborate precautions were taken for the Emperor's safety. Living here in Biela, in the midst of a curiously mixed population of wretched Bulgarians and prowling Turks, his only guard consisted of a handful of the Imperial Cossacks of the guard on duty at the entrance of the yard. He drove out every day, attended by an escort of some dozen of these; and he would walk around to the hospitals in the environs of the little town, accompanied but by a single companion.

He would spend an hour in talking with the poor ailing fellows in the wretched hospitals, where his presence did more good than all the efforts of the doctors. Once, during a drive, he saw a batch of Turkish fugitives, among whom were many women and children, lurking in a wood. He at once went among them; and, by assurances of protec-

tion, he succeeded in prevailing on them to return to their homes in Biela, where he had them rationed until they were able to do something for themselves.

After the Plevna disaster in the end of July, and Gourko's retirement across the Balkans, the imperial headquarters were moved to a village called Gorni Studen, about equidistant from Plevna and from Tirnova, at the foot of the Balkans. Biela had become poisonous by reason of an utter disregard of all sanitary precautions; and the Emperor had been ailing from low fever, rheumatism, and asthma, — the latter his chronic malady.

At Gorni he abandoned tent-life, and seldom was able to come to the general table in the *marquee*. A dismantled Turkish house was fitted up for him after a fashion, and he slept in a tiny cabin with mud walls and a mud floor. It was in this house where I had an interview with him when I came back in August from the Shipka, with the good news that Radatski was holding his own well against the assaults of Mehemet Ali.

I never saw a man so changed from the early days at Simnitsa. He was gaunt, worn, and haggard. His nerves seemed utterly shattered. The expression in his eye was that of a hunted deer, and he gasped for breath in the spasms of the asthma that afflicted him. I left him with the conviction that he certainly would not break the spell that consigned every Romanoff to the grave before reaching the age of sixty.

There was something wonderfully pathetic in the fervor with which he grasped at the expressed belief of a mere unprofessional neutral like myself, in the face of the apprehensions to the contrary of all about him, that Radatski would make good the tenure of his position on the top of the Shipka.

Then he sent me across to the headquarters of his brother, the Archduke Nicholas, to repeat to that commander the news which I had brought. The Grand Duke asked me for an opinion about the best way to hold the Shipka. I replied that the most advantageous plan seemed to me to treat it as a great forepost, — to keep an army corps about Sistova, and detail from it a brigade at a time to hold the Shipka.

"An army corps!" cried the Grand Duke. "My life, when I don't know where to find a battalion!"

The Emperor was present on the field during the six days' struggle around Plevna in the September of the war. They had built for him,

on a little eminence at a safe distance, a sort of lookout place, which covered a great part of the scene of action. In the rear of this, a long table was spread with luncheon. As for the Emperor himself, after the first two days, he neither ate nor drank. Anxiety visibly devoured



The Czar in the Field.

him. He could not be restrained from leaving the observatorium, and going around among his soldiers.

I saw him on the little balcony of the lookout place late in the afternoon of the fifth day of the struggle, as he stood there, gazing out with haggard, eager eyes at the efforts to storm the great Grivitca redoubt. Assault after assault had been delivered, and had failed. As the Turkish fire combed down his Russians as they strove to struggle up the slope, slippery already with Roumanian blood, the pale

face quivered, and the tall figure winced and cowered. As he stood there, alone and self-centred, he was a spectacle of majestic misery that was never to be forgotten.

After Plevna had fallen, the Emperor returned to St. Petersburg, there to receive a reception, the like of which, for pure intensity of enthusiasm, I have never witnessed. From the railway station he drove straight to the Kasan Cathedral, in accordance with the ancient custom. People had spent the night sleeping on its marble floor, that they might be sure of a place in the morning. There had been no respect of persons in the admissions, — the peasant in his sheepskins stood beside the soldier-noble, whose bosom glittered with decorations. The peasant-woman and the princess knelt together at the same shrine.

When the Emperor's advent was announced, the Archbishop advanced to meet him, and led him in procession up the great central aisle. The Emperor reached the altar, bent his head, and kissed the image of the Virgin. When he turned to leave the building, the wildest enthusiasm laid hold of the throng. His people closed in about the Czar, till he had no power to move. The struggle was but to touch him, or even the hem of his cloak; and the chaos of policemen, officers, shrieking women, and enthusiastic peasants swayed and heaved to and fro, the Emperor in the centre, pale, his lips trembling with emotion, just as I have seen him when his troops were cheering him on the battle-field. It took him a quarter of an hour to force his way to his carriage; and, for two days after, St. Petersburg was in a delirium of loyalty.

ADOLPHE THIERS.

ANONYMOUS.

THE long career of Adolphe Thiers, the famous French statesman, fifty years of which was spent in public life, was full of romantic incidents. The son of a poor locksmith of Marseilles, his energy and talents enabled him to rise to the highest honors which France could confer upon one of her sons ; but he did not reach this height of fame and power without passing through many perils, and meeting with many stirring adventures.

His pugnacious disposition, which so often betrayed itself in his after-years, was developed in him in early boyhood. At school he was an incorrigible little fellow, always nagging his teachers, and fighting with his fellow-scholars, refusing to learn his lessons, and refusing to obey his superiors. Added to these qualities was a fondness for mischief-making and practical jokes.

One day he put some wax on his teacher's seat in school, so that, when the teacher sat down upon it, he found himself sticking fast to the chair ; and he could not get up again. At first he found it difficult to discover the urchin who had played him this mischievous trick ; but his suspicions soon fell upon little Adolphe Thiers, the most unruly of all his scholars. Thiers was at once marched off up-stairs, put into an empty room, locked in, and kept there, living on bread and water for three or four days.

This was a turning-point in his life. From that hour he became the steadiest, most diligent, most brilliant, and most submissive, pupil in the school. His lessons were all perfectly learned, he stuck close to his books, and went to the head of his classes, and staid there. For seven years in succession he carried off the highest prizes offered to the scholars. France owes very much to the teacher who thus converted Thiers into a student by locking him up.

Thiers went up to Paris, and there became a newspaper writer,

interesting himself in politics, and becoming a popular member of society. He was always loitering about the Palais Bourbon, where the French legislative body held its sittings, and used to gaze reverently at the celebrated men whom he saw going in and out.

One day Manuel, a noted orator of the Assembly, made a furious attack upon the king and the ministers. It was at once voted that he should be summarily punished, and he was rudely turned out of the hall. As he came, boiling with indignation, out of the Palais into the street, young Thiers happened to be sauntering near by. Learning what had happened to Manuel, the fiery little editor hurried up to him, and, though an entire stranger, seized him by both hands.

"Vengeance!" cried he angrily. "The representatives are inviolable! Shame upon those who violate the charter!"

"Be quiet!" answered Manuel. "Don't subject yourself to arrest. What is your name, young man?"

Thiers told the orator who he was, and added, "If you need a devoted pen, I offer you mine. It is a worthy one. We are fellow-countrymen."

Manuel took him at his word; and the very next week he had an invitation to become one of the editors of "The Constitutional," then the leading paper of Paris.

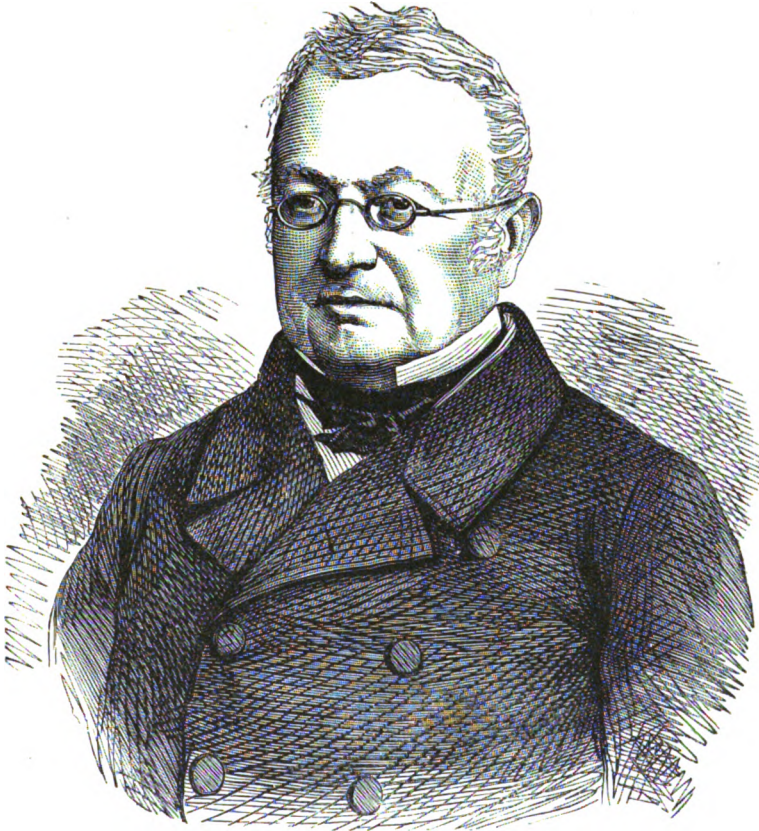
When the revolution of 1830, which drove the last Bourbon, Charles X., from the throne, fiery little Thiers was in the midst of the turmoil, and actively engaged in directing its current. He was now a person of much importance; for his writings had made him famous, and had done much to hasten the revolution. It was due to him, that, instead of founding a Republic, the leaders resolved to substitute a mild, free Monarchy in place of downfallen Bourbon despotism; and it was he who persuaded them to put Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, at the head of the new *régime*.

Of course, Thiers was a great man when the king, whom he had chosen, and who was indebted to him for his throne, began to reign. His rise in office was rapid; and, in six years after the revolution, the once obscure editor found himself Prime Minister of France.

It was while he held the office of Minister of the Interior that the following romantic incident occurred:—

Charles X., who had been driven from the throne in 1830, had had a son, the Duke de Berri, who had been assassinated some years before. This Duke de Berri left a widow and an only child, the Duke of Bordeaux, now known as the Count of Chambord.

The Duchess of Berri was a very resolute woman ; and soon after her father-in-law was driven from the throne, and Louis Philippe succeeded, she resolved to attempt to stir up a revolt in favor of her infant son. The result was the insurrection of La Vendée, but this rising was speedily suppressed. Meanwhile the duchess remained in France,



Adolphe Thiers.

in hiding somewhere. The extreme party of the deputies suspected Thiers of not wishing to arrest her, and made a great clamor about it in the Chamber. One day a hot-headed deputy seized Thiers by the collar, and cried out angrily, —

“You will not arrest her! You would ruin France for the profit of these vile Bourbons!”

Thiers, though a little man, was muscular. He pushed the irate deputy back into his seat, and said, —

"Meet me at Anterid an hour hence, with sword or pistol — I am good at either. I will kill you!"

Before the time came, the deputy's anger had cooled; and he humbly apologized for his rudeness.

The same day that this happened, Thiers received an anonymous note, in which the writer declared that he could confide to him the secret of the Duchess of Berri's hiding-place.

"I exact from you," the letter said, "two conditions. One is, that the duchess shall in no case run any serious peril; the other, that you will meet me alone this night, between eleven and midnight, at a certain spot under the trees of the Champs Elysées."

It was a dangerous thing for him to do, but Thiers never lacked courage at a critical moment. His curiosity and his zeal were aroused by the mysterious letter. At the appointed time he repaired, quite alone, to the secluded spot which the letter named. He found there a man, all muffled up, who proved to be one Dentz, a Jew, in whose faith the Duchess of Berri placed perfect confidence.

Dentz began at once, by saying to the minister, "What will you give, if I deliver the Duchess de Berri to the officers of the law?"

"A million francs," Thiers promptly replied.

"Enough. It is agreed," was the traitor's response.

The duchess was hiding at Nantes, the capital of ancient Brittany. Thither Dentz conducted two *gendarmes*, pointed out the house in which she was; and she was arrested. The duchess was imprisoned a short time; but Thiers, always fierce before he succeeded in his purpose, became lenient when he had his victim in his grasp. He refused to bring the duchess to trial, and sent her out of France with a very courteous but distinct warning not to return.

Although Thiers voted for, and advocated, Prince Louis Napoleon (afterwards emperor) for president after the revolution of 1848, he soon began to oppose his policy, and ended by becoming very hostile to him. Finally, Napoleon put in execution his famous *coup d'état* of December, 1851, one of the acts of which was the sudden arrest of all the deputies who were his enemies. Among these was Thiers. On that cold winter morning, before daybreak, a police-officer entered Thiers's bedroom, where the little statesman was sleeping soundly. He awoke him, and said, —

"Monsieur Thiers, I have a warrant for your arrest."

Thiers sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes, and gazed at the officer for a moment in mute surprise. Then he exclaimed indignantly, —

"Sir, who are you? and how dare you enter my bedroom?"

"I am the Commissary H——, and I am ordered by the president to arrest you."

"But do you not know that I am a deputy, and that the persons of deputies cannot be violated?"

"I can only do my duty, Monsieur Thiers. I have my orders, and I must obey them. Proceed to dress yourself, monsieur, and come along with me."

"I protest against this! It is an outrage!" exclaimed the irate little man, with flashing eyes, and squeaking voice.

He was, however, forced to submit, and soon found himself in one of the Paris prisons, with a number of his fellow-deputies. In a few days he was taken out, but not set free. He was carried by *gendarmes* out of Paris, across France, and politely set down beyond the Belgian frontier. Six months elapsed before he was allowed to return to his own country.

It was Monsieur Thiers's habit, when making a speech, to have a cup of coffee and a glass of water before him, and, as he spoke, he would every now and then take a sip of the coffee, following it up at once with a sip from the tumbler of water. He was a very effective orator, though his figure was the reverse of imposing; and his voice was so high and thin, that it resembled a squeak. He had wonderful powers of endurance, and, at seventy-five or six years of age, could make a speech three or four hours in length, and appear as fresh, lively, and chatty after it as before it, often going from the chamber, where he had delivered one of these long addresses, to an evening reception, and remaining there, active and brilliant, till long after midnight.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I.

OPENING PARLIAMENT.

ALL was strange and new in England; but the real queerness began when we reached London, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"'Ave a four-wheeler, ma'am? Take hall your boxes."

A "four-wheeler" is Londonese for a hack; and common, dirty, disreputable-looking hacks they are. Your "boxes" — no one says trunks in England, unless they are talking of elephants — your boxes are put up on the top of the four-wheeler in which you seat yourself, and kept in place by a railing which surrounds the ungainly vehicle.

Thus, with all our worldly goods above our devoted heads, we were driven to the Charing-Cross Hotel. It is one of the largest hotels in London; but it has no smart clerk, like the little great-man of the American hotel. The office duties are discharged by young women, — civil, kind, attentive, and perfectly competent to their business.

A room is assigned us, and we go up on the "lift" (no one says elevator in London). There is no bell by which to summon this convenience; and if at any time being a flight or two above the entrance-floor, you want to be carried a few stories farther up, you are expected to lean over the stairs, and shout, "Send up the lift, please;" and, after a while, it comes creaking along. In your chamber you find wooden benches, two of them; but no rocking-chair, no furnace-register; worst of all, no gas. A bedroom-candle scarcely makes darkness visible; for, in February, London is dark at five o'clock in the afternoon.

"Will you 'ave dressing-lights?" asks the neat, fresh-faced cham-

ber-maid. This sounds imposing. We reply in the affirmative, and expect a grand illumination. "Kerosene lamps, at least," my friend says; but that sounds hardly grand enough for the air with which the dressing-lights have been proffered us.

Presently the maid re-enters, and bears, with a gravity befitting the occasion, a candle in each hand, — tall, new candles these, and set in sticks that look like silver. Dorothy — we call all our English maids Dorothy — sets down the dressing-lights with a stately air, and departs; and we see but little better than before.

But notwithstanding the dim lights, and the missing rocking-chairs, and the open fires, which burn your nose, and freeze your back, we presently find ourselves in love with London. We wish, mildly, that they would have street-crossings; for the streets are fearfully muddy in winter. We would be glad if it weren't so foggy. We regret that they should cover their hackney carriages with advertisements of silver polish and soap; but these are trifles, and London is — London. What a charm the very street-signs have for us, familiar as they have been to us all our lives in our reading!

We mean to stay one day only, and we stay six. But the sixth day is the opening of Parliament, at which the Queen is to appear in person, for the first time in five years. The papers are all full of anticipation. One or two venture a little sneer, and say that her Majesty wishes to conciliate the people, because she has another daughter to marry off, and wants to put the Commons in good-humor, in order that they may vote the aforesaid poverty-stricken princess a handsome supply of pin-money. But, for the most part, the mentions of the forthcoming ceremony are in a spirit of grateful and humble reverence, which is rather astonishing to us, the descendants of rebels, whose centennial year is just begun.

It was quite a triumph to get tickets for this grand occasion. Thousands had been refused, before a friend, who chanced to be the brother of a noble earl, and so to have much influence at his command, asked for, and obtained ours. On the ticket was printed, —

"No one admitted, except in *full* dress."

Now, "full" dress means, not more clothes than usual, but less. It means a low-necked gown, and that doesn't sound comfortable in February. But Roman Pompey — strong old hero — said once, when he was told by an oracle, that, if he went to a certain place where duty called him, he would surely die, "It is necessary to go. It is not necessary to live."

For us, it was necessary to see the Queen: it was not necessary to be comfortable. So we got ourselves into our evening-dresses, and then into a four-wheeler. We thought of a brougham and a man-servant; but we concluded to save our shillings, and trust to luck. So we fell into the line of gorgeous carriages, in our old four-wheeler, with a certain satisfaction in the thought of our safe obscurity.

It was a day of snow and sleet and bleak winds, and we hugged our shawls around our shivering shoulders as we drove along slowly between the throngs of eager sight-seers who filled the sidewalks.

Parliament Street was brave with flags, and flamed with red bunting at every window. Everywhere were soldiers—life-guards, hussars, etc.—keeping the patient, waiting populace within their due limits. I wondered whether it was the sentiment of loyalty, or merely the love of a fine show, which held the tired throng standing there, hour after hour, so patiently.

In the House of Lords the scene was not brilliant at first, because it was so dimly lighted. The gas was turned low, and the dull February day scarcely penetrated through the gorgeous painted windows. The house was nearly filled at half-past one,—an hour before the Queen was expected. About two, the full force of the gas was turned on; and then the house seemed all ablaze with splendor.

There were the ambassadors from foreign countries, glittering with decorations. The bishops were there, too, stately in their robes; and the judges, funny enough in their wigs, which looked like sheepskins with the wool well curled; the peers, in their scarlet and ermine; the pretty, young peeresses, with their graceful Paris gowns, and their eyes as bright as the diamonds that they wore; the old peeresses, for whom grace and beauty were only traditions of a long-forgotten past, whose jewels mocked their faded faces, and whose feathers nodded over heads no longer fair: it was altogether a glittering spectacle.

The house was cold, and the noble ladies drew their shawls and opera-cloaks tightly round them. But presently came a general whisper that the Queen was coming: and, instantly, all the wraps were dropped; and fair necks, sallow necks, fat necks, scrawny necks, all alike, were bared, in honor of her Majesty.

A cannon was discharged; and then the pursuivants were seen filing through the doorway, at the left of the throne. Then came the heralds, the "Gentlemen of the Household," the great Officers of State, and then the Queen herself, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, and the Princess Beatrice, and attended

by the Mistress of the Robes and the Lady in Waiting. Then came Officers of the Household, lord this and lord that, Gold-stick and Silver-stick, officers, pages, and sergeants-at-arms, with whom the procession closes.

The Queen takes her seat. She is a stout woman, of over sixty; and she never could have been handsome, even in her youthful prime. Now her honest, round, elderly face was flushed with excitement, or with the exercise of walking, to an unbecoming dark red.

She wore a dress which called itself low-necked, but was quite modestly high compared to those which many other ladies had donned in honor of her royal presence. It was of black velvet; and she was sumptuous with lace and miniver, and magnificent with diamonds, among which was the famous Koh-i-noor, sparkling like a little sun among lesser stars. I should never have guessed that she was a queen, but for her good clothes, and the fuss they were all making about her.



On one side the throne, where her Majesty sat serenely fronting the assembled and admiring throng, was the Princess Beatrice; and, on the other, the Princess Louise,—nice, wholesome-looking young ladies, with nothing remarkable about them. They adjusted the royal robes which hung on the throne behind their mother. The noble lords and ladies, who had accompanied the Queen, placed themselves in proper position before her; and then came the funniest little bit of play-acting.

The House of Commons, you must know, is very tenacious of its dignity as the representative of the people,—the Queen's rival sovereign; and though, of course, their presence is expected at the opening of Parliament, by no means will they come unsummoned, or appear to take any interest in the proceedings. They are assembled in their own House, attending to their own business; and they "play," as the children say, that they do not know that any thing unusual is going on.

When every thing is arranged, the Queen looks about her; and then *she* "plays" that she is very much surprised not to see her Gentlemen of the House of Commons. She then despatches the yeoman usher to summon the Commons to her presence.

Presently, tramp, tramp, skurry, skurry, in they come. There must

have been a good many of them, by the noise they made; but as they took their stand directly under the foreign gallery, where I sat, I could not see them, and lost the opportunity to compare the representatives of the people with the peers,—the men of struggle and aspiration with the men placed by birth beyond the need of struggle.

Then, all being ready, there was a moment of intense expectation. That the Queen's speech had been written for her, we all knew; but that she would read it herself, we all expected.

So far, she had not opened her lips; and we wanted to hear her voice, to divine thereby, if we might, what quality of gracious queenliness she had. But queens, it seems, are not bound to keep faith with the expectations of their subjects.

Now came another piece of dumb-show. The speech was handed to her, and she held it for an instant. Then she beckoned to the lord chancellor; and he received it from her hands, and announced that he was commanded by the Queen to read it.

The command had been given in pantomime; for not once, from first to last, did the royal lady open her mouth. The lord chancellor read well,—slowly, distinctly, and with good emphasis.

When the speech was over, her Majesty rose, and bowed to the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Princess Mary, who had been seated exactly fronting her.

Perhaps this gracious bow was meant to glance sideways, and take in the rest of the House: but it did not look so; and, therefore, I did not appropriate any of it to myself. Then she went out solemnly, this royal lady, escorted as before, and betook herself to her carriage.

After her Majesty had departed, the shivering peeresses, and the rest of us shivering women, were permitted to pull our shawls and opera-cloaks about our frozen shoulders; and presently we began to make our slow way down-stairs.

Then the carriages were called, and drew up, one by one, before the entrance. "Lord So-and-so's carriage stops the way," was bawled by one gorgeous flunkey after another; and "Lord So-and-so" passed through the throng, and got in. His coachman started off at a rattling pace, even while his two or three footmen were in the very act of scrambling up behind. I expected them to break their unfortunate necks, but they didn't.

What gorgeous creatures they were, to be sure! The lords themselves showed small, in comparison with these big fellows, with blue coats and yellow coats and green coats, all covered with gold lace and

silver lace, and embroidery and buttons, till decoration could no farther go. I had plenty of time to watch them in the hour and a half before my turn came.

I watched the noble lords and ladies also, whose carriages were called.

Some of the women were extremely pretty, but those were the younger ones. The English fair are fair no longer, "once they have come to forty year." Hawthorne's descriptions of them, at which they raged so, do them no more than justice.

Somebody says that the best part of a journey is the getting home from it; and so to me the best part of Parliament Day was the quiet hour of rest and warmth and dinner at the Charing Cross afterwards, where I sat and bethought me of the moral of all this, and contrasted the Republican simplicity in which I had been brought up, with all the pomp and pageantry I had just witnessed.

II.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

FOR many years Queen Victoria has mourned for one of the best husbands, and one of the wisest advisers, that ever a female sovereign had. Prince Albert, to whom she had been united for twenty-one years, died in December, 1861, just at the opening of our war of the Rebellion; and in such respect and affection is his memory still held, that a splendid monument has been erected to his honor in the very heart of London.

The marriage of Victoria and Albert was a love-match, — a not very common thing in unions of princes and princesses. They were first cousins; Albert's father and Victoria's mother having been brother and sister, the children of the Duke of Coburg. But, when they became engaged, their situations were very different. Victoria was the young Queen of one of the mightiest and proudest empires on earth. Albert was only the younger son of a poor and petty German prince, "across whose dominion one might walk in half a day."

But their relationship and the plans of their family served to bring them together at a very early age, and they were very young when their union was first thought of. Old King Leopold of Belgium was the uncle of both of them, and it was he who first conceived the idea of their marriage. But not a word was said to either of them about

it until an affection had grown up between them, and it was time for the young Queen to choose a partner for her heart and throne.

Albert and Victoria met for the first time when they were both seventeen years old. The young prince and his brother went to England to pay a visit to their aunt and cousin, and the young couple were brought together. Albert, at that time, was rather short and thick-set, but fine-looking, rosy-cheeked, natural and simple in his manners, and of a cheerful disposition. He took a great deal of interest in every thing about him, and, while on his visit to England, spent much time in playing on the piano with his cousin Victoria, who was then a slight, graceful, and interesting girl.

She fell in love with him at once; but he, though he liked her, was not so quickly impressed. He wrote to his uncle Leopold that "our cousin is very amiable," but had no stronger praise for her. Albert then returned to the Continent, and spent some years in travel and study, writing occasionally to Victoria, and she to him. Meanwhile King William IV. died; and Victoria, in her eighteenth year, ascended the British throne.

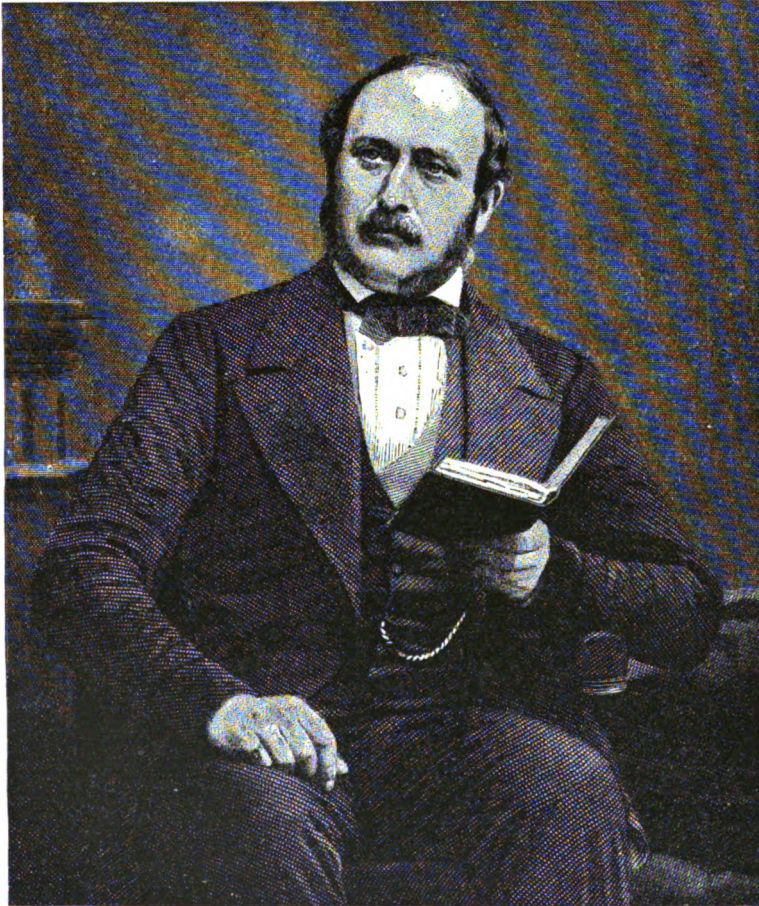
The young prince's next visit took place in the year after this event, and now his object was to plead for the hand and heart of the young Queen. Victoria could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw him. The short, thick-set boy had grown into a tall, comely youth, with elegant manners, and a strikingly handsome face. Soon after, she wrote to her uncle Leopold, "Albert's beauty is most striking; and he is most amiable and unaffected, — in short, very fascinating."

A few days after his arrival, Victoria had made up her mind, and sending for Lord Melbourne, the prime minister, told him that she was going to marry Prince Albert. The next day she sent for the prince; and, "in a genuine outburst of heartiness and love," she declared to him that he had gained her whole heart, and would make her very happy if he would share his life with her. He responded with warm affection, and thus they became betrothed.

The Queen, not only thus "popped the question," but insisted that the marriage should take place at an early day. This was in the summer of 1839; and, in the early winter of 1840, the young couple were married in the royal chapel of St. James', in the midst of general rejoicing, and with great pomp and ceremony.

Such was the beginning of a happy wedded life, which lasted for over twenty years, and during which the love of each for the other seemed to constantly increase. A little circle of children was soon

formed around the royal hearthstone, and the domestic life of the palace was full of contentment and good order; and, as Victoria grew older, she learned more and more of the excellent character that Providence had given her for a husband.



Prince Albert.

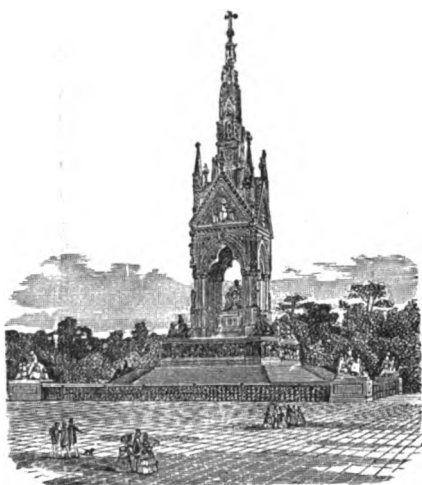
While Prince Albert assumed the direction of the family affairs, and was the unquestioned master in its private life, he was wise enough to be very careful how he interfered with the Queen in the performance of her public duties. He knew, that, as a foreigner, the English would be very jealous of him if he took part in politics, or tried to influence Victoria in her conduct as a ruler.

At the same time, the young Queen, scarcely more than a girl, needed a guiding hand, and one that she could trust. No one could be so much trusted as her husband; and Albert gradually became her adviser on public affairs, as well as the head of her household. At first, there were many grumblings and complaints about this in England; but as the purity and good sense of the prince became better known, as it became evident that his ambition was to serve the Queen and the country, these complaints for the most part ceased.

Prince Albert devoted himself, with all his heart and mind, to the duties which he found weighing upon him as a husband and father,

and as the most intimate counsellor of the monarch of a great country. He denied himself many of the innocent pleasures which lay within his reach, went but little into society, and spent his days and evenings in serious occupations, and in the midst of his happy family circle.

Among other things, he took a very deep interest in the progress of art, science, and education. "His horses," says a writer, "might be seen waiting for him before the studios of artists, the museums of art and science, the institutions for benevolence or



Prince Albert Memorial.

culture, but never before the doors of dissipation or mere fashion."

It was Prince Albert who proposed and planned the great London Exhibition of 1851, the first of the series of "World's Fairs" which have since been so frequently held, the latest being our own Centennial; and, when it had been resolved upon, it was Prince Albert's labor and energy, more than that of any other, which made it a success.

In his own family circle, Prince Albert was always kind, gentle, and indulgent, but firm and resolute in his treatment of his children. He took a great interest in their studies, and directed their education, sometimes teaching them himself; and he bestowed an anxious and fatherly care upon the formation of their manners and habits, and a right training of their hearts and minds.

From first to last, he was as tenderly devoted to the Queen as a

lover. He went with her everywhere, and his tastes and hers were entirely congenial. Of a quiet and domestic disposition, he was amply content to find his pleasures in the family circle; and Victoria took a perpetual delight in his kind and cultivated companionship.

When Prince Albert died, rather suddenly, in December, 1861, the Queen was fairly overwhelmed with grief; and it was many, many years before she so far recovered from it that she could bear to show herself in public, or to take part in any social gathering or state ceremony.

He was placed in a tomb in the beautiful park of Windsor, where she had so often roamed with him in their early wedded life; and every year, on the sad anniversary of his death, Victoria repairs to his grave, and prays, and scatters flowers on the tomb.



Asia.

The Albert memorial, erected to his memory in Hyde Park, is a tribute, both of the nation and of the Queen, to his purity, virtues, and the value of his life as a husband and a public man.

Its form is that of a highly ornamented shrine or tabernacle, beneath the arched roof of which is placed a large bronze statue of Prince Albert, in a sitting attitude, attired in the robes and insignia of a Knight of the Garter, and with an air of dignity and repose.



America.

On the monument is to be seen, in letters of blue glass with black edges, on a ground of gold enamelled glass, the following inscription:—

“QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER PEOPLE
TO THE MEMORY OF ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT,
As a tribute of their gratitude
For a life devoted to the public good.”

Perhaps the most striking of all the adornments of the memorial are the four sculptured groups of the continents, placed at the four corners of the stone platform, above which the spire rises. Europe, America, Asia, and Africa are represented by allegorical types of their people, and by animals which are peculiar to them.

By bass-reliefs, allegorical groups, statues, and beautiful symbolic figures, every art and science in which Prince Albert took an interest, and many of which he fostered and promoted, serve to adorn the noble monument erected to his memory, and to recall the many good works he achieved during his busy life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

THE announcement that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois had been elected President of the United States was received with dismay at the national capital by what was known as "Washington society." Old gentlemen who had been appointed to office by President Jackson, and their wives, who remembered the receptions of "Dolly" Madison, were profoundly astonished. Among the younger generation of Federal place-holders, there were howlings of despair; and caricatures of "Old Abe" were circulated with great satisfaction. Many from the Southern States believed that the Republican party was determined to degrade their section of the country by denying what they regarded as its constitutional rights; and they avowed their determination to enlist under the "Southern Cross" with some bravado, but with a courage that never faltered.

Some of the door-keepers at the Capitol remembered Mr. Lincoln when he was in the Thirtieth Congress as a Whig representative from Illinois, all of his six colleagues being Democrats. His seat was on the outer range, near a door which led into the post-office of the House, where he used to pass much of his time, telling stories, or listening to the stories of others.

His sallow features were then clean shaven, showing the prominence of his high cheek-bones, and his firm under jaw. His forehead was broad, his nose strongly aquiline, and his pleasant eyes twinkled from beneath his black eyebrows when he made a point in conversation. Those who knew him, liked him; and when, at the expiration of his Congressional term, he applied for appointment as commissioner-general of the Land Office, the leading Whigs in the House generally signed his petition.

When Mr. Lincoln arrived, in advance of the announced time, to escape threatened assassination, he brought his inaugural address with him in print, rather to the annoyance of Mr. Seward, who, as Secretary of State of the new administration, had hoped to draught the production which was so eagerly awaited by the country. Mr. Lincoln had written his inaugural at Springfield, and had had it confidentially put in type by his friend, the local printer. Four copies were printed on foolscap paper; and, wherever the writer thought that a paragraph would be effective, he preceded it with a typographic fist.

A carpet-bag, containing these printed copies of the forthcoming inaugural, was intrusted by Mr. Lincoln to his eldest son, "Bob," now Secretary of War, who was so taken aback by the enthusiastic reception which they received at Harrisburg, that he permitted a waiter to take it, and forgot all about it. When asked for it by his father, he was forced to confess that he knew not where it was. Mr. Lincoln immediately started for the baggage-room; and, striding over the barrier at the door, he began overhauling, without ceremony, a large pile of carpet-bags, until he was fortunate enough to find the one containing the precious document.

After arriving at Washington, Mr. Lincoln gave one copy of his inaugural to Mr. Seward, and another to the venerable Francis P. Blair, asking them to read and criticise. Some changes were made, of no great importance, which were given to Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, to write in a fair hand on one of the printed copies, from which Mr. Lincoln was to read. Mr. Nicolay corrected another copy, which was furnished to the press, and which I now own.

As the day for inauguration approached, the people at Washington grew more and more excited; and every day witnessed the departure southward of members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, and clerks in the departments. A clergyman in Georgetown, who went to Richmond, locked up his favorite cat in the cellar of his house with what he thought would be thirty days' rations, expecting before that time to return in triumph with the government of the Southern Confederacy.

Great exertions were made to have the ceremonies of the inauguration equal those of previous occasions, and the procession was escorted by a considerable force of the recently organized militia of the district; the members of a company of sharp-shooters having been posted on prominent house-tops along Pennsylvania Avenue, with instructions to fire on any one whom they might see aiming at Mr.

Lincoln. The Regulars were under command of Gen. Scott, then old, infirm, and too heavy to mount a horse. He rode in a *coupé*, and remained, during the exercises, near a light battery, stationed near the



Abraham Lincoln.

[From "*Twenty Years of Congress*."]]

Capitol, with its pieces loaded with grape-shot, in case there should be an outbreak.

When Mr. Lincoln came out on the platform in front of the Capitol, his tall figure rising above those around him, the usual genial smile was on his angular countenance ; but he seemed much perplexed.to

know what to do with a new silk hat, and a large gold-headed cane. The cane he put under the table, but the hat appeared to be too good to place on the rough boards. Senator Douglas saw the embarrassment of his old friend, and, rising, took the shining hat from its bothered owner, and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address. Mr. Lincoln was listened to with great earnestness, and evidently desired to convince the multitude before him, rather than to bewilder or dazzle them. It was evident to all, that he honestly believed every word that he spoke, especially the concluding paragraph, which I copy from the original print : —

“☞ I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. ☞ The mystic chords of memory which stretch from every battle-field and patriot grave to every loved heart and hearthstone all over our broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

The Senate remained convened in executive session until the 28th of March. Breckinridge sat as a senator from Kentucky; while Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas had senators who openly advocated rebellion, and spurned allegiance to the United States. The Republicans generally remained quiet during this debate of twenty-three days, or spoke in words of conciliation.

Mr. Lincoln was hardly installed in the White House before the wild hunt for office commenced. Among other good stories told of him was one of a man who came, day after day, asking for a foreign mission. At last the President, weary of his face, said, —

“Do you know Spanish?”

“No,” said the eager aspirant; “but I could soon learn it.”

“Do so,” said Mr. Lincoln, “and I will give you a good thing.”

The needy politician hurried home, and spent six months in studying Ollendorf's Grammar. He then re-appeared at the White House with a hopeful heart, and a fine Castilian accent; and the President presented him with — a copy of “Don Quixote” in Spanish.

Mr. Lincoln, while at the White House, rose in good season, and often devoted an hour before breakfast to his private correspondence. After breakfast he went to his office; and his secretary would bring him the letters received by mail, taking notes of any replies which Mr. Lincoln would wish to make. At nine o'clock, to use his own expression, he *opened shop*. First, the senators and representatives

had their interviews, one at a time, each one with his budget of applications for office; and Mr. Lincoln often detained those whom he liked for a chat. Next came the cabinet officers, and by this time it was noon. Retiring to the dining-room for lunch, Mr. Lincoln would return, and receive the people as the King of France used to receive his subjects under the great oak at Fontainebleau. Office-seekers, refugees, solicitors for pardons, philanthropists, and cranks swarmed about him, but did not appear to annoy him.

On the contrary, he rather seemed to enjoy the rush. To one he told a story, to another he gave advice, to a third he demonstrated that he could do nothing. Indeed, he would say on signing an order for a furlough, "Take this to the war department, but I have very little influence there."

About three o'clock the secretaries generally dropped in, although the old-fashioned cabinet-meetings were rarely held. Later in the afternoon he would accompany Mrs. Lincoln on a drive, returning to dine at five. In the evening he occasionally went to the theatre, but generally remained at home to hear the requests and the grievances of importunate place-hunters, or would-be consuls.

The leading Republicans at Washington were soon irresistibly drawn towards him by his hearty and unassuming deportment. If his manner was at times somewhat unusual, it was never uncouth, or showed a lack of culture. The grasp of his mind was strong and tenacious; and it was evident that he scanned matters presented to him closely, canvassed them thoroughly in his own mind, concluded deliberately, and held to such conclusions unflinchingly.

When left to himself, he had a depressed, troubled look, and often would sit for hours gazing into the unknown. The key of his voice, at the same time, was that of thorough frankness, good-humor, and unconsciousness of observation. He apparently had no dread of his visitors seeing his mind exactly as it worked; and he had no care whatever, except of thinking and speaking truthfully what came first, regardless of any policy, or management of its impression on the listener.

His stories were parables in which he gave his opinion on whatever was presented to him, and their very quaintness contributed to the general good-humor with which they were always received. He possessed fewer liberal accomplishments and less culture than his predecessors at the White House; but he enjoyed great qualities which they lacked, foremost the king quality of courage, physical, moral, and political.

The lobby — that great devil-fish, whose tentacles clutch clammily at the national treasury — could never get on the blind side of Mr. Lincoln. He treated them with courtesy, but would never encourage their schemes. His favorite among the Washington correspondents was Mr. Simon B. Hanscom, — a shrewd Bostonian, who had been identified with the earlier anti-slavery movements, and who used to keep Mr. Lincoln informed as to what was going on in Washington, carrying him what he heard, and seldom asking a favor.

"I see you state," said the President to Hanscom one day, "that my administration will be the reign of *steel*. Why not add that Buchanan's was the reign of *stealing*?"

Mr. Lincoln, as I have remarked, spoke in parables; and a story often ended an interview which otherwise might have been prolonged for hours. On one occasion a distinguished visitor was endeavoring to recall to his mind a young man whom he had seen, but forgotten, who was an applicant for office. Mr. Lincoln evidently did not think that the young man was qualified for the position; and he finally said, —

"Oh, yes! I know who you mean. It is that turkey-egg-faced fellow that you would think didn't know as much as a last year's bird's-nest."

Nothing more was said about the appointment.

Finding that hostilities were inevitable, Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, calling for seventy-five thousand troops, which went over the loyal North like the signal of Roderick Dhu, and was responded to by thousands of brave men who hastened to the defence of the metropolis. The first arrival of volunteers, in response to the proclamation, was on the afternoon of April 18, when four companies came from Pennsylvania. They were neither armed nor uniformed; and they wore their old working-clothing, expecting to throw it away when supplied with uniforms. Quarters were provided for them in the Capitol; and, as they marched into and through the rotunda, a negro camp-follower named Nick Biddle, who accompanied the Pottsville company, took off his cap. He had been wounded in the head by a brickbat, thrown at the troops as they marched through Baltimore, and had stanching the gash with his handkerchief, which had absorbed the blood. When he removed his cap, the handkerchief remained in it; and the blood dripped on the stone floors as the man marched along, — the first blood shed in the civil war.

The next afternoon a portion of the Massachusetts Sixth was

assaulted as it moved through Baltimore without its field officers, they having gone ahead of the detachment in a car. Then there were three long days, during which Washington was isolated from the North, and when the Confederate forces on the southern bank of the Potomac might have easily occupied the metropolis.

At last succor came; and the slogan of the Scottish piper was not a more acceptable sound to the besieged British at Lucknow, than was "Yankee Doodle," played by the drums and fifes of the Massachusetts Eighth, which had come, under Gen. Ben. Butler, to Annapolis, and marched across Maryland to the relief of Washington. Regiment after regiment followed, many wearing the home national uniforms of the naturalized citizens in their ranks who had rallied around the flag of their adopted country. Scotch Highlanders, Italian sharpshooters, German infantry, and the *élite* of the militia of the loyal States, came to Washington, and invariably paid the President a marching salute at the White House before going to their assigned quarters, the music of their bands echoing among the public buildings. They came from the Atlantic seaports, from the shores of the great lakes, from populous cities, from rural homesteads, to save the capital, and to fight for the Union. And heartily did they cheer when they saw their commander-in-chief,—a tall and ungainly man, yet of the people, and for the people.

President Lincoln was much troubled as to who should be placed in command of the Federal army; and, after much conference, he requested Mr. Francis P. Blair to call on Col. Robert E. Lee, then at Arlington, the homestead of his wife's family. Mr. Blair informed Col. Lee of the desire of President Lincoln, that he would take command of the army which was immediately to be brought into the field. Col. Lee, after listening attentively to what was said, declined the offer, stating candidly and courteously, that although he was opposed to secession, and deprecated war, he could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. Col. Lee went, after Mr. Blair had left, to the headquarters of Gen. Scott, and told him of the proposition that had been made and declined. Two days afterwards he forwarded his resignation, and the next day repaired to Richmond, and found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of the State's forces which was tendered him.

Among those who came from Illinois to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, was a young man named Ellsworth, who had organized and drilled

a Chicago volunteer company with great success. He hoped to be placed in charge of the militia of the country, and Mr. Lincoln was desirous that he should have that position; but the war department was opposed to it. When Sumter was fired on, Ellsworth hastened to New York, and obtained the colonelcy of a regiment composed of volunteer firemen, uniformed as Zouaves, which he led to Washington. One morning he visited Mr. Lincoln, who showed him, from his room at the White House, a Confederate flag, which waved over a hotel in Alexandria, and expressed his regret at its appearance. When, a few days afterwards, Col. Ellsworth was ordered to Alexandria in command of his regiment, his first thought was to go personally, and seize that flag. In taking it he lost his life, falling in the pride of his youth and usefulness. His remains were brought to Washington, and President Lincoln wept as he gazed on them. The war had begun.

The great Uprising of the North was a remarkable chapter in the history of the United States. Political alliances, family bonds, and commercial ties were all at once rent asunder, the great Northern heart swelling with fierce indignation. States and cities sent men and supplies, the hardy yeomanry and the skilful mechanics hastened to enlist, capitalists furnished the funds for the equipment and maintenance of the troops, and the people of the North encouraged those who represented them in the field. Neither were the loyal women backward. They not only encouraged the enlistment of their fathers, brothers, husbands, or lovers, but they kept the Union armies supplied with more comforts than any army had ever known before. This devotion touched Mr. Lincoln's heart; and, in a speech which he made at the closing of a soldiers' fair in Washington, he said, —

"I am not accustomed to the use of the language of eulogy. I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets, since the creation of the world, in praise of women, were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!"

